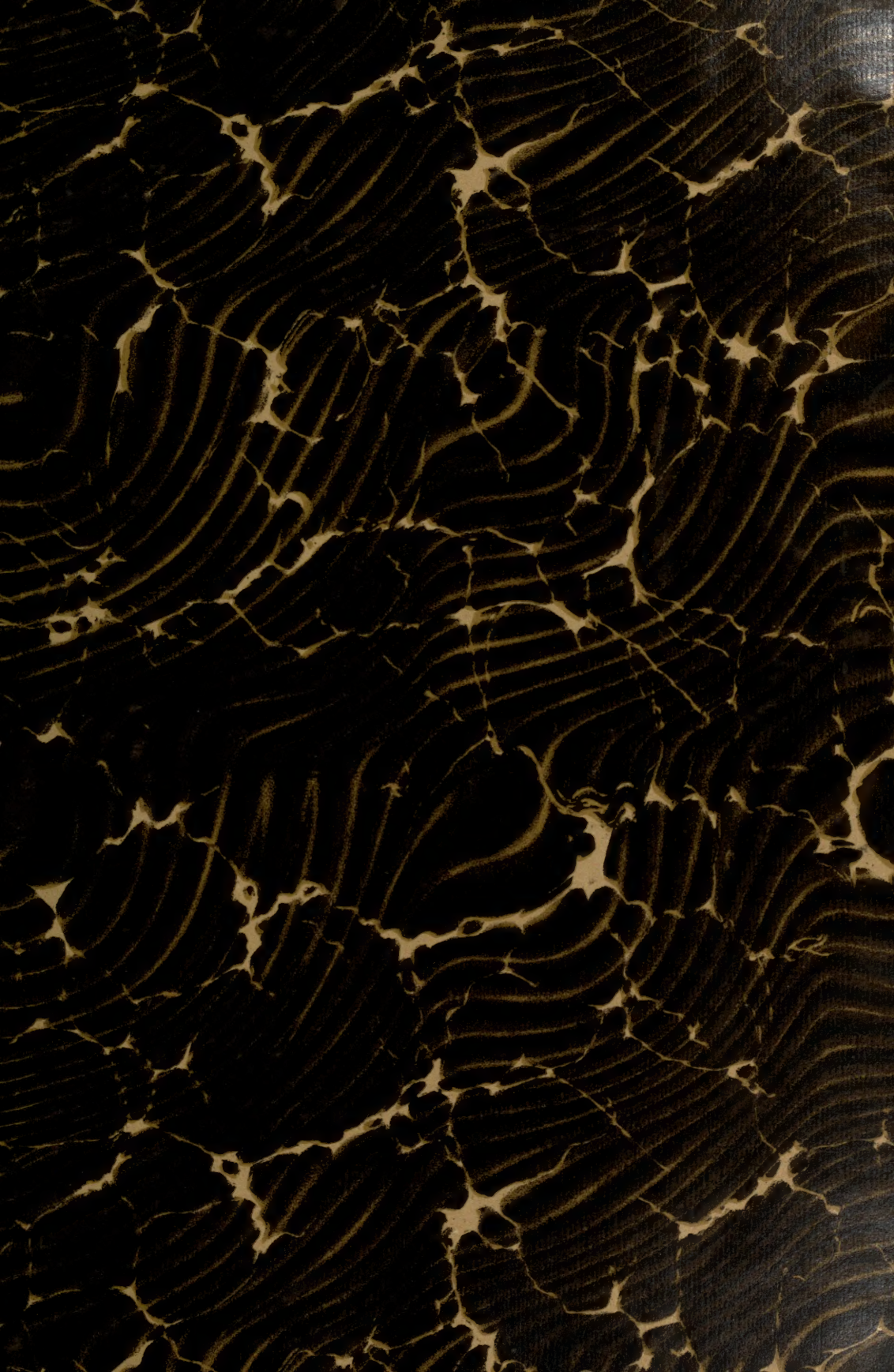
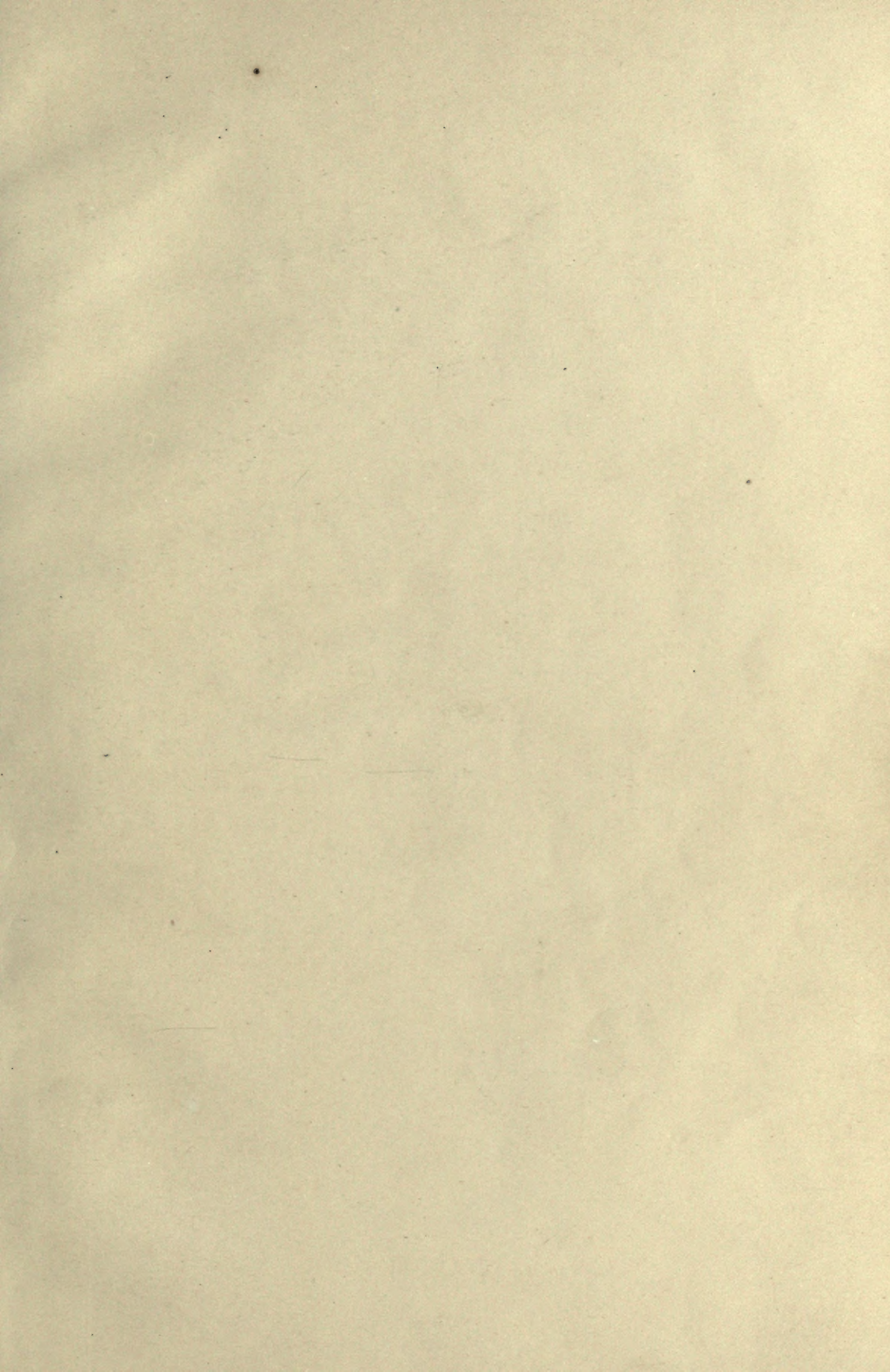
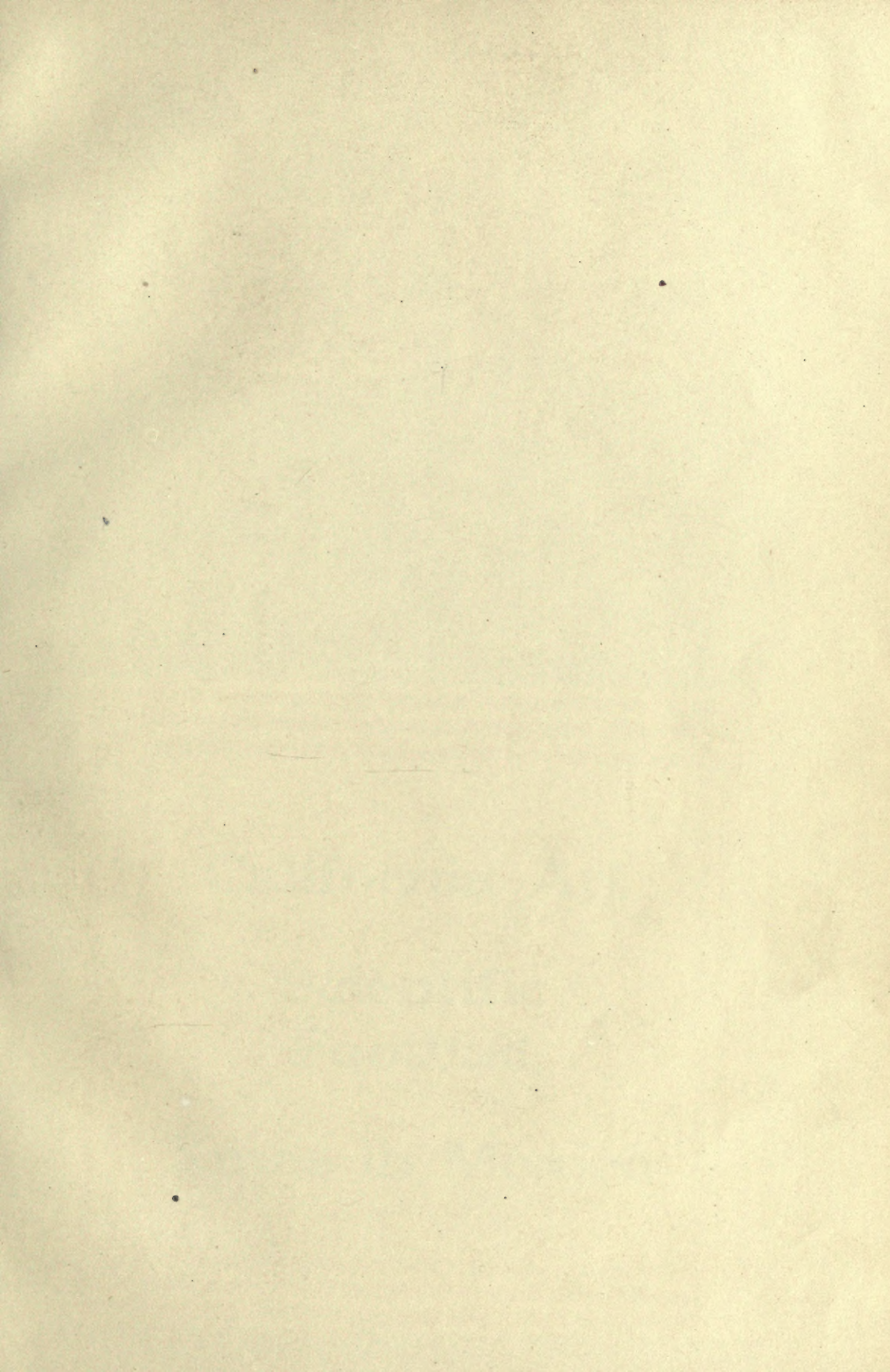


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ANNOUNCEMENT

n the January issue will appear the first installment of a series of articles on California Literature by Lannie Haynes Martin. The first article will deal with the pioneer writers of California and the founding of the first news-papers and magazines and will also give glimpses of the delightful camaraderie of the "Golden Gate Trinity." Succeeding articles will treat of the poets of California: George Sterling, Madge Morris Wagner, Clarence Urmey, John S. McGroarty, Eliza Otis and others; the novelists of California: Mary Austin, Jack London, Herman Whitaker, Gertrude Atherton, Eleanor Gates, Mary Stewart Daggett, Margeret Collier Graham, Alice Calhoun Haines and others and a chapter will be devoted to three giants, Edwin Markham, Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson who neither born in California nor making it their home for long can not be called California writers and yet who received great inspiration from this land of the liberation. One of the most interesting installments will be the one on the nature writers of California and will be of special interest to all Southern Californians. It will include George Wharton James, John Muir, Joseph LeConte, Chas. Frederick Holder, Chas. F. Lummis and Idah Meacham Strowbridge.

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A Study in Contrasts.

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OUT WEST

DECEMBER

1911

THE CALIFORNIA ART CLUB

By C. P. Austin

 F THOSE ART organizations of Eastern cities, whose names are synonymous with all that is standard and in high taste, as regards works shown in their exhibitions, and who return to aspiring artists many times the number of paintings and sculpture than they show on their walls—one wonders if their history during the period of inception and development, would tell of the same stress, effort and experimentation as has characterized the period from which the California Art Club is just emerging, in spite of the calm authoritative front that such organizations present to the public and the world of Art.

It has often seemed to me, in the face of the actions and ideas of those rare beings, the handlers of paint and clay, that with artists association of an efficient sort were impracticable. That independence so sought for by an over-worked egotism and most artists and egotists must be indeed, a sort of somber stimulus to creative work. To drive home the principle, "Artists Unite!" one must offer the most alluring of inducements. Artistic production is a matter of ideas, new ideas; or at least their owners have a right to think them new. The notion of placing themselves in such a position that their ideas or even tricks may be lifted from them un-awares, is a matter over which the artist

exercises some caution, as a general thing.

The California Art Club was evolved from a group of men, however, who had much more liberal ideas, whatever their standards may have been as regards painting. They were some of them amateurs, as the expression is. Amateur, to use the word in the sense it is used in French, means lover of Art, and in effect, if the club is strong today, then it owes much to the men that cared to associate together for common benefit and the fostering of Graphic Art.

This first little group was called the Painters Club. An interest in picture painting, a few sketches to show and a few dollars to pay made you a member. We used to get together every once in a while and talk over these same sketches. Elaborate was the counsel advanced and complicated the theories. The better painters had little to say, as is their wont, as they took too long to think it out. Those that did not do so well, were profuse with excuses. Always earnest, though sometimes beneficial, sometimes farcical, this joining together was association, anyway.

On one or two occasions the serene chorus of talk on sketching grounds and other shop was ruffled by the announcement that some one of the imported professionals, (for that was just after the Frisco fire,) had seceded, because a

new member was not up to his standard. But as new members kept coming in, enthusiasm overshadowed any digs of that sort. Among the men added at that time were the actual president and vice-president of the California Art Club, William Wendt and F. A. Bischoff, which rather made up for any losses.

The club had a little gallery in a downtown picture store where a monthly changing exhibition was always open to the public. Any member contributed what he pleased and all was harmony. The first large exhibition, which took place in Blanchard Gallery, Los Angeles, brought out the public, and furnished the blossoming Art Reviewers with reams of copy. For in the midst of the other changes indicating that Los Angeles is no longer a village, has come that acknowledgement of local artistic activity on the part of the daily papers. These oracles as regards Art subjects which the city now boasts, have, for the most part "just grewed" here. A remarkable instinct has in their case replaced the opportunity to see the World's masterpieces. Thoroughly grounded on the literary and theoretical side, nothing was lacking but a subject to which to apply a marvelous intuition, and this being supplied by the artists, the latter have found, in the newspaper writers, wonderfully sympathetic interpretation of their graphic poems, and withal, tactful chasteners of their faults.

After the first exhibition, the Painters Club gained strength and confidence. Its gain in numbers also made some sort of restriction, as regards the number of works shown, necessary, for the Second Exhibition. The idea of a jury of selection was a vigorously opposed as before, but it was agreed that, while everyone was to be represented, the hanging committee should have the right to exclude extra works for which space was not found. Nothing is as vital to the success of a showing of pictures as their placing on the wall. The club permitted all sorts of frames, gilt, stained, antique and black, which added to the hanging committee's troubles.

In attempting to keep works far enough apart to insure an harmonious ensemble, some were set aside unhung. There happened to be some blank space each

side of the door, on the jogs in the wall, and when the committee were gone to lunch a hammer was left convenient. Vital, significant fact! but for the hammer the Painters Club might be alive today.

Members not of the committee, who also happened to be of those whose works were unhung, came in to view the progress in the absence of the committee. They seized upon the hammer to defend their rights, and nailed their unhung works to the wall. On the committee's return, despite the cheerful frame of mind superinduced by a good meal, it felt very mortified over what had taken place. The works in question were taken down. Feeling was tense, though suppressed, on the opening night. After it was apparent that there was neither contriteness nor forgiveness forthcoming, it was agreed to disband the club, in gentlemanly fashion.

The members of the committee and their adherents, however could not forego the benefits of association. The California Art Club was born one wintry night, (excuse me it is never cold in the Southland, as the papers are fain to call it), those present numbering eight artists and two oil heaters. Mr. Frank R. Liddell as chief optimist and instigator, was made president and the writer sentenced to hard labor as chief scribe and watch-dog of the Treasury.

It was embodied in the Constitution, as drawn up by Hanson Puthuff that the new club would stand for a jury to judge all pictures in the exhibitions to be given. This one thing is the club's reason for being, it might be called. As far as I know, and if the memory of man runneth to the contrary, it is only to recall some isolated instance, the club has held the only exhibitions with a jury of selection passing on works, ever given in the South-West.

This is important, and a step toward metropolitanism. To have a standard and to adhere to it requires courage, for there is a constant though intangible pressure always bearing to persuade one that a little favoritism shown here and there would be policy. The Painters Club, while it served a purpose, was provincial and incapable of setting an Art standard for the growing West.

Let it not be thought that all has been



Arcadian Hills

By William Wendt



Pale Rose and Brown

By Charles P. Austin



The Mountain Spring

By Ralph Fullerton Mocine



Plumy Trees

By Sidney Dale Shaw



Blue Gums

By Aaron E. Ki.patrick



White Weasel

By J. H. Sharp

serene sailing for the new organization. Much practice in managing, and a careful examination of the tangible assets in the way of new work of the members is necessary before it is advisable to give an exhibition. This was proven by the club's first essay. Early in 1910, it was learned that space to give a show was available on an unused floor of a big department store. Arrangements were nearly completed, but when as an incidental precaution, time was taken to count heads and pictures, it was found that very few of the latter were ready and that the former were a little warm not to say hot. The idea was dropped and the club sank back out of public notice for a while, contenting itself with a little exhibition in Long Beach during the summer.

While this last was in progress, there burst on the club's astonished eyes the figment of a rosy dream, the sort of thing that one knows by instinct is too good to be true. The builder of an apartment hotel then under way, wishing to add the final touch to his gold and ivory hostelry by giving the same the air of culture, was only too delighted to offer offer the club a permanent home and exhibition room in his ball-room. On examination of the plans, that part of the hotel was found to be in the basement, but as it was to be a basement like unto no other, and as the hunt for a gallery is the bugaboo of any Art organization out-west, the club was happy to forego some things to secure some others.

In January, 1911, after months of waiting, the First Annual Exhibition decorated the walls of said ball-room, under the gleam of the latest thing in indirect lighting, about which the Maecenas in question remarked, "I done it all for youse!" The show was a great success in the main. The proprietor took a tactful interest, showing himself if merely a hardened capitalist, at the

same time an observer of the trend in Art matters in general, being of the opinion that portraits used to be a great deal in style, but nowadays the fashion was for landscapes. It is indeed an epitome of the situation.

His minions showed no such consideration, and as the ball-room was held to be only for the guests of the hotel, absent-mindedly turned off the lights and stopped the elevator, at times when the club's visitors were in the gallery. It was annoying but what can you do with a gift horse if he proves balky? The club thought it best to return him to his owner, with all due respects.

The present exhibition was domiciled in Blanchard Gallery, in the building conducted by the gentleman that every artist in the Southwest knows for a friend, Mr. F. W. Blanchard. Considerate, sympathetic and glad to further any movement of the sort, the success of the present exhibition owes much to him. He is one of the chief advocates for a permanent public Art Gallery for the City of Los Angeles and something stronger than rumor says that he knows the way to bring it into being.

When that happy day comes that its doors are thrown open, perhaps the California Art Club will have been superseded by an organization more civic in its character, which can thunder forth from its membership rolls the great names in all walks of life in the city, instead of those of a mere band of artists. But I sincerely hope that the pioneer work of the California Art Club will have so made itself felt in establishing an artistic standard and fostering painting and sculpture in the South-west, that its ideas will be sought after and its influence still felt. It is a lusty infant, despite its detractors and the loyalty of its membership and its friends in the world outside are going to make its exhibitions stronger every year.



The Science of Rugby Football

The Game as it Should be
Played to be Scientific

By Wm. Unmack

THE MAN who enjoys his game of football must be one who has taken care of his training, and prepared himself in the most up-to-date and scientific manner possible. When a player has reached a certain stage of physical fitness, the hardest and most severe game of football becomes a pleasure and does not leave any serious or even uncomfortable after-effects, such as stiffness or light bruises. To reach this stage of physical condition should be every man's earnest desire. It means hard and unflinching work, but once having attained his ambition he will glory in and enjoy his football. It is also a player's only chance of reaching the top rung of the football ladder, which should be every man's aspiration. It should also be properly understood that not merely the limbs, but the whole body and mind need studying and cultivating.

There are players and even coaches, who think that as long as they run a few miles, do a little kicking and handling of the ball, with a little "scrum work" and a few "line outs," that they have done all that is necessary to complete a modern footballer. This is a grave error, and the sooner it is recognized the better for the player, coach, and team. I do not for one moment deny that the above work is not necessary, still it is of little use without the solid study and keen attention to the scientific development of one's self—such as working out diagrams of both defensive and attacking positions of one's own. This will

train the mind to grasp the opportunity of attacking the oppositions weakest point the moment the said opportunity presents itself. Then with the practical experience, and one's own judgment there can be but one conclusion, and that must lead to a better and much needed understanding among players, and therefore be of great benefit to the game and to the players themselves.

Again a player must know that condition to play football differs entirely from any other form of athletic condition, inasmuch as a footballer must prepare himself to counteract bumps, hard knocks, and heavy falls, all of which the ordinary athlete knows nothing. I am not a faddist, nor do I think that a man should bind himself to any particular form of training. Moderation in all things is the best plan to work on.

To a certain point a man should consider what he is to eat, but by that I do not mean that he should diet himself. Everything can be eaten with perhaps the possible exception of pastry and other sluggish food of that nature. Three good hearty meals should be eaten daily. When a man is in training he has to build up his body to suit the requirements of the sport he is going to enter. The old fashioned ideas of an athlete living on dry toast and rare roast beef have long ago been relegated to the ash heap, and it is now an admitted fact amongst athletes all over the world, that the more one eats without actually overdoing

it, the better off the man in question will be.

One thing more than another that bothers a footballer is a parched and dry mouth. This can be remedied if the player will discontinue drinking and sipping liquids with meals. Players should learn and practice to keep the mouth moist by natural circulation, and not by frequent sipping or other artificial means.

To attain proper physical condition it is necessary for the players to go through a light course of exercises every morning before breakfast, and also before retiring at night. It might seem strange to ask a big husky footballer to use a light dumbbell, or Indian club, but the benefits to be derived from these exercises if carried out consistently every day will surprise anyone undertaking them. In conjunction with this exercise, deep breathing for chest development can also be practiced to great advantage. These exercises alone will not properly fit a footballer, but they will greatly add to the physical fitness of the man when gone into properly as a necessary adjunct to his usual training.

There are lots of ways the experienced rugby player has of deceiving his opponents, and one of the most used by thoroughly experienced players is to mislead the opposition by means of the eyes. This method of clever deception is very often responsible for the success of many brilliant careers on the rugby field, and numbers of the leading players of the world today to a very great extent owe their superiority to this particular "trick of the trade" as it were. While there are numbers of players who know of this trick, yet there are thousands who do not know of it, or even stop to consider it. Then again there are those players who owe much of their success to this mode of deception, and yet are not aware of the fact till they are spoken to about it. Every player after study and practice can run with his head pointing straight in front and at the same time take in the weak and strong positions of his opponents, and also see where his own sides strongest point is without turning his head and thereby allowing his opponents to detect his intentions.

It is often said that some particular first class team or "three Quarter line" thereof, has got the game down to such a fine art that they simply throw the ball without looking and someone is always in a position to take the "pass." The fact is that, although those players face right ahead, they can at the same time see their own men working into position, hence the idea that they throw the ball about as they please. Many games are won by one man disguising his movements and misleading and beating his opponents with his eyes, and so opening up the game in an unexpected direction.

Again in training it is essential that every player should learn to guard and protect himself against the knocks, and bumps, and falls so common to the game, and to do this a man must learn to fall, dive, and throw himself heavily to the ground in such a manner that he will not hurt, but toughen and harden himself, so that a severe fall in a match will not sicken him and interfere with his game.

There are many other little things that need the attention of the man in training, but they are rather too numerous to be dealt with in this article. So much for training for a game, and now to get closer to the game itself.

In regard to accidents I am firmly of the opinion that the majority of them are due to gross carelessness or want of discretion on the part of the player injured. Of these two causes, the latter is probably accountable for more than the former. In stopping heavy forward rushes, if a man drops on the ball he stands every chance in the world of being injured, while he could have stopped the rush just as successfully (without the same chance of being injured) by falling in front of the ball so that the shins of the onrushing forwards may lightly strike, and the men then fall on top of the ball. Again a player may fall behind the ball, and it will be kicked up against his side whence it will rebound; or should it stay beside him the opposition may kick it, but the fallen player is safe from reasonable danger. By following out these methods it will be found that a rush can be checked



"Tackled High"—A bad way to tackle a player

with a minimum amount of risk. For the players own safety they should remember never to actually fall directly on top of a ball during a rush.

Numerous accidents also happen through a player waiting to receive a high kick that is being charged down by his opponents. There are, perhaps, a few occasions that such accidents cannot be avoided, though in the majority of cases it can be. Often a player is seen running at full speed to the spot where he thinks the high kicked ball is going to fall, then of a sudden he stops running when he gets to the spot where he has judged the ball will come and stands still, waiting for it with his opponents rushing madly on him. He receives the ball but is immediately bumped into before he can get going again and the contact is in most cases very serious for the man taking the ball. In this style of play, men should use their judgment so as to reach the ball at the spot where it will fall with a fair amount of speed on and the instant the ball is received should put on a burst of speed. Never (unless making a mark) attempt to take the ball while stationery, and above all things a player should never allow the ball to bounce if he can possibly reach it on the fly. It is surprising how far a player can run and catch the ball on the fly if there has been no hesitation at the start. Too many players in California are apt to let the ball bounce before taking it. This is an exceptionally bad mistake, as in most cases the ball will beat the player on the rebound.

"Tackling" is also somewhat of a dangerous department of the Rugby game. To be able to bring an opponent down is somewhat of an art in itself, and causes the best of players considerable worry and hard knocks before they eventually get on to the right method of "grounding" their opponents. It is easy enough to tell a player how to tackle how not to tackle. In the latter case it is absolutely wrong to go at your man "high" and unless it is as a last resource a "high" tackle should never be resorted to. Personal experience, serious study, determination, and lots of practice are necessary before a player can bring an opponent down correctly, as it is necessary to adopt different styles to suit the various peculiarities of the players to be tackled.

In scrum work a light forward pack is often seen to push a big heavy opposing pack all over the place and gain possession of the ball. A rugby scrum is the place where weight should be an asset to a team, but on many occasions, as the one just instanced, the larger men are not adept in packing the scrum to the advantage where they can get the benefit of every pound that is in the combination. The reason why a weighty pack is sometimes out maneuvered by lighter opponents, is that the front or middle row men stand too high, and do not get down low enough to get the benefit of the weight behind them. Another reason is that they probably get into the scrum with their backs slightly arched instead of having a straight line as it



"Illegal tackling"—The opponent not in possession of the ball

were from the shoulders to the extreme ends of the hips. When this is the case and the weight from behind is being exerted the front row men with their arched backs double up into a complete curve and cannot use their proper muscles or legs to offset the oncoming weight of the opponents, and they are therefore placed "hors de combat" when it comes to fighting for possession of the ball or holding the other scrum. When this is the case the men who should be doing the hooking get so squeezed and strained that the scrum loses its compactness and so the pushing power is quite useless. Most players in California complain of the "hard going" in the scrums, but the above reasons are exactly why the "going" is so hard. If all the forwards would pack low and keep a straight back, there would not be the difficulty and hard exertion that at present exists in the scrums in this country.

"Side stepping" and swerving are accomplishments that are well worth practicing. They need considerable practice and when perfected can be put into execution when a man is travelling at full speed. Side stepping, somewhat resembles the Military "change step" the only difference is the former is done while the runner is going at full speed while the military step is done on the march. Immediately the "change step" is done in Rugby football, the player must jump quickly to one side—rather a complicated feat—and it needs considerable practice before it can be properly mastered. It must be carried into effect

just as the runner approaches within striking distance of the opponent waiting to tackle him.

Swerving is not nearly so complicated as side stepping yet it requires considerable practice, and a good deal of foresight and judgement when putting it into execution. When running at top speed and nearing the intending tackler, the player must swerve or swing away from the tackle, or in other words he must deviate from his original course in such a way as to mislead and pass outside of striking distance of the would be tackler, at the same time quickening his pace. It is also essential to be able to control and negotiate ones pace by quickening and slackening, so as to mislead and deceive an opponent who anticipates cutting a runner down at a certain spot.

"Kicking" is somewhat of a "lost art" in rugby. It is hard to understand why this valuable department of the game is so little carried out, as there is always room for several good kickers on a team though for that matter every man on a rugby team should be able to kick accurately. A good kicker has on more than one occasion been known to turn almost positive defeat into a glorious victory. Wherever a rugby team is seen practicing the players do lots of kicking, but it is aimless and devoid of any definite objective. The players simply kick as high or as far as they can, and so when it comes to a match, at a critical moment when a well directed kick may mean much, the kicker has no

idea where the goal posts are or where the touch lines are, but simply kicks at random toward his opponents goal line. Every player whether back or forward, should learn to handle and kick the ball with judgement and direction, even without wanting to attain distance at first, as this will come with proper practice.

When practicing place, drop kicking or punting, every player should do so with an objective in view. The man practicing kicking should place himself

This allowing for the wind is an art that requires considerable working out, and when the wind is blowing hard when a team is in practice the kickers of the team should take every advantage of the wind to practice kicking at different points around the goals and in this way they will become adept kickers under the most unfavorable conditions.

When the ball is once set and allowance made for the wind the kicker steps back a few paces. He now starts forward on the run, keeping his eyes firmly



Well formed line out—two lines of forwards ready to receive the ball

in position and draw an imaginary line for some particular object or some particular point on the touch lines. When this is found the kicker should drop back (if for a place kick) and then run up quickly with his eyes fixed on the ball, and kick steadily. As the player has placed the ball in a certain direction it will necessarily travel in that direction so that when running up to kick the ball from the placement it is only necessary to watch the ball so that he kicks it squarely in the proper place.

In place kicking for the goal posts set the ball in a straight line with the posts, and if any wind is blowing allow sufficiently for the speed of the wind.

riveted on the ball. No heed should be taken as to where the ball is going because it has been set and only needs kicking in the right place and it is bound to travel directly for the place it is set. The actual kick in a place kick should be a sharp kick with all the weight of the kicker behind it.

Long kicks are useless without accuracy and every player should practice this part of the game as much as possible. It is always best to practice short kicks for accuracy, rather than kicks for distance. If a man can kick a short distance accurately the longer kicks will come natural to him. Once an objective point is found for the kick, or when the

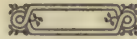
ball has been placed or set in the proper position for a place kick, it is absolutely essential that the player keep his eye on the ball and not on the particular place he is expecting the ball to land. By trying to watch the spot where the ball is to land the kicker loses sight of the ball, and the direction of his foot is liable to send the ball in an altogether different direction unless he lands his kick fairly on the ball.

After a game a man should always make a close study of particular plays in the match in question. He should puzzle out just why he did this or that incorrectly, or why he was beaten at this point or that, why it was that his opponents were able to beat his men at a certain feature of the game. How was it that his team was able to secure the ball so easily in the scrums, why was his team superior in the line outs, and why the opposition so good in the loose play? All these things should be thought over and by doing this a man teaches himself more of the game than he imagines, and besides that, this fortifies him to be pre-

pared for an exact counterpart of the occurrence in the next game to be played. By thinking these things out for himself, a player discovers his mistakes and also finds out the remedy for them.

The illustrations all depict phases of the game that I have written on. For instance in the first photo, an example of a bad "high tackle" is shown. The second picture shows a scrum just breaking up and one of the players attempting to put his foot to the ball but he is being held by an opponent. This is an "illegal tackle" as no player can hold an opponent unless he actually has the ball in his possession. The referee was evidently on the blind side of the scrum when this happened.

The last picture shows a well formed "line out." The forwards of each side line up in the field of play to receive the ball as it is thrown in from the touch line. In this picture the ball was just about to be thrown in and the men can be seen watching the half back, (who is throwing the ball in but is not in the picture.)



The Dream

By Faith Boyce

*The shy bird in my breast—
The singing-bird—is dumb;
I cannot sleep or rest
Until you come.*

*Time is an endless pain—
Laughter a sword-thrust sharp.
Come to me once again.
All the world's a harp.*

*Joy! it sings when you're here—
"Grief"—When you go away.
Come back to me—my dear, my dear—
Only for one long day.*

The Rope

By George O. Jenner

RAGE, hatred, fear, riotous passions shake the Murderer as he paces, like the caged beast, the cold rock floor of the tight walled cell; rage at all humanity, hatred of past friends who now forsake him; and fear, ay! fear, not of death, not of the final reckoning, but of The Rope!—the horrible lightning-like jerk from life.

But one day to live, tomorrow at this hour—this very minute—he will climb the rough hewn steps, with priest and guard, quickly reaching the destination where for a fleeting moment he will know the hangman. Just twenty-four hours—no, the hour has struck, before its repetition on the morrow he will lie stark—dead—cold. The dread work of The Rope will be done. Beads of cold sweat cover his trembling body. Knees, hands and head refuse control, weakly he sinks upon the narrow cot. Exhausted, he falls into a fitful slumber, but a nearby clock, sounding the half hour, drags him back to consciousness. Ah! tomorrow his ears will be dead to all sound.

'Tis not death he fears, but The Rope—the drop into darkness—the strangulation. He is not afraid to die, he is no coward—but The Rope! the horrible clinging strands of tight bound hemp. O God! why cannot a man choose his own method of passing out: the pistol, the sword, or the poison that burns, anything but The Rope. He can feel it at his throat even now! He is choking, he cries out in agony.

And now the nearby clock tells off another hour.

The jail reverbrates with curses torrential, the madness is upon him. Wild of eye and with haggard face, gnawing fingers, blindly tearing at the bars that

hold him. The Murderer loses human aspect. Fear transforms him into a lump of clammy clay—not man, not beast—but it is the fear of The Rope, not of death, that masters him. Food he refuses, the priest he scorns, the hours fly—eleven—twelve—he cannot stop the cursed tolling—three—four—five. How cheat the rope? The death dealing Rope! Again it chokes him, again he dies and lives to remember—cold, with beady sweat on brow.

Comes the Guard, stern, all powerful Guard, a man of no human sympathy, mere cruel greed personified. He brings the last supper. It is sullenly refused. He is leaving when a snarl wheels him back to the cage—the man who fears the Rope is speaking:—"Guard, I fear not death, all ends with death, but I dread the rope, it makes a coward of me. I must escape it. Help me, Guard, let me cheat the hangman, let me die my way. Give me poison, the little grains that take the life of the sleeper. Ah! don't go. Listen: the money, a bulky package of crisp notes, I killed for it, the secret of its hiding place is yours in return for poison. None would know how I secured it, you could not be suspected, and what matters it how I die? I pay the penalty, a life for a life; and you—you will be rich."

It is agreed. The Guard, who has long trafficked cocaine through the prison, hears the hoarsely whispered secret of the money's hiding place and then quickly passes a death dose of poison to The Murderer. Never before has he sold such a quantity, but never before was the price paid so high.

Now the Murderer's ravings cease, quiet his tempest tossed soul. He asks



"I die my way, thank God—and the Guard"

for food, he eats ravenously; then calls for burning whiskey and this he drinks like water. He consumes one black cigar after another, until the narrow little cell becomes choked with evil smelling smoke, a very dungeon of nauseous gloom, fit environment for the shadowed heart that beats within The Murderer's near spent body. By the generous law this evening meal, last contact with the world outside before beginning the journey into the vague beyond, is made a bountiful banquet.

The debris of this last repast is cleared away. The Guard is changed. The pall of night falls over the quant outline of the huge prison. Gradually the hum of the wretched humanity gathered within its walls is stilled. Individual voices now assail the ear, traveling far into the night air. Ribald jests flow from foul lips, coarse curses vie with coarser songs for supremacy. But at last the noises cease, quiet is supreme, save for the guard's step in the dim-

lit corridor, and the faint hammering that comes from the courtyard, where the gallows, last relic of barbarity, is being overhauled, ready for tomorrow's work. The Murderer hears these sounds of preparation, he hears them and laughs, a mirthless laugh, 'tis true. "Work, you death devils, hammer and grease and saw and test the drop," he speaks into the blackness, "Get on, work the night long, earn your dollars, but 'twill be in vain. I've won. I've beat the rope. I die my way, thank God—and the Guard." Rising to his impressive height, with clenched fists stretched tremblingly above his head, this victim of the law's inhumanity, looking with blood-shot eyes out into all the wide-world, speaks again, "Damn you! Curse you! May Hell's Fire get you!" With this, his farewell to the friends who have scorned him and to the law that would kill him, he lay upon the hard cot, grasping tightly the little grains of poison, the terrorless road from life to death.

II

The Scene changes. From the squalor and stench of an ill-kept, graft ridden prison, we travel swiftly over the lines of a corrupting railroad to snug warmth, light and well-being.

Enter here The Governor, sleek, fat, well groomed creature of the thousand tenacled octopus that grips the state. A mere puppet, a figurehead, of unclean mind, fit only for the scullion work he does so thoroughly. When occasion demands (and the octopus wills) a man of unwavering decision, upright, fearless. But at the crack of the overlord's whip he cringes like the cur he is, ever ready to follow at heel and fetch and carry the prizes of political loot.

Enters now The Boss, High Priest of Graft and Craft. Alert of eye, clean of limb, a man of monumental talent gone wrong. He holds the whip which he seldom cracks, yet he always holds it, ever evident—menacing.

The Governor and The Boss meet without greeting, each watching; one searching for hidden treachery, the other to dodge the ever promised crack of the whip.

"Sit down"—The Governor wheels a chair to the burning logs, "You'll find whiskey and cigars at your elbow. Now—"

The Boss meditates—shall it be persuasion, or the whip? He chooses the middle course, that uncertain zone between order and favor. At last:—"I am here tonight to get something, it means nothing to you, something to me and more to the other fellow." His tone is steely, with yet a conciliatory note. "Months ago a man was charged with murder. Perhaps he was guilty, perhaps not, but that matters little. He was tried and convicted. Tomorrow he will die on the gallows—unless you intervene." Through narrowed eyes, he steadily gazes at the man opposite him. "Governor, you will intervene."

The whip seems hovering dangerously near, but The Governor calmly says, "There are a dozen wretches awaiting the rope over there in the big house. I know of none worthy of reprieve or pardon, but which of these wrecks are you interested in?"

"Your memory fails you, Governor. Travel back with me to a year ago, a few days after your election. Come with me to that dirty hole in the wall on the water front. You know, Ed's joint. You and I and another met in the secluded back parlor of the place, we were there by appointment—for a purpose. In my pocket I carried two packages, snug rolls of fat figured bills, each a king's ransom. To you I handed one package, advance payment for services to be rendered in the near future. You remember! And the other was eagerly grasped by the third of the trio, a man who helped put you where you are to-day, a poor devil, now dead, your partner in cr—, er politics. You recall all this, don't you, Governor?"

The listener's face looses some of its suavity of expression, less dominant are the eyes, more tense and drawn the lines. But his voice betrays no emotion as he says, "Your memory plays tricks with you. No man helped me to the Governorship except through his ballot. I was elected by the people. I—."

The Boss is on his feet, fast pacing the luxuriously carpeted floor, his eyes are ablaze with wrath, his whole figure ex-

presses utmost contempt. The pacing suddenly ceases. He swings on the man who speaks. "You lie! I say you lie. Your opponent was elected—you know it, I know it, the man who is dead knew it, and there is a wretch

tween you and me, so forget it. You are turning sentimental. What is a life more or less to you? Why should you block the law's course?"

Confidence is coming back to The Governor, the whip cracks less ominously.



"We were there by appointment"

awaiting death over there in the jail who knows it—we four engineered the deal, we planned the coup and saw it executed. You know it, Governor,—it's useless to play such a bluff with me."

The whip is cracking perilously near, its stinging bite is not pleasant to anticipate. "Well, what of it— it's done, past and forgotten. One of the four is dead, the other will go to his death tomorrow. This knowledge is safer be-

Before The Boss can speak, the state's chief magistrate is facing him, persuasion in every tone and gesture. "Let me recite to you the sequel of that meeting on the water front. What happened after is this. You went your way, your work done. I went mine, a richer man. But the third man, what happened to him? You know the money you gave him was to be divided between the fourth man and himself. The division was to

be made immediately. A prearranged meeting brought the men together. 'Twas then the treachery of the brute who is to hang came oozing through his dirty hide. Instead of taking his rightful share and going his way, the greed for more shook him. The rest is history, the court's evidence proved it beyond a doubt. The man killed—stealthily, cruelly—and secured the entire packet of notes. The body was found and the murderer traced, but the money he hid; and luckily for you and me, his captors credited him with another motive than robbery."

Speaking thus, The Governor seeks to gain mental ascendancy over his visitor. "I am on the side of law, you pander to sentimentality; law wins, your friend goes to the gallows in the morning, bright and early. Well, here's to bed, it's seldom I stay up so late, but with such distinguished company all rules are broken." He rambles on, seeking a means to escape the presence of this man, whose sinister smile darkly accuses him. "Going over to the jail to say goodbye? 'Tis a thankless task. You might tell him that my duty comes before friendship, otherwise I would save him."

The lithe figure across the room shivers, silently, disgustedly. "Tell him," continues the Governor, "I hope he will meet his Maker, that he will find peace in the world to come, that he—"

Quick as a flash The Boss springs from the far shadows of the room into the glow of the desk lamp. His manner is changed. Here is the man who will crack the whip in earnest. "Stop! Stop! before I strike you. You talk of the future life! You! of all men. I know your breed, you gutter filth. I say this man shall not die and when I speak you obey. I hold your fate, your reputation, almost your very life in my keeping. Beware, Governor, don't test this power—do as I say, sign the pardon. I feel the need of fresh air, your atmosphere is oppressive.

Still, the fight is not over. Far into the night these two men carry their war of wits. At times victory seems certain to one, then to the other. The Governor is fighting for freedom from the authority of The Boss. This man is the only ob-

stacle between him and the crown of political glory—he longs to step into the shoes of the vanquished. The Boss fights for the life of a man. He must fight on, for beneath all his cynicism, despite his apparent lack of moral principle, his is the soul of honesty, a soul that can be depended upon to "stay bought," a man of earnest purpose, who will battle for friends to the last ditch.

Each man plays his cards skillfully, and points are even, but as the early morning light shines through the curtained windows, the Boss realizes that precious time is flying and reluctantly decides to play the trump card, the one that will win. He loves to win by mental overpowering, not with the marshalling of threats, but the Governor is obdurate, the time presses. Three hours—God! and human intervention will count for naught.

"What a fool you are, you amuse me, but you also annoy and disappoint me." The Boss is smiling, quizzically. "Do you think I would come to you, *you*, to ask a favor unless I had a threat with which to force my desires from you? I am going to give you a little lesson in politics, as I play the game. The smile has deepened into a rather tantalizing grin and the insolence, ease and unconcern that accompany the lighting of a carefully selected cigarette, irritate the waiting Governor beyond measure, but he does not move or speak for the whip is ready to strike, every nerve is tense to avoid the blow.

Cigarette smoke curling slowly upward, the Boss continues, "I allow you that my poor friend over in the big house killed a man, 'twas an absurd thing to do, but I'd have done the same, I think, considering the circumstances."

The face is serious and accusing, now. "Remember those circumstances, Governor? No! Don't deny it. You've told altogether too many lies for a self-respecting pilot of the ship of state. But to save you further lying, I'll refresh your memory—then you'll admit that when you go up against my machine, you're up against the real thing. Do you know, Governor, I'm proud of my machine. But back to the point at issue. You know well, Governor, that the reason you won't pardon that poor

devil over there is because you think he knows."

Outside the sun is shining turning into a million jewels the lingering dew. In the streets the first signs of the day's toil of business appear. The freshness of the morning does not penetrate into the room in which The Boss and The Governor are fighting. Here is confusion, the reek of stale tobacco smoke, sweaty bodies, unshaven faces, tired, worn eyes, a scene as pitiful as it is repugnant. But the end is coming quickly. "I don't understand you," exclaims the man at bay, "What does he know? He stole the money and killed the man."

"He killed the man, all right, but he got only part of the money, and you got the rest, now didn't you, Governor?"

"I? No! You insult me." This, falteringly.

"Not at all. You got the money, and I've got the evidence on you. Let us go back to that fateful night again, this for the last time. I'll tell you how you got the money. Both you and the dead man were too greedy—not satisfied with your allotted shares. You coveted to get the money I set aside for the chap who's in jail. I did leave Ed's place that night before you and the other fellow, but I came back and from a distance overheard your scheme. You took the share of notes that was not yours at all, and divided it into three piles. One your dead friend pocketed, the other you slipped into your overcoat, the third pile was to be delivered with the lie that The Boss had decided to renig, to cut expenses, to go back on his friends. I watched and heard you carry out the entire transaction. Your companion left and you soon followed. But one thing you left behind, a grave omission, Governor."

The Boss pulls from his pocket a wallet from which he extracts a small piece of paper.

"You remember this, Governor. It's your distinguished hand-writing, you know, recognizable ten miles away, without a telescope. Your mental arithmetic is sadly neglected, otherwise you wouldnt need to take pencil and paper to divide an even few thousands of dollars. This shows that it pays to remember your schooling.

You left this paper on the liquor stained table—it's the evidence I've got on you, and pretty final don't you think?"

"That wouldn't hold for two seconds in a court of law," is all the astounded, fear shaken Governor can say.

"No, possibly not, but with it I can blast you into a thousand unclean pieces by merely letting some camera man from a reform newspaper get a snap at it. I'd hardly advise you to let that happen, it wouldn't be healthy."

The knowledge that his iniquity is known to The Boss comes to The Governor like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. He remains speechless, with ashen face and trembling hands, as his accuser continues in soft, self-confident tones:

"When you fellows planned this thing, you left two important points out of the reckoning. You forgot that I never lie, that I pay as I promise and you also forgot that the man you were going to cheat was a bad man from the desert before he turned politician. He knew I didn't lie, he knew that I had delivered the money as promised, and he saw through the flimsy scheme at once. As a result your friend got a bullet in the face, a fit punishment for the crime. You were lucky to have been elsewhere, Governor for his was a six-shooter, all chambers full, and he certainly can shoot straight. He didn't suspect you of being in this thing, that's one reason why he didn't speak out at the trial, the other was his faith in me, which I've got to justify."

He lays the accusing paper on the table and beside it an official pardon, awaiting only The Governor's signature to save a life. "Come, choose," he says, "Sign the pardon and you get your piece of dirty paper back—refuse, and, well, you'll regret it."

With hand shaking as if with ague, the cowed Governor, signs the document. The action is listless, mechanical, disinterested. With staring, glassy eyes he watches The Boss calmly fold the pardon and place it safely away, sees him adjust his disarranged neckwear, sees him unconcernedly light a fresh cigarette, before stepping to the door.

While turning the handle, The Boss looks at the dejected, beaten figure of the craven Governor, and says, in a

quiet, caressing voice, "Pretty good politics, that, eh! Governor?"

III

The dawn found the prison tremendously excited, secret signals, tapped on sound carrying walls, conveyed the news from cell to cell that the gallows was to be fed! The long times were unaffected, the new comers visibly excited, but not to pity.

Everything was in readiness, the gallows completed, the drop tested, the entire grewsome program settled. The Murderer's breakfast was brought, but he did not respond to the Guard's words from outside the bars. The food was left, later the guard would return.

As time progressed the chief actors in the drama gathered, the hangman with his fearful straps and black cap, the priest with book and vestments. The time was short, the procession formed and slowly wended its way to the condemned man's cell. The key turned in

the lock, but the figure on the cot stirred not.

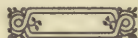
Just then The Boss came, sauntering down the corridor, and slapping the hangman on the back, he said, "You don't work to-day. The Governor is kind, he graciously signed the pardon."

"Pardon! Pardon!" the words echoed through the corridors until they reached the warden, who was just approaching The Murderer's cot. "A Pardon!" he repeated, and then again, "A Pardon, you're safe, wake up!"

But the figure did not move. It would never move again. The poison had done its work, the soul was adrift.

Attracted by the serious faces of those gathered about the cot, the Boss made his way there, only to meet the stony glare of the dead man's eyes. He gasped, but suppressed further emotion. Turning, he walked slowly from the cell.

"Politics is certainly Hell," he muttered, as he passed out into the corridor.



Exiled

Elizabeth Vore.

*Amid the crowds that throng the city street,
As if some dreary, desert waste she trod—
Her only friend and comforter—her God,
No hand to clasp, no lips her lips to meet
No heart to beat against her own.
She walked her lonely path alone,,
Her face a shining star in night's deep space
Bright with the light of mystery,
Of dawning things [hat were to be—
The mystic seal of pain was on her face,
She walked her lonely path, alon.
She walked her lonely path. alone,
Her eyes had seen what others might not see,
From purple, lofty heights where sweet winds blew,
Her soul had heard a far off voice it knew—
Come on—and on—and ever on to me—
Oh child of grief thou art my own.*

Yuletide Carol



*Carol all my merry men
And let the wassail ring
On moor and hill, through brake and fen
For Christ, Our Lord, is King.*

On a calm, wondrous winter's night
Two thousand years, since spent,
The Lord of Hosts with mystic light
Gives sign of his intent.

Where over shadowed waste and hill
One star shines keen and clear
To mark that in a manger still
The King of men is here.

And in the starry firmament
The winds of heaven sing
To praise the Lord of hosts who sent
Good Christ to be our King.

*So carol all good merry men
And let the wassail ring
On moor and hill, through brake and fen
For Christ our Lord, is King.*



Christmas Fiesta in Mexico

By Catherine B. Henry



WHEN Ceaser Augustus decreed that all his subjects should register and pay their taxes in the home of their tribe, Joseph and Mary, of the House of David, left Galilee and journeyed to Bethlehem, of Judaea. Upon their arrival in the city they found it so crowded with people that for nine days they tried to find a resting place, and on the ninth were compelled to seek shelter in a manger, where the Christ child was born.

"Posada" is a Spanish word meaning inn or lodging house, and in Mexico at this season of the year we hear rich and poor talking of "Las Posadas," meaning the nine parties, a curious mixture of religion and amusement which are held in church and home in commemoration of the wanderings of Mary and Joseph.

The church functions are very attractive and are attended by thousands of people in the early evening hours. A procession is formed, headed by a representation of the grotto in which the Savior was born. This is followed by priests, acolytes, men, women and children, all chanting the litany as they march up and down the aisles of the church. Finally the grotto, or "el nacimiento" is deposited on the right side of the altar, where it rests till the next

evening. The exercises for each succeeding night are exactly alike save the last, which falls on Christmas Eve., when at 10:30 o'clock Christmas matins are sung and at midnight the Mass of the Cock (Misa del Gallo) is sung.

However, it is in the home that one finds the posadas, a combination of worship and festival. A room is set apart for the grotto which represents the stable at Bethlehem, and may be as simple or as costly as the purse permits. From the "puestas" (booths) can be purchased for a small sum the clay animals and figures of Mary and Joseph and the Saints. They also have ready made grottoes for sale, so that no home need be without. As in the church festival the exercises for each evening are the same, ending in the home with a dance. On the last night the "pinata" makes its appearance. The American children in Mexico are quite as fond of the "pinata" as are the little Mexicans, though they omit the religious part.

When all the guests and members of the family are assembled they are divided into two groups and are provided with candles. Those representing the inn keepers remain in the room with the grotto and keep the door closed. The persons representing the Holy Fam-



The beautiful churches are the center of Mexican life.

ily form in double file and with lighted candles approach the door to the inn singing a song which tells of their journey and in which they ask for shelter. The inn keepers answer in song, refusing to open the doors. Thrice the appeal is made, the last time Joseph making it known that it is the "Queen of Heaven" who seeks admittance. When this is discovered the door is thrown wide open and the guests made welcome. The whole family then kneels before the grotto, singing the litany, after which they repeat nine Ave Marias and then depart to the ball room.

The last night of the festival the procession is formed near midnight. The Padrinos (god-parents) having been chosen from among the children of the party, carry a large doll which represents the Christ child, to the grotto, and the whole party after singing the litany pay their homage to the new born king.

The "Pinata" is usually suspended in the patio or in the center of an empty room. The pinata, which is disguised as some grotesque figure of a man or woman (last year ladies in hobble skirts were very popular) is simply a large earthen jar dressed up in tissue paper.



No native costume is complete without the Sarapa

Each person is blindfolded and is given three attempts to break the jar by hitting it with a large stick. As in our game of "bind-man's buff" and "hang the tail on the donkey" the blindfolded person is turned around several times so that he loses all sense of direction. This results in much laughter and many failures. When the jar is finally broken and the candy, nuts and fruits come down in a shower everyone makes a wild scramble.

The pinata broken the party returns to the ball room to enjoy dancing till the supper is announced. Dancing is often resumed after the supper and is indulged in till the wee, small hours of the morning. When departing, each guest is presented with a little vase containing candies, which is very simple or very costly according to the purse of the hosts. These vases are carefully kept from year to year, so that one can scarcely fail to see a number of them in any Mexican parlor.

Not many tourists have the opportunity of viewing the posadas, but the display of the puestas (booths) is open to all. In Mexico City the booths are arranged on the north and west sides of the Alameda (the great central park)

and are devoted to the sale of toys, candies, fruits and nuts, while in front hang the gay pinatas. Farther on to the West one finds the vender of Christmas trees and mosses. These wares have been carried on the backs of burros for many miles. One even finds that many of the trees have reached the city on the backs of men and women, the "human burros."

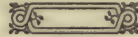
When the head of the family decides to sell Christmas trees in the city, the whole family goes with him, walking the entire distance, be it twenty miles. or fifty miles. The family burro is laden with moss, while the father carries two or more trees on his back. The mother follows with the cooking utensils and dried meats and fruit; the small daughter jogs along with a peculiar little trot, her feet and arms bare, and peeping over her little, stopped shoulders out from the folds of her blue rebosa is a smiling brown baby, then comes little Juan in his white cotton shirt and pants trudging stolidly along with the pulque jug. Their meals are prepared on the roadside and the nights are spent in the open.

Upon arriving in the city the family takes up its abode on the curb on the

west side of the Alameda; the wares are displayed and business begins. All day and during the early evening hours throngs pass to and fro making their purchases for the holidays to come. About nine o'clock the crowd begins to thin out and by ten the weary salesmen prepare to sleep. Often the day has been so busy that there has been no time to prepare food, in which case the family meal is prepared and eaten before "retiring." The tree vender has few preparations to make for sleep; the sky must be his roof and the pavement his couch. He draws his sarape (blanket) closely about him and lies down among his trees and moss, his whole family following his example. The common blanket, if there be one,

is drawn over them and they are soon lost to the world. Soon the booths are deserted and their owners, the aristocrats of the Christmas venders, drop a curtain over their wares, roll in their blankets and sleep under the counters.

Do you realize that this is the twentieth century and Mexico a civilized country? Yet, one sees there the same scenes, the same types as were witnessed by the Christ child. Hopkinson Smith called Mexico a "New Holy Land" and pronounced it "the most marvelous picturesque country under the sun." I cannot add words to an artist's phrase, but I can and do add for you as it was for him, not only when Mexico is dressed for a fiesta but even in her every day garb.

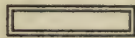


Memory

By Faith Boyce.

*I hear soft music, and yet smile,
Remembering, yet acquiescent, for the pain
Of the dead Love that followed, many a mile.
Mercifully cannot wake again.*

*The little children do not break my heart;
Or happy lovers with their joy and pain;
For, steadily, I know that loves must part—
(But—God!—that lonely bird-song in the rain.)*



The Master of the Man

By Roy Miller

TRAVIS kicked off the rusty blanket, silently pulled on his corduroys and black slouch hat, and squeezed through the door of the hut. It was Christmas day. The sun never sent its beams into the bottom of Lost Valley until it had piled their warmth for a couple of hours upon the level sand-wastes.

The valley was really what remained of a once enormous cave, formed by action of water in the breaks along two converging "faults" in the mountain range. Huge cliffs still overhung the sides. The only connection with the plain outside was by a narrow canyon where a small stream fed by everlasting snows discharged its waters into the shifting dunes.

Streaks of gray morning mist obscured the higher summits of the range and hung close to the top of the valley wall opposite the hut. Dimly veiled, a lofty storm-beaten buttress, a remnant of the roof of the ancient cave, perched upon the edge of the wall in almost human outline looking down into the valley. With its halo of cloud it might have been the genius of the mountain. As if in devotion, the goldseeker stood with upturned face and gazed long at the hidden shape. The lean, yellowish appearance of the man belonged to no certain age, but he was not young. The desert soon marks its own, but it ironical with the emblems of age.

"Look out of the fog, Old Squatter, and tell me if my luck for today is worth a million" croaked the miner in a hollow throat. Then he cursed his tardiness and the fruitless toil of long years and turned a rueful glance at the hungry burro loosely picketed on the one level plat, long since nibbled bare.

With eyes big and bright he was off toward a conical heap of "dirt" a hundred paces up the valley. At the mouth of a gloomy hole in the mountainside above the cone he paused suddenly, with his habitual nervousness, to light a lamp. He shook it mechanically, close at his ear, thinking of the prospect of a quick strike. He had with difficulty restrained himself from returning to work the night before, but the poisonous gases from the blast had been sufficient barrier to hold him away from the back end of the tunnel.

Swearing again, this time at the scarcity of his matches, Travis touch the wick and started, pick in hand, into the darkness. There was no oil in his lamp. In the time spent for its replenishment, the recurrent thought of starvation filled his mind. If he did not start for provisions in a day or two, the consequences might outweigh the gold.

Travis knew his remaining three days rations were the last within 130 miles. He should have gone with the burro two days before. Accordingly, he had saved his supplies by doing without breakfast. One more day, and it would be little use to begin the battle with sun and sand.

But to leave the tunnel! Someone else might find where he had the earth by the purse strings. Involuntarily, he looked toward Hell Gate, as he called the rocky entrance. Little fear of that; it was not likely that anyone would approach it within centuries; and then, only chance would cause him to enter the unpromising place.

Well he remembered hunting a coyote that had run into the canyon. It was

the only living creature besides the burro that he had seen for many weeks. Once inside, the miner was struck by the peculiar formation of the strata, which suggested the presence of a lode. He had starved in Klondyke and thirsted in Lower California, and would no more of it. He must start back in the afternoon. But the gold—he could not long forget that—indications were rich, another day might bring a strike. He would have a try at it. What had he worked for day and night? He might not happen back, and so miss a new Eldorado. His brain was almost bursting with avaricious dreams, and he murmured aloud:

"A mountain of gold!"

Impatiently he sought a match. On the third round of his pockets he found a sained and broken sulphur tipped stick barely an inch long. It was his last, and his hand trembled. As he straightened to regain his composure, his eyes strained upward to the weathered cliffs so nearly impending the shelf he stood upon. The veil parted and gave him a momentary glimpse of a face, huge, threatening, inscrutable. The mists closed, and the goldseeker solemnly awaited a second rift. His lips moved.

"Thirty-seven years have I drifted about from field to field and camp to camp, winning and losing; sometimes eating my last biscuit in the sand or snowdrift, sometimes feeding a dozen less fortunate men in the saloons. At other times I have begged a stake from miners too old or too rich—no, they never got too rich—to seek new mines for themselves. What have I got to show for it? Gray hairs, rheumatism, gold fever; I am just where I started.

"I have tracked this desert now for three years. Two months ago I came in at Hell Gate. This vein looks better and better, but my eyes are getting bad. From this day I may be able to grub-stake the other fellow, and maybe not. If I do get the pile, its goodbye to you, Old Rockhead—unless you take a notion to follow me." Again the mists drifted away from the figure above, and with an unspoken observation that the old rock looked shaky, Travis carefully lighted the lamp and turned into the tunnel.

A prodigious amount of labor had been expended on this tunnel. It had been impossible to the exertions of the miner singlehanded had he not been aided by the presence of natural crevices and cavities along the fault in the great rocks that were the backbone of the range.

Travis swung his pick like a madman, and the tough fire-seasoned rock torn loose by the blast soon took his energy. As he sat down on a block for a moment's rest, the lowered lamp turned on the fragments, reflected a tiny yellow gleam to his eye. It was real "pay dirt," and it restored his energy three fold. Never had he possessed such strength before, never had his dreams been dwarfed in the face of reality.

Every stroke revealed increased riches. Specks gave way to grains, to chunks seamed with pure gold, and these again to nuggets which looked large as baseballs to the miner. He struck a great "pocket" which filled his hat to tearing as he raised it to his breast and ran hugging it in both arms toward the entrance. Would daylight show his treasures to be real? He was too much out of breath to mumble his burning thought;

"A real mountain of gold."

He dropped the lamp and stumbled his way out in semi-darkness. His ears seemed to tell him of strange rumbling in the cave, but his senses did not respond to any thought but gold. The sun was shining at the entrance. A fraction of a second its yellow beams mingled with the yellow lumps in the black hat, and the man leaped half his height clear of the ground for pure joy.

The unheeded rumbling was now becoming a terrible roar, such as can never be heard save by those caught in some overwhelming catastrophe of Nature. A quick glance upward dazed all the man's animal senses. The rocky shape with unmeasured tons of broken granite was speeding down the mountain, and almost upon him. The rigid figure below trembled an instant, then, still holding his treasure, sprang like an embodiment of terror into the black shelter of the tunnel.

Christmas afternoon a spiny burro passed out by Hell Gate and searched for a blade of grass in the desert.

An old time Christmas in California

PIONEER TALES I



IT SONORA, now the capital of Tuolumne County, California, on December 25th, 1853 as part of the Christmas celebration, occurred one of the most daring and reckless sporting events ever taking place in the West.

On that day a butcher named Manners, armed with a long knife which he had made especially for the occasion, appeared in a horse corral before a large audience of miners and pioneers and proceeded to a single handed encounter with a captive bear, weighing no less than eighteen hundred pounds.

At the time this fight occurred Sonora was the center of the gold mining excitement. Fortunes were made and squandered in a single night. Times were flush. No man would work for less than fifty dollars a day and many were the claims abandoned which yielded their owners a trifle less than that sum. With money in abundance and no form of amusement a hand practically the whole population spent their evenings in the gambling houses. Quarrels were frequent. Shooting was a matter of so little moment that the first question asked in the morning was not who, but how many were killed.

Sonora was a tent city with every tent filled. The miners were a restless, uneasy lot, on the constant lookout for excitement. The announcement of a man-bear fight created immediate interest, not alone in the camp but throughout the surrounding country. On the evening of December 24th miners began coming in, some walking thirty or forty

miles to be present at the fight. All were provided with plenty of money in the form of gold dust, and the excitement ran high.

The fight took place in a corral built, like a stockade, of pointed logs on end and reaching about eight feet above the ground. This corral had been used for bull fights and was provided with rows of seats like the modern grandstand.

The corral was packed at an early hour, although the fight was not scheduled to begin until afternoon. The bear was led in and chained in the center of the arena. He was a large, vicious looking brute and his naturally bad temper was increased by the hectoring which immediately began among the miners. Whatever mischief these idle men could think of they immediately put into practice, with the result that the bear was fairly beside himself with rage when Manner walked confidently into the ring. In appearance he might inspire respect even in a bear. A tall, broad shouldered, finely built man, he carried himself with an easy assurance born of a reckless, daring life. He was armed with a long, heavy knife, one blow of which delivered with his trained strength and deftness should be sufficient to brain Master Bruin. On his head he wore a heavy leather cap and his clothes, also of stout leather, had been made especially for the occasion. He walked slowly and cautiously up to within a few feet of the bear, parrying for an effective position. The audience sat mute as marble. Suddenly the bear, which had been on all fours, rose on his hind feet.

As he did so Manners darted at him with knife raised and brought it down with crushing force. Had he struck the bear it certainly would have put out his brains. But Bruin dodges and the knife sliced off an ear and hit his shoulder. Manners could not recover to avoid the bear's rush and went down under him. Instantly the audience was in a hubub. Each miner considering himself Manner's chosen savior, whipped out a pistol and began firing at the bear. It was like the fusilade of a regiment. From this banked mass of humanity a rain of lead punctured the bear until he was a bleeding, hairy, lifeless mass.

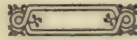
Then with a roar they poured down

into the arena and dragged the brute from the unfortunate butcher.

Although life was cheap in Sonora they tenderly lifted the maimed and bleeding fighter and carried him to a nearby tent. His shoulder was crushed and two ribs broken, but not a bullet had reached him, so expert were these pioneer gun fighters.

Being a hardy, well constituted man, he finally recovered to die later on in a gambling brawl.

For putting his life in jeopardy in this reckless exhibition he is said to have received five thousand dollars, which he promptly gambled away.



Youth and Age

By Robert Page Lincoln

*Youth loitered by the wayside full of idle dream
 And Age smiled;
 The gracious hours were not what they would seem
 Since whiled—
 Away in mystic pleasures—where but troubled teem
 The bitter guiled
 And follied recklessness. Youth sensed the gleam
 That sin defiled—
 And floated restless with the beckoning stream.
 Age worried not! but rested calm and all serene!
 Rested in peace.
 The day slipped by and not one thing unmean
 Made open pleas
 Unto his mellowed heart. Age beautiful and clean!
 Time quickly flees
 And Youth is shrinking but a sweet smile is seen
 And on his knees
 He bows to Age—to rest a chosen while and glean.
 From life what he had wasted in his wearied youth.
 And silver hair
 And golden sunshine will then twine their ruth—
 Around his fair
 Unvexed brow. He sinks in ease and this is Truth!*

And it were ever thus

By Robert Page Lincoln

IN THE suburban street—the last house in the block, a bungalow with brown stained shingles lived Beatrice and her husband Christopher Crunch. It was a charming little place quite hid for flowers and vines and trees, a little Arcadia snuggled comfortably away from the homes of the neighbors, a type of its own. Crunch was a large, broad-shouldered individual and besides was the manager of the West End Pickle Factory. Just think of it. They took weazened up, insignificant good-for-nothing cucumbers and made them into pickles to be known the world over as the famous pickled delight and men would sit for hours spearing around in the bosom of various bottles with forks and other things and when they finally brought one to the light of day and put it into their mouths they would go into wild exultations and rapturous comments on the beauty of the pickled delight. Think of it! And I could sit in a garret writing verses and odes till eternity and the only compliment I would get would be a cabbage now and then. By daytime Crunch busied himself in the office and invariably swung on the six o'clock train in the evening, making his daily exit at seven thirty in the morning—also invariably. Every morning he would come from the house preceeded by his little wife and they would stand for a moment looking at the skies and the flowers around Arcadia; then she would come to his arms and look up, puckering her mouth into a rose-bud and he would kiss her many

times and then stalk solemnly down the street while she stood and watched him out of sight. And the neighbors would watch from numerous windows to see whether they could distinguish upon his person something that they had not been there previously. Some would have called Crunch a morose fellow with a very heavy burden to bear in life; in any event Mrs. Williams in the fourth house from the corner had her own views regarding his personal affairs cemented steadfast in her mind. He was always thinking so deeply and she wondered if he was happy. Mr. Williams had long ago mounted into the esteem of Christopher Crunch and proclaimed him in the presence of his wife as being a gentleman firstly and secondly a good business man—as far as he could learn from facts garnered at their meetings on the street. And was he not the manager of a pickle factory while he—Williams—was only a head book-keeper in the gas light company. The social relations between the neighbors and the Crunches had not waxed stronger than a cool acquaintance limited to various and sundry calls in which a certain degree of aloofness was evident. The newcomers seemed somehow apart from their neighbors and Beatrice, a dear little soul with a sensitive heart had recognized the strain with a foresight close to her nature. Something had risen like a wall in her shutting out all save Mrs. Williams who was so keenly appreciative of all things. The two women were firm in their friendship and their husbands,

aware of the pact, exchanged cigars more fluently day after day with pleasant remarks about their wives and the weather.

But Williams secretly felt that there was something in the life of Christopher Crunch that had no business there. It smote him with the iron fist of curiosity, it rose like a sphinx in him and cried for a revelation; he writhed in the coils of it. And there was nothing as far as he could see, with the knowing eye of a man of the world, that would point to a past—a former wife or a lingering uncle with a moneyed incubus. It must be his business worries since his home life was all that a man could name as congenial. And then, Mrs. Williams, not a whit less curious than her husband, had received the inside information of the life of Beatrice. Before I forget it I might as well make it understood to you that Mrs. Williams grandfather's mother had been a cousin of the famous Duke of Trent. So you see she was no cheap skate when it came to a family tree. Now that you have an introduction to this story I shall proceed to unfold the rest of it.

The girl had lived in a village up country—a teacher in the village school where farmers sent their sons and various daughters to absorb useless knowledge and incidentally the beauty of the teacher. For a long time she had presided over the classes in the little town I mean the school-house at the bend and then, Crunch came into her life. It had been on his vacation. A man at the office where the pickles were made had seen him sitting by the window drinking in the sunshine of the beautiful spring morning with that far-away look that betokens mental fag or wanderlust or a hankering for a certain beer that makes its annual advent at this time of the year. Crunch was work worn; he longed for the fields and the pure breezes that billowed across endless meadows; the song of the birds and the tinkle of brook waters. And this man like a Modern Samartan had laid a sympathetic hand on his shoulder praising the blessed environments of Chesfield—he spoke of vine locked trout pools where a man had to hide to bait his hook so voracious

were the finny brethern; an old mill and bearded patriarchs who could tell marvelous stories of their youth without batting an eye. And Crunch had forthwith swung in his revolving chair slamming down the roll on his desk with much energy and the next day was speeding north to the Elysium of his dreams.

And Beatrice was doomed to the arrow of the little God—the sweet and fickle little God—Cupid. Many a time in her dreams she had conjured up a framed half-tone of the knight who would snatch her away from the school house and single blessedness into a crushing embrace and a shower of kisses even sweeter than a box of chocolate creams. O the sublime rapture of it! Many a time she had awakened to find her pillow pressed to her breast and then she had cried and yearned and—well I don't blame her. I have done the same thing only bedposts and other incidentals have suffered. Beatrice strove blindly to unearth an ideal in Chesfield but Chesfield was not in the ideal market nor ever would be. There was Lute Johnson whose expansive grin was famous the country round, if not beyond the confines of the county and state. He had proposed! Any one that had the courage to propose to a beautiful woman like Beatrice Callin, so way up in learning, and a country resident at that, must either be insane or brazen nerved. Lute Johnson came blundering in between these characteristics somewhere. For months he had been casting sheepish glances at her intended to convey the symptoms battling for supremacy in his manly hosom, and then one day after school he had proposed to her on the steps reciting a love passage from a popular novel the while he stood first on one foot and then on the other. And Beatrice had laughed till her big brown eyes brimmed over with tears and the astroued Lute with loverlike agility had fled to the woods, refusing to come home for supper despite the fact that his family shouted themselves hoarse. He was heart-broken!

But that's always the way. Now look at Lute: I admit Nature had played

havoc with his features but who can say what steel-riveted faith reclined within him. And then you know that beauty is only skin deep. Well that's over with! Poor Lute what emotions must have trembled upon his lute-strings—I mean his heart strings. After a few experiences of this sort Beatrice gave up hope. She resigned herself to the inevitable—that of becoming a hopeless spinster; pretty soon she would grow old and there would be crow-feet and other things around her pink little nose and the divine eyes. Ah me! Many a night she sobbed to think that she must stay in that hum-drum village where the only excitement was the daily arrival of the mail so that the postmaster could read what was going on in the outside world.

But at this critical juncture Crunch of pickle fame arrived fortified by the visions that had been stacked up in his mind by the ubiquitous office man. And he had fished the trout stream up and down, corner-wise and lengthways, scratching his features in brambles after the good old piscatorial style set down by the venerable Issac Walton; he had lain poised for hours over the pools dangling angle-worms on hooks before the noses of unappreciative specklesides; he had lain in bee infested clover watching the lazy clouds form into pickle dreams beyond the grasp of the conscience; he had reveled at the rustic beauty of the old mill and he had heard the old timers rehearse there yarns at the grocery store with vigorous emphasis. And then it had happened—

Can you see how nicely things are progressing—how smoothly the plot is accumulating under the guidance of the master hand! Crunch was sauntering home one evening from a weary ramble and in trying to see if he could walk a wagon rut without stepping out of it he had suddenly slipped and since he stepped on the side of his foot he fell and sprained his ankle. After having sprained the ankle to his entire satisfaction he lay down right there in the dust in utter disregard of reckless automobilists and relieved himself of various lamentations intended to express his feelings. Several gentlemen of my ac-

quaintance would have called down the wrath of the Gods and other serious things; they would have limped around in a diverse circle gestulating and disclaiming fiery articulations. But not Crunch. He only crunched his teeth in silent agony. Besides he was a pickle king or the next thing to it and have you ever heard of a pickle king swearing. No. How could I possibly have him uttering oaths when pretty soon upon the scene is going to come his wife—I mean his future wife with first aid to the wounded, etc. Of course, even if he had cursed a little he would win her any way but it would take too much paper and I will still have to stand and gaze at that over-coat in the store window.

Yes, this is another sprained ankle story. Every writer writes about sprained ankles at one time in his harrowing career even if it is for a medical journal. A sprained ankle story appeals to the tender sex who love to have a man come upon the scene and carry the heroine home and fall in love with her. Emagine a writer with dastardly cunning constructing a story wherein the hero did not fall in love. Ghastly thought. You don't know how it feels to be worked in a sprained ankle story? Well just imagine if you were a nice many young fellow with a square jaw and a rosebud complexion and you should be walking along a pleasant highway when suddenly there should smite upon your hearing a scream somewhere beyond. You would know the scream right away because it is a sprained ankle scream. Would you run to the next town for help thinking someone was getting murdered or would you burst gallantly through the undergrowth to see her lying there in an unladylike attitude with her poor little foot distressingly crumpled up under her; then would you take off your hat and say howdy-do and pass on? No. You would, after getting acquainted, pick her up in your brawny arms and proceed to carry her home. And your muscles would swell out despite the fact that you never tasted breakfast food. And her arms would be around your neck (she would be one of these grape-vine sort) and her brown hair would hang in your eyes and her perfumed breath

would fill your nasal organs permeating you through and through. O, I tell you it's great! You would fall in love as a matter of course because you had so much work carrying her home; you would very naturally and sympathetically get married and live in a flat unhappily ever after.

This is another sprained ankle story, but—. In this instance the hero gets sprained and Beatrice who was coming along the road in the act of walking home heard him and the next moment saw him, the pickle king Crunch, and knew right away that there in the dust lay her knight, pickles or no pickles. And pretty soon she was down at his side helping him to his feet, or to his foot rather, because you see one was woefully sprained. Crunch forgot his pain long enough to fall in love and then closed his eyes giving vent to a moan of blistering agony. He even forgot about pickles for ten minutes. Think of it! With his arm around her neck they proceeded down the road swaying drunkenly. He could have cut a crutch, come to think of it, but what is the use: they have to fall in love come what may and I herewith announce that I will suffer the consequences. Presently Crunch happened to think of his eternal pickles and with a radiant smile he made known his identity and Beatrice almost lost her grip on him so surprised was she. Just think! She was leading a pickle king. Well! Well! Who would have thought it. And then she told him how much she loved pickles, especially the Pickled Delight, and Crunch was sure he loved her, though this additional love may have been purely business love as we may suspect. And pretty soon they sat down at a stream and she bathed his foot which was actually as blue as bluing and then he felt considerably better, so much so that he made remarks about her beauty and—O, what is the use! Before he left her that night she had a pretty good understanding that she would some day be Mrs. Crunch. And Lute Johnson had seen and lay awake for six consecutive nights writhing under the influence of a dismal jealousy that settled over him like a funeral shroud and huge sobs tore his bosom and he pined so that he could not eat any-

thing but eggs. You see how badly he was in love. Its awful to refer to. And Lute's parents and relations being in utter ignorance of what sort of disease gnawed at his vitals consigned him to the hot lard treatment and carrot tea and his grandmother cooked some roots which were bound steaming hot across his abdomen despite his vigorous protestations.

The love affair of Beatrice and Crunch progressed rapidly. He had even joined the village choir to the black disgrace of the singing profession though anything a pickle king sings sounds sweet in the ear of the multitude whose judgement is often warped. And the villagers had cast envious glances at the school teacher who was fortunate enough to capture so desirable a captain of industry and live in pickle fame all her life.

Then they were married. Lute Johnson spent another week in trying to decide between ending his worldly suffering with his father's razor or that of hanging himself with a clothesline in the southwest corner of the hayloft till life his form departed had—then gave up in fear that he would have to writhe in coals for eternity. After the two lovers were happily married by the parson for the sum of ten dollars they left for the city; the pickle industry was clamoring for Crunch and Crunch heeded the summons. For a year and a half they lived in the heart of the city and then they come to abide in the suburbs in the little Arcadia at the end of the block and every morning Crunch would invariably catch the seven thirty and swung off the six o'clock in the evening. There is the meat of the nut somewhat in the way Mrs. Williams delivered it to her husband and that night they ate pickled delights with more than usual interest and relish because they were made in the factory of which Crunch was part owner and manager

In Arcadia Beatrice lived her daily life among the flowers, assisted in their culture by the Williams boy, a singular conformation of humanity whose face abounded in freckles and one round putty nose contributed to the family by the Duke of Trent. His hair was red and his ears stuck out at an alarming angle

after a fashion affected by the Duke of Trent's father. What Jefferson Cabot Williams did not know about things in general was not worth knowing. He gave Beatrice to understand that when he was elected president by the Plutican party he would give her a gold watch and a stick pin with a half moon on it. And a wrapper with climbing vines and roses on it. But she must never tell anybody, not even the grocery man who come to Arcadia because the grocery man was a dangerous fellow with big yellow teeth and only two fingers on his right hand. Beatrice firmly assured him that she would not tell a soul. She loved children you see and that is what she yearned for so bad and that is why she looked so sad: because she had no babies to cuddle on her breast. Crunch was too wrapt up in his pickle dreams to contribute to the ranks of mankind. There its out! That's the plot. That's what I have been working all the time to tell you. And that's the way with pickle kings you know—he had the pickle business on his brain. Wherever he looked there were pickles around him and hanging over his head like the sword of Damascus, whatever that may be. One night after consuming a ponderous pudding his wife had constructed and after smoking two cigars he had gone to sleep and had bored through a stupendous pickle and once he fell to his doom in a pickle bottle and floated on a cucumber for nine months across seas of concentrated vinegar. After which he very readily woke up and pried his head out from between the bed-spokes. I think I would rather be the unrecognized humorist I now am than a pickle king. It's awful!

The grocery man who come to Arcadia had a little daughter whose chubby face despite its perpetual stickiness went right to the heart of Beatrice. This little daughter rode on the grocery wagon with her father and Mrs. Crunch bought stacks of grocery just so that he would bring the child along so she could cuddle it. Little Mary Bloom was a source of great personal feeling and had a straightforward and alarming way of going at the heart of things without skillfully probing her way. One day after the grocery man had brought a can of sardines, a

sack of flour, a dozen over-ripe bananas, a cheese and a spool of white thread number fifty, they stopped to talk to Mrs. Crunch about the weather and the pickle outlook—that is Mr. Bloom did. Jefferson Cabot Williams, who was related in a distant way to the valorous Duke of Trent was also there with his red hair and all and Mary Bloom after submitting to a bear hug that eclipsed all other hugs stood off and surveyed Jefferson with silent disgust writ plainly on her features. Because it suddenly dawned upon Mary Bloom that she had conceived a hatred for the lad. His ears were too big and they wiggled in a disgusting fashion and his freckles were not in the least like the freckles that dominated the features of John Pendergast whom she adored.

"Freckle-face! Red-head!" she commented finally bringing a caustic survey to a conclusion, and with such sarcasm that Jefferson Cabot cringed. Mr. Bloom and Mrs. Crunch besides being startled at this declaration were interested to know what other revelations were forthcoming. And Mr. Bloom thought it so mirth provoking that he threw back his head laughing uproariously, disclosing to view a triumphant array of dentistry and two decayed molars that any dentist would order filled at once.

"My father is better'n your father," continued Mary with adoring emphasis, noting the confusion of the other and encouraged by the merriment it afforded her parent.

"Ain't neither."

"Is too!"

The heart in the breast of Jefferson Cabot rose in revolt. He mused for a while desperately weighing Mr. Bloom in the scale of justice and then staked his life in a reply.

"Your father's got awful horrid teeth. They are just like horse teeth my mama said to Mrs. Jones the other day and when he laughs its just like a high-heena would laugh. And papa said the cigars you got in your store must have been made before the war, or picked up in the gutters, because they taste like Manilla hemp. And he said you must

feed your horse on sawdust and that his hips would make good coathooks and that he can count its ribs a mile off and he is so old the soap factory won't accept him as a present to make soap out of."

This was the crowning blow. It was a staggering insult beyond the comprehension of the senses and other things. The smile of satisfaction had frozen on the features of Mr. Bloom.

"They said all that about me?" he demanded to be retold—but Jefferson Cabot had fled from the confines of Arcadia with Mr. Bloom and his infuriated offspring a close second and third. And Mrs. Crunch ran out to see if Jefferson was home in the time she thought he would be and was just in time to see him shoot through a volume of dust into the blessed William's domicile and safety. And presently Mrs. Williams come out with a broom and a croquet mallet and looked up and down the street but by that time the active members of the grocery firm of Bloom and company had vanished down the way with a jangle of oil cans and sundry boxes clashing together.

Every morning now after Beatrice Crunch had made the beds; after she had washed the dishes and dusted the house and looked out of the window to see if Jefferson Cabot had arrived, and saw that he had not, she would take down her sewing material for a daily session with a small baby dress she was rapidly bringing to completion with a thousand frills and furbishes. Just think: some day a child of hers would fill that dress. At least she thought so. And the thought was so delightful that she sang in Arcadia and prayed that her husband might think of her a little more in between his pickle dreams; that he might think of the child that she wanted so badly. And one day she finished it. And Crunch came home that evening so wrapped up in affairs in the pickle world that he tripped on the steps and almost broke his watch and his spine and dislocated his hat. The West End Pickle Factory had during the past weeks added to their different varieties the Crunch Apple Butter and the Crunch Holsum Preserve—guaranteed to bring a smile on your

face or one of mortal agony—so is it any wonder that he slipped on the steps. At the supper table that night he waxed profuse in a relation of the success he was having and burned himself with the soup so badly that he went to the looking glass to see if any blisters had arisen on his tongue. And finding that one had he split a pickle and laid it on the tongue so as to keep it cool; from which you see that the Crunch pickles had a medical value besides satisfying the palate and other things. After supper he sank gratefully into the chair Beatrice Crunch pulled up to the fire for him, and he went into another trance, and then she went after the little dress with all its frills and things for she knew that now was the time to speak her hearts desire. With her heart in her throat and her hands trembling violently she knelt at his knees putting the example of her needlework in his hands.

"O Christopher can't you see? Don't you know? I—I am so lonely."

Now you and I would have known at once what ailed her, or at least we would have when she handed up a baby dress—that is if we were in any other business than the pickle business. We would have gazed in silence, spellbound, at that tiny garment and then our eyes would have dimmed with tears—and we would have taken her into our arms saying:

"O my little wife how I have neglected you. How cruel I have been. Can you ever forgive. In wrapping my soul I had a home and a little Twiddlelums. Forgive me. Forgive me."

But no pickle king would have done that. Christopher Crunch by a superhuman effort threw off the pickle spell that clouded his vision; laid down his cigar and after adjusting his glasses peered at the dress with speculative keenness.

"Hm-m! What's this?" he questioned, turning the fabric around as though it were any every day Chinese puzzle.

"O Christopher!"

And then he looked into his wife's eyes and again riveted his gaze on the garment, cudgeling his brain to make out the meaning of it. But he shook

his head putting it down and his wife with a little cry crept into his arms whispering something in his ear. And Crunch smiled broadly and tickled her and kissed her with the famous Crunch inoculation.

"O I see. Well! Well! Funny I hadn't thought of that before!" The villian. Now isn't that the limit. Even I didn't think he would say that. But that's always the way with pickle kings. The brutes. Pickles—pickles forever; that's their motto. But that night Crunch sat a long time by the fire, thinking. And it was not so much about pickles either as we may suspect.

"And why not," he commented to his cigar. "Supposing I should die. There would be no one to take up the pickle industry. I must have a son!"

How time does move along in a story. One may skip from one year to another with as little effort as eating ice cream. In this story almost a year had elapsed since you read the above though you'd hardly believe it. And bright and early one morning before the milkmen were out along the milky way the Williams household was awakened by a series of frantic ringing at the doorbell and pounding and stamping on the porch that had a most sinister impotence—a depraved hallabaloos that rent the atmosphere into shreds. Mr. Williams had been dreaming that night. In his first dream he had made a balloon ascension, shooting into the air five thousand feet after which he had fallen out of the basket, down—down right into the fiendish maw of a volcano which had erupted blowing him above the clouds and he had fallen down again to become impaled upon a church steeple. The second dream had fixed it so that a horde of cannibals were about to test his culinary virtue when he shot out of bed throwing the aboriginies right and left and dealing a tremendous blow to an imaginary foe that sought to impede his progress to safety. After which his wife woke him and told him that there were a lot of burglars and convicts on the porch. And Mr. Williams unwillingly accepted from the hands of his wife an ornamental sword and a mallet and stole downstairs haunted by

sundry whispered encouragements to smite and give no quarter.

And there in the gray light of dawn—on the porch—stood Christopher Crunch with hair on end, gestulating wildly through the glass. Mr. Williams as dumbfounded as he was interested, opened the door and the next moment was the central figure of a scrimmage from which he emerged shockingly nude.

"What-what-wha—"

Christopher Crunch laughed gleefully, dealing Williams a slam on the back that would have waylaid a steer. "My wife—its happened—its happened Williams—its triplets!"

"Good God," said Mr. Williams not yet awake but who could now forgive the other for his disgraceful actions. "Can it be possible?"

"Sure—triplets. Three of them. Just come after midnight. Put on your hat and come over!" forgetting to notice that the nightie that decked Mr. Williams palpitating form was his sole garment of wear. And Mr. Williams who did not wish to offend, since Crunch had offered him a life job in the pickle factory, went into the house and returned presently dressed and was forthwith half dragged to the little house at the end of the block. And Mrs. Williams having received the information from her husband emerged from her abode some time later and hurried to the scene of action. In the dim gray light of morn two ghost-like apparitions stole through the gate at Arcadia walking on tip-toe.

"Have you seen them yet," demanded one of the apparitions in a stage whisper.

"Sh-h-h!" cautioned the other.

"How are they divided. How many boys and how many girls?" demanded the apparition that had spoken first.

"Sh-h-h!" cautioned the other.

And pretty soon the door was opened by the doctor and the apparitions entered the house of Arcadia and the doctor favored Williams with a coldly humorous look and Williams knew that all doctors were inhuman anyhow.

"Make as little noise as possible," Crunch admonished his neighbor and Williams listened to hear if he could

hear himself walk but could not. And Crunch who was listening too forgot himself and tripped on the carpet upsetting a stand which held a jar of gold fishes, an encyclopedia and Crunch's superb pickle catalogue "sent free for ten cents. "And just then Mrs. Williams arrived and while Crunch replaced the gold fish Williams told his wife to be as quiet as she would permit herself to be even if it cost her her life.

"And whatever you do don't sneeze," said Crunch, looking over his glasses, and the next moment felt a peculiar tickle under his arm and sneezed so hard that his grandfather's picture rocked drunkenly on the wall.

And then the doctor emerged from the bed-room and coming forward took Mr. Crunch by the hand shaking it vigorously.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Crunch, for you have been very fortunate this morning. You are the father of two sons and a daughter. You shall see them in a moment. They are sleeping peaceably and your wife is asking for you."

Christopher Crunch couldn't make himself think of pickles and stood there fidgeting around, standing first on one foot and then the other and Mr. Williams knew just how it was when Jefferson Cabot was born. Mrs. Williams wondered how long it would be before they could enter the chamber of marvel so that she could see if the babies looked like Crunch. The pickle king was just going to impress upon the mind of Williams the necessity of unbroken quietude when the door opened and the nurse came out to announce that all was ready for their entrance. Led by Crunch and his glasses the sight-seeing tour began, the three tip-toeing as they had never tip-toed before. Now they approached the door—now they cross the threshold—now they are in the room and Crunch hurries to the bedside. See! he drops on his knees.

"Christopher!"

And the next moment the pickle king had gathered his dearly beloved to his bosom, kissing her on her lips and face and on her breast, so filled

to over flowing with Crunch.

"Beatrice."

"O I am so happy they have come!" breathed Mrs. Crunch. "O I am so glad. My babies. My babies." Crunch was so happy that he couldn't speak for five minutes and then he decided to cry out of sheer happiness or shout or count pickles for ten minutes and then he heard—he heard voices.

"I am sure this one is like Mr. Crunch and this one has got Crunches' mouth and this one"

"O isn't he just too sweet!"

Christopher Crunch rose and with three strides was at the side of the cradle around which were gathered a group of people composed of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Thrusting Williams aside with parental dignity he adjusted his glasses on the tip of his nose and proceeded to survey the flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood. For a time he surveyed them at a distance and then close up. Their heads he decided were hardly bigger than good sized dill pickles and one—one had a bulging brow, which of course denoted vast intellectual accommodation inherited from himself. And their faces were as brow as the now famous Crunch Apple Butter.

"Well! Well!" said Crunch, too overjoyed to think. "Who would have thought it. And so many too!"—letting his gaze play upon the sleeping three, afraid to let his gaze rest to long on the one with the bulging brow which would have been sheer heresy. After adjusting his glasses he turned and impaled Williams with a searching look.

"What would you name him?" he asked, referring to the one with the intellectual accommodation. "I have decided on Frederick Wilberforce Crunch. How is that?"

"Why," said Williams, with a show of superior knowledge—"that is a girl."

"Impossible," breathed Crunch, adjusting his glasses, then suddenly alarm-bell called to the nurse, demanding to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And the nurse glanced behind the baby's ear much to the astonishment of Crunch and said that that was a girl all right. And Williams to verify his assertion also

looked behind the baby's ear and then turned nodding his head and Crunch to combat the theory, though he was only a pickle king and ignorant of babies, also looked, adjusting his glasses. And he nodded his head.

"What?" Williams and the nurse said this in one breath.

Christopher Crunch wrinkled his face into a blandly humorous smile. "You can't fool me. This little spot behind the ear. Its as plain as pickles!" And he showed them. And the news spread and all Arcadia laughed merrily. Then Williams uncovered a lable tied to the child's dress which said "Girlie" as plain as—as pickles though not necessarily of the Crunch Brand.

Great was the rejoicing in the little land of Arcadia in the blessed days that followed and the birds in the trees had never sang so sweetly. Spring

was come to the land. And Christopher Crunch was swayed by a frenzy of pure happiness to such an entext that he ordered two water bags, five nursing bottles, a crate of nipples and ordered also a three ply expansion, self-regulating baby carriage made to order. He also bought a miniature automobile. And the office force at the pickle factory were ordered out at the risk of having their salaries pruned that they might see what they could see. Besides they got cigars and things—ha! ha!—you know.

And the grocery man came and Mary Bloom came. And just as the grocery man went in, Jefferson Cabot Williams concealed in a protecting bush wiped out past scores to a certain extent mashing Bloom's ear with an early Ohio potato.

And they lived happily ever after—that is the Crunches did.



Under *the* Study Lamp



"Do They Really Respect Us?" inquires Margaret Collier Graham in her series of essays published under that title. The "they", of course, refers to the male. Whether "they" really respect "us," or not is a matter which needs a wise, witty and thoroughly exhaustive discussion and no one is better fitted to the task than the author. Here any mere man can find his foibles, his faults, his failings, his frivolities and his general, all round foolishness laid bare with a skilled scapel in the delicate hands of a thoroughly experienced dissector. Nor can his feelings be hurt in the process for like many a wise physician she uses her wit to take the patients mind off his troubles.

Whether or not you agree with Mrs. Graham's conclusions you cannot help admiring her cleverness. That she can probe in so many sensitive quarters and not draw blood is due to an unusual understanding and a calm, well poised judgment. Although it is a book written primarily for women and one which they will heartily enjoy, the author has not hesitated to tell the truth nor rap with a thimble any feminine head which needed rapping. However, Mrs. Graham's understanding and sympathy is with her sisters. "I insist upon it" she says "that pockets are the basis of man's mental superiority, and I defy any man to carry his purse in his hand and keep his head level for one afternoon; and" she hastened to add: "I here make my bow of profoundest respect to American men, that they have kept their respect for American

women in spite of our countless insanities that go by the name of fashion."

Altogether Mrs. Graham has written a book well worth reading, one which we commend to the tired drifter in the doldrums of current fiction. One is constantly running across such gems as "Naturalists have repeatedly asserted that angles could not fly with feathered wings, but thus far they have had no appreciable effect on the average Easter card." or "Life was complex enough before this problem of simplicity was added to it, but since it has been added, we must resolutely set ourselves to solve it" which last remark though reminiscent of Chesterton is none the less entertaining. You will never regret knowing Mrs. Graham.

Do they Respect us, and other Essays'
by Margaret Collier Graham, 271 pp.
A. M. Robertson San Francisco, \$1.50.

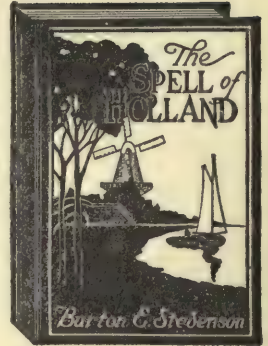


An orphan at five, on shipboard at twelve, exposed to temptation in every port, subjected to the rough usage and strict discipline of our merchant marine of sixty years ago, serving apprenticeship as boy, ordinary, and able seaman in the forecabin, graduating to third, second, and first officer with quarters in the land of knives and forks, i.e., the ship's cabin, and the sacred precincts of the quarter deck, ending with the command and part ownership of a fine craft; in all that time his feet clear of a ship's plank but twelve months—such in brief is John D. Whidden's sea experience, covering a quarter century,



as told by him in the pages of this new book.

In his long service he visited many ports in the Far East, in South America, and the Mediterranean. He was thrown in with many types of men, and his story shows a keen appreciation of human nature. The methods of the old seafaring days are here preserved by an eye-witness and a participant. The human interest is strong, and the book has a value beyond that of fiction, being a personal record well worth preserving.



Ocean Life in the Old Sailing Ship Days—by Captain John O. Whidden, with 24 full page illust. 314 pp cloth. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass., 150.

Delightful in its quaint dress, reminiscent of the strange and conscientious art of the Orient comes *A Bit of Old China* an excerpt from the writings of Charles Warren Stoddard. Nor is the outward garb misleading as is the case of much insufficient literature which comes decked in holiday attire far too expensive for its contents.

To those interested in the Chinese with their lurid trappings, the wafting incense burning before their strange gods, their congested, hive-like quarters, and the inviting mystery of their lives, we commend this little book. It affords a half hour in new Cathay—a pleasure not to be despised in this day of many silly heroines and upholstered heroes.

That Charles Warren Stoddard could

say with simplicity and directness what he had to say and still throw over it the glamor of romance few will gainsay who have read "In the Footprints of the Pradres" from which noteworthy book this fragment has been taken.

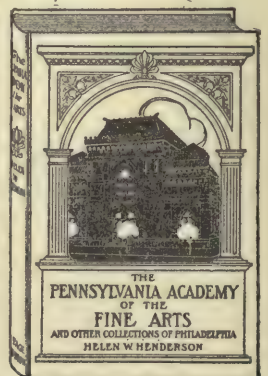
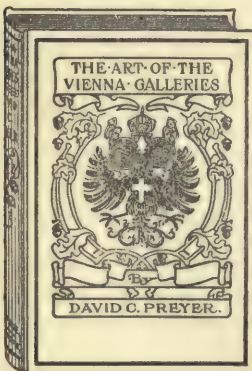
A Bit of Old China, by Charles Warren Stoddard 24 pp—illustrated by Ernest Pieixotto. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, 50 cents.

A book which is sure to arouse considerable discussion in America is the English version of Henri Bergson's *Laughter*, which has been made by Cloudesley Brereton and Fred Rothwell. This latest work of Dr. Bergson originally came out as a series of three articles in a leading magazine of France, which fact accounts for its relatively simple form and the comparative absence of technical terms. It also explains why the author has confined himself to exposing and illustrating his novel theory of the comic, without entering into a

detailed discussion of other explanations already in the field.

The book has been highly successful in France where it is in its seventh edition. It has been translated into Russian, Polish and Swedish, while German and Hungarian translations are in preparation. Its success is due partly to the novelty of the explanation offered of the comic, partly also to the incidental questions which the author discusses, which are of still greater interest and importance.

Among the topics into which the work is divided are the following: The Comic



in General; The Comic in Forms and Movements; The Expansive Force of the Comic; The Comic Element in Situations; The Comic Element in Words, and The Comic in Character.

Laughter, by Henri Bergson. The MacMillan Company, New York.



Each of the essays in Dr. Josiah Royce's *William James and Other Essays on the Philosophy of Life* (published November 1st), contains an interpretation by this well-known scholar and writer of some problem that is of vital interest to any one who wants to form sound principles for the conduct of life. The first essay takes up some of the ideals of William James and, incidentally, indicates the ideals of Dr. Royce. A second essay on *The Problem of Truth* explains why, in the eyes of the author, it is impossible to accept some of the positions of recent pragmatism and why the frequent identification of the idealistic theory of truth with a barren intellectualism is erroneous. A third essay on *Loyalty and Insight*, summarizes the author's ethical doctrine. A fourth discourse on *Immortality* and a fifth on *What is Vital in Christianity* complete the volume.

William James and Other Essays on the Philosophy of Life, by Josiah Royce, The MacMillan Co., New York.



An elaborate edition of Wagner's *Tannhauser*, translated by Professor Rolleston and embellished by some marvelous colored plates and full-page drawings in black and white by Pogany, which has been announced by the Crowells for this season's holiday trade, will make its appearance shortly. This volume is one that will appeal to all lovers of the very best in the way of artistic books.



Notwithstanding the great popularity of the *New Thought*, there are very few who can tell, off hand, what the movement really stands for, how and

when it originated and what its advocates are trying to accomplish. William Walker Atkinson, one of the best known writers upon metaphysical lines, has just completed a little book, "The Message of The New Thought," which will clear away the uncertainty which has surrounded the subject. This book answers fully all the questions one would like to ask about this new school of thinking. The author shows that the New Thought reaches back to the oldest philosophical systems of the race; that it is closely connected with that strange revival of Transcendentalism which occurred in America about 1800 to 1825 and which reached its highest development under the direction of Emerson. Side by side with the development of Transcendentalism there grew up a school of New Psychology or Mental Healing. These two great streams of thought grew broader and deeper with the passing years and finally converged to a common channel and united in one mighty spiritual movement now known as the New Thought. The term is used to include Christian Science, the Emanuel Movement and all kindred systems of healing.

The Message of the New Thought published by the Elizabeth Towne Co., Holyoke, Mass., 25c per copy.



Mrs. May Futrelle, author of *Secretary of Frivolous Affairs*, is the most domestic of women. A Boston newspaper reporter, accompanied by a staff photographer, recently called on her for an interview. Mrs. Futrelle was too busy on this particular day to be interviewed, but, of course, had to succumb to the demands of the press.

"Are you writing another book?" asked the reporter.

"No," she replied.

"But you have one in mind," he persisted.

"The only thing I have in mind right now," replied Mrs. Futrelle, "is that I have twenty people coming to supper and my cook's left."

The interview was not printed.

Twice Told Tales

"Why can't I get my number?" demanded a prominent citizen of Painted Post."

"Line's busy," replied the telephone girl.

"I don't believe it."

"Well, it's so. just the same. Some cowboys have borrowed it to hang a horsethief with."



The Man at the Door—Madam, I'm the piano tuner.

The Woman—I didn't send for a piano tuner.

The Man—I know it, lady; the neighbors did.



"Let's drop in this restaurant."

"Oh, I don't believe I care to eat anything."

"Well, come in and get a new hat for your old one, anyway."

"That wife murderer who was acquitted here last week—how did he escape going on in vaudeville?"

"No chance. Proved to be an accident. His attorney convinced the jury they were posing for a moving picture concern."

"You ought to plant some shrubbery around the station. The division superintendent will be through in a few days."

"That won't give me time enough to plant shrubbery," said the station master, "but I'll get some of our whiskered citizens to stand around as he passes through."



"You seem depressed."

"As a patriot I feel depressed. The time has come when we must face a crisis."

"In which magazine?"

"You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another, during a talk.

"No, I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

"Heavens, man!" said the first speaker.

"You are not a husband—you're a habit."



"Fifth grade this year, Tommy?"

"Yes sir."

"You're in decimals or fractions now, no doubt?"

"No, sir. I'm in crochet work and clay-modeling now."

Orator—I thought your paper was friendly to me?

Editor—So it is. What's the matter?

Orator—I made a speech at the dinner last night and you didn't print a line of it.

Editor—Well, what further proof do you want?



"Party that lost purse containing \$20 need worry no longer; it has been found."

"How peculiar that steamship looks sailing along with her propeller half out of water and a foot of her water line showing," said a bystander on the dock.

"Nivver moind," said Pat, "thot's all be kivered up whin the toide gits in."

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Cumrox, "I thought nothing of working 12 or 14 hours a day."

"Father," replied the young man with sporty clothes, "I wish you wouldn't mention it. Those non-union sentiments are liable to make you unpopular."

Great Scenic Boulevard at Panama-Pacific Exposition

A SCENIC BOULEVARD on so elaborate a scale that it may ultimately pass under government jurisdiction, and be maintained as a national asset like the Yosemite and Yellowstone National Parks, is a part of a plan to beautify San Francisco so that the city will present an exposition effect when the Panama-Pacific International Exposition opens in 1915. The boulevard is the most important single feature of an architectural plan in which millions of dollars will be expended in creating an exposition city, so that the moment a visitor reaches San Francisco he will actually be in the exposition itself.

The superb scenic boulevard will be the most remarkable feature of the exposition city. It will encircle San Francisco on two sides, bordering San Francisco harbor, and paralleling the Pacific Ocean, thus connecting the principal parts of the Exposition. The boulevard was first proposed for San Francisco in 1904 by D. H. Burnham, directing architect of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It was part of a general plan to take the fullest advantage of San Francisco's hills and harbor and also to improve the business sections. The latter plan was to be effected through the establishment of a civic center in the heart of the city from which the principal streets should radiate, and the former through the adornment of conspicuous landmarks like Telegraph Hill and Twin Peaks, and the improvement of the parks and the waterfront.

Through San Francisco, the city of the exposition, a new avenue will lead from one center of the Exposition to

another. In no exposition which the world has seen has there been such an avenue. The boulevard will run beside one of the few great harbors of the world, and beside the world's greatest ocean as well. It will connect great military posts and beautiful municipal parks, it will pass by elegant homes, by busy shipping, under palms and pines, near great engines of war guarding the approach to a nation, through the forests of the Presidio, the nation's most beautiful and perhaps most important military post, until at last, having encircled the city, in its course of eight miles, will come to an end in Golden Gate Park.

Concretely, the boulevard will run eastward from the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street, and the principal entrance to San Francisco, along the edge of San Francisco Bay, past Telegraph Hill, across the Harbor View site of the Exposition, and through the Presidio, to Lincoln Park which towers above the Golden Gate. Then it will turn south and parallel the Pacific Ocean to Golden Gate Park. Every step on the boulevard will reveal a changing vista of hills, sea, islands, and of San Francisco itself. Telegraph hill, two hundred and eighty-seven feet high and commanding a surpassing view of the harbor, will be terraced, and surmounted by the tallest wireless tower that can be constructed. This tower will signal ships passing through the Panama Canal.

Harbor View, the marine site of the Exposition, will be traversed by the boulevard. The Harbor View site lies in a crescent on San Francisco bay, almost midway between the Ferry Building and the Golden Gate. It commands a magnificent view of the harbor and

islands and lies as the floor of an amphitheater, a little above sea level, with its encircling walls the forest clad hills of the Presidio, and the hilly sweep of the city. At nightfall at Harbor View one may see the sun sink beneath the horizon of the mile and one-quarter wide straits that, guarded by rugged promontories, is called the Golden Gate.

From the Ferry Building to Harbor View the distance along the boulevard is about two miles and every step will disclose a fascinating view of the shipping.

After crossing the Harbor View site the boulevard will pass through the United States military reservation at the Presidio, a superb natural park, where stop the soldier boys who come from and go to the Philippines, to Lincoln Park, the supreme observation point of the Exposition. In the Presidio the boulevard will merge with the government road, which will be wisely built to conform with it for the sake of a useful military road between posts; it will sweep along the bay to Fort Point, past the batteries that face the Pacific, along cliff and beach again where sometimes a false step now may mean a terrific plunge into the ocean.

From Lincoln Park the boulevard will sweep south to the west end of Golden Gate Park where five hundred and forty acres have been reserved for the use of the Exposition Directors. Golden Gate Park is four blocks wide and it rises gradually from the Pacific Ocean extending lengthwise into San Francisco.

In passing through Harbor View the boulevard will give the traveler an opportunity to view the aquarium, the magnificent yacht harbor, an aquatic park, the "midway," the pageant of warships in San Francisco bay and the great buildings for the heavier exhibits.

At Lincoln Park, a rugged eminence, with contours of from two hundred to three hundred feet above sea level and at the point where the Golden Gate widens into the Pacific Ocean, it is planned to erect a giant commemorative statue commanding the entrance to San Francisco bay and a great storied cafe of glass sides and many picturesque gardens.

While the marine boulevard will not be a part of the Exposition, in the sense that prior expositions have been defined, it will really be a feature in that it will prove inseparable from any description of the Exposition city. Years after the Panama-Pacific International Exposition shall have closed its gates, the great boulevard will have become noted as one of the world's famed drives. Its attractiveness will have rendered its completion a long to be remembered event.

Only an event like our coming celebration would give to San Francisco a drive like the Michael Angelo at Florence, one of the great assets of Italy. Yet the boulevard is not alone our property; it will be an asset of the nation. Like the Yosemite and Yellowstone National Parks it will be preserved as for the benefit of those who travel far to see America's wonderland.

Aviation

at Panama-California
Exposition. - -

Aviation and all that pertains will be a special feature of the Panama-California International Exposition, according to the plans of D. C. Collier, director general, and Aviator Glenn H. Curtiss.

Curtiss has sent a crew of seven men to the aviation field at San Diego and has re-established the school and experimental station for the United States army and navy officers. At the same time his men have begun the study of the meteorology of the Pacific Coast, the stretch between San Diego and Savannah, Georgia and of the coast line between the United States and the Isthmus of Panama to determine the best and most feasible route for mail carrying lines for war and navy maneuvers.

As a Commissioner of aviation of the Panama-California International Exposition to be held in San Diego in 1915, Curtis will assist Director General Collier in gathering the most complete collection of aeronautical apparatus and exhibits ever brought together. He

plans to show a complete history of the development of the art and science of aviation from the time of the first flights in dirigible balloons to the ultimate land-air-water machines, with their latest type of development down to 1915. To do this he will gather men and aeroplanes from every part of the world, France, Germany and England especially.

The Panama-California International Exposition has arranged for a large aviation field on the site of the exposition. This will be prepared under the eye of Curtiss and every aviator on the field during the spring and fall of 1915, meteorological conditions of San Diego during the fall, winter and spring months being the most favorable in the world for aviation.

Aviators now in San Diego declare that by the time the exposition opens Col. Collier's prize of \$10,000 for a flight from Panama to San Diego will be so easy that it will be like finding money. This prize is for the first aviator who succeeds in the flight from Panama to San Diego, the first Pacific port of entry in the United States, and is open to the aviators of the world.

California Cotton

Takes first prize

A \$1,000 silver cup has been awarded to Imperial valley for producing the best bale of short staple cotton in the entire United States.

This award was made at the American Land & Irrigation Exposition held in New York. The American Nile Cotton Company of El Centro was the exhibitor.

R. C. Musgrove of New York, a cotton expert of many year's standing, was the judge, and he has stated that he intends to do his utmost to induce capitalists to become interested in Imperial Valley, as he believes it is a land of great promises in the cotton industry and that eventually the long staple cottons will be the principal crop here.

Ciquatan

The ancient name of California

In christening the new Spanish mission hotel at Planada, the much-discussed "City Beautiful" in Merced County, the "Ciquatan" the following statement regarding the significance of the name has been contributed to *Out West* by D. O. McCarthy, the venerable pioneer and authority on California history.

When Cortez conquered Mexico and entered that famous city he noticed that the Aztec women of the upper class wore heavy bands of pure solid gold around their arms and great strings of pearls around their necks. Cortez asked the Emperor Cuatemotzin where the gold and pearls came from, but he resolutely refused to tell until tortured most brutally, then he said that they came from Ciquatan, a rich country ruled by a race of Amazons, in which were found unlimited amounts of gold and pearls. He further related that the country was separated from Mexico by a narrow sea. Cortez soon afterwards sent out an expedition to conquer and explore the land of gold and pearls. They reported on their return that the country was an island or a peninsula separated from Mexico as represented by the Emperor Cuatemotzin by a long, narrow arm of the sea, and rich in gold and pearls controlled by a numerous race of the most beautiful women in the world. The country was represented to be hot but exceedingly productive, therefore the Spaniards called it Calidafofnax, a combination of the latin words "calida," hot, and "Fornax", furnace, meaning hot furnace. Time afterwards changed the name to California.

What a pity that the rare and beautiful Indian name of "Ciquatan" for this wonderful country was not retained by the Spaniards. The native women along the head of this great arm of the sea (Gulf of California) are admitted today by all travelers to be the most beautiful women in the world. The men are the most perfect specimens of humanity now living.

Van Nuys

the city of Aladdin's Lamps

Jessie Maude Wybro

ORIENTAL imagination has charmed the ages with the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. He had only to rub the sides of it, you remember, and anything that he wished for instantly took material form. Though admittedly beyond the bonds of the possible, the story has enchanted the minds of humanity for generation after generation. But we occidentals here at the portals of the western sea and in this modern world, are witnessing an event which equals the wonders of the marvellous lamp. We are witnessing the creation of a city wholly formed, springing complete out of the ground. This is the city of Van Nuys, in the San Fernando Valley. A few months ago the level vista of the beautiful valley was unbroken; the cattle were grazing peacefully where substantial blocks now stand, and the winds swept free over the places now beautiful with artistic suburban homes.

This enterprise has its commercial aspect, to be sure, that has been fully exploited elsewhere. But it has also another and deeper signification. And this is the near miracle that it represents—a miracle wrought by western enterprise and the western capacity for conceiving and executing upon a magnificent scale. Think of the financial audacity of men who would expend nearly \$1,000,000.00 upon an electric railroad, and \$500,000 upon a spacious boulevard, before one stick of lumber or one prospective inhabitant had appeared! This alone would make it worthy of record in the history of civic achievement. The faith staked upon it measures up with the huge sums of money, and lifts it out

of the atmosphere of commercialism into that of the ideal; into the realms of daring that can dream and of dreams that dare come true.

The San Fernando Valley was chosen for the setting of the miracle. This valley, wide, high, mountain-ringed, is one of the most fertile in all this fertile land of ours. The eastern dealers in our justly famed California fruits know well the luscious products that are boxed under the San Fernando label. The Valley's productiveness was recognized back in the days of the Spaniards. No one knew better than the tonsured, keen-eyed monk of two centuries ago the agricultural value of a piece of land; throughout the state we find that wherever a mission was founded it was in the where slight effort repaid with abundant harvest. Here, then, in the year 1797 the Franciscan monks placed the mission which they dedicated to San Fernando. This historic structure is still well preserved and forms one of the points of interest for the visitors that flock to California by the thousands every year. Exhibiting in the purest style the graceful simplicity of the mission architecture, it is one of the beautiful monuments of the by-gone picturesque days. It formed one of the chain of missions that extended from San Diego on the south to San Francisco on the North. Under its shadow ran the old *Camino Real*, the King's Highway, entering the Valley by Cahuenga Pass. This pass is so broad and gentle in grade that one does not realize it crosses the mountains until, on the other side, one beholds the hills encircling the valley and realizes that Los Angeles lies on the other side of



Sherman Way
the
\$500,000
Boulevard

those beautiful blue slopes. *El Camino Real* still runs through the Valley. But no longer the pious Franciscans tread its way, barefooted and bowed of head. Now it knows familiarly the whirr of rubber tires and the honk-honk of automobile horns; and instead of the angelus or the vespers whispered reverently by the wayside, the echoes hear the merry shouts and laughter of motoring parties.

So much for the historic beauty of the setting. Now something in regard to the town itself. One of the largest Ranches in the Valley was the Van Nuys and Lankershim Rancho, comprising 47,000 acres. The frequent pas-

sage of automobiles through the Valley brought the tract suddenly into notice as one peculiarly adapted for a suburban town; its close proximity to Los Angeles—a fact lost sight of when the only mode of reaching it was the steam car, which goes a circuitous route of twenty miles around the foothills—and the yearly increasing demand for suburban homes, urged the idea still further; it was found that an automobile could run from the heart of the business section of Los Angeles to the center of the Rancho in thirty to forty minutes. This matter was carefully considered, and the Rancho finally purchased.

The remarkable network of trolley

Stretching Trolley
Wire for
Electric Railway
into Van Nuys



lines which bind its neighboring communities to Los Angeles, one of the best in the world, made it certain that the proposed town must be included in this system if it was to be a town at all. So the first step, after the acquisition of the land, was to enter into negotiations with the electric railroad for the construction of a line. These were satisfactorily concluded, and the contract was immediately let for a two-track line at a cost of nearly a million dollars.

An army of men was then set to work grading and plowing the streets, and a large force of surveyors began the laying out of blocks and lots.

With the streets graded, the lots and blocks laid out, the boulevard planned, and the trolley line in course of construction, the shell of the town was complete. As yet, in spite of the millions being lavished upon it, the town did not exist as far as a dwelling or an inhabitant was concerned. The time was come to put the enterprise to the test. An auction sale of lots was held upon the site. In the course of a few hours 175 lots were sold. The town was successfully launched.

In February this year, the first load of lumber arrived and building was begun.

Now the town possesses substantial business blocks of pressed and enamel brick; residences, where the designer and the decorator have vied to produce structures beautiful to the eye, equipped with the latest comforts and utilities, and the best adapted to the semi-tropical character of the climate. Other residences are in course of construction. The number of lots sold upon which building has not yet begun represents a total of \$416,000. The trolley-line has from Los Angeles through Cahuenga Pass is practically finished. The boulevard when completed, will be over fourteen miles long, comprised of a thirty-foot road-way for vehicles, with a wide parking on each side, where the palms are already flourishing and the roses are blooming as if they were growth of years.

This, briefly, is the story of the achievement of a town created whole. Artificially, something has been produced that would, ordinarily be the result of years of endeavor and growth. What sight for dwellers in towns that have been the slow accretion of centuries! In its appeal to the imagination it ranks with the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, that wonder of the ancient world; and fairly eclipses the creation of that vision of beauty, the palace and courts of Versailles by Louis XIV.



Part of the Business Center
of Van Nuys.

The Orosi District

the Great San Joaquin Valley



The fame of the San Joaquin Valley is world-wide. The very cream of this great valley is a little stretch of country thirty-five miles long by ten miles wide lying along the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains in Tulare County. Here for countless ages past the sediment from the hills, rich in plant nourishing properties, has been washed down and deposited, forming a soil that is simply unsurpassed. The perpetual snows of the Sierra feed numerous streams whose life-giving floods are diverted to systems of canals for distribution to the waiting fields. On these fertile slopes, warmed by the genial sun and protected by the near-by hills damaging frosts are unknown and fruits ripen weeks earlier than in less favored regions.

The best watered and altogether choicest portion of this favored region is the northern end, more particularly the country around Orosi—a region that was until recently one vast wheat field, producing abundant crops without irrigation, watered only by natural rainfall. The Alta Irrigation District, supplied by water from the Kings river, now covers much of the land hereabouts, at the nominal cost of about fifty cents an acre. However, the choicest soil, and that most suitable for citrus fruits, is found next the foothills, and here irrigation is carried on from wells and springs. Water is found in abundance at a depth of from 50 to 150 feet, rising to within ten to twenty feet of the surface. Electricity generated from the mountain streams, is largely used for

pumping, and an electric railroad will soon traverse the entire district.

The slight elevation of this region over the floor of the Valley gives it a pleasant and a most healthful climate, while the scenic grandeur of the near-by mountains is a delight to the eye and an inspiration to the soul.

Protected by the encircling arms of the mountains, oranges here ripen from four to six weeks earlier than in Southern California and in time to find the Thanksgiving and Christmas market practically bare. Valencias remain on the trees, growing during the winter months with no danger of freezing, and are marketed in midsummer after the Navels are all gone.

Table grapes too can be put on the market from two to three weeks earlier than those grown even a few miles further out in the valley and topnotch prices thereby realized. Also the late grape—the Flame Tokay and the famous Red Emperor—can be grown and kept on the vine till late in the season, secure from danger of frost, and sold when all other grapes are off the market.

Orosi is a town of about 800 inhabitants, situated in the northern part of Tulare County near the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, on the Santa Fe Railroad, 233 miles south of San Francisco, in the heart of one of the most prosperous communities on the Coast. Cutler is the name of the railroad station. The Porterville branch of the Southern Pacific also passes within five miles of the town. It supplies a good market for all kinds of farm pro-

duce; has a bank, capitalized at \$25,000, a newspaper, the "Offer" three churches, no saloons, a \$20,000 school building, all the prominent fraternal orders, and is as pretty and pleasant a place to live in as one could wish.

Truly has it been said that the gold of California now grows upon its trees. Nowhere is this so clearly exemplified as in this foothill region of Tulare County. Here, guarded by the protecting peaks of the Sierras, which supply endless quantities of water and ward off the rougher and colder winds, seems to be the natural home of the orange.

The elevation of this region puts it within the frostless belt. The parasites that in less favored localities either prevent the raising of citrus fruits, or make it very expensive, are here unknown. The black scale will not live here, and smut on the fruit is unheard of; thus there is no spraying, no fumigating and no washing of the fruit necessary.

Around Orosi orange growing on a commercial scale is still in its infancy. A number of groves, however, are already in bearing and yield profits unexcelled anywhere. About every ranch house are to be found a number of trees growing fruit for home consumption. Below are given some practical results.

The Anchor Vineyard, at Orosi, has six acres of Washington navels, producing in 1907, 3,000 boxes of fruit.

Conkey Brothers in the same year, from three and one-half acres at Orosi, sold \$2,350 worth of oranges.

Rasmus Jensen, foreman of the Anchor Vineyard, in 1907 sold \$360 worth of lemons from 20 trees.

The Lindsay Gazette, in its issue of May 29th, states that from what has been already learned of yield and prices, the 1908 crop of Valencias will average from \$1,250 to \$1500 *an acre*.

While grapes can be grown in many parts of the United States, California is preeminently the home of the vine.

The San Joaquin Valley enjoys the distinction of being the only place in the United States—if not in the world—where raisins can be successfully cured by the sun. And the foothill region of northern Tulare County is acknowledged by Fresno packers and others familiar

with the industry to produce finer table grapes and raisins than any other part of the valley.

The future of the industry is secure. Raisins for the hundred million people of this country—to say nothing of exports—must continue to be raised in this wonderful Valley. The limited land which produces these raisins must become more and more valuable as population increases. The following practical results are typical of what is being done every season:

Alfalfa is the king of forage plants. In the Alta Irrigation District it grows luxuriantly, producing each year from four to six crops, yielding from a ton and a half to three ton per acre. Hogs and cattle fattened on alfalfa grow into money with astonishing rapidity, while hay always commands a good price. Dairying is a growing industry. Potatoes, pumpkins, melons, beans, etc., all do well and bring good returns. Many of these crops can be grown between the rows of vines or orange trees while these are coming to maturity.

The Orosi District is a good place to live in—not only because its soil is rich and productive, its water supply abundant, its climate healthful, its products varied and in the highest degree profit-producing, but because within easy reach of one of nature's greatest playgrounds—the Sierra Nevada mountains, with their giant Redwoods, trout streams, camping grounds, and bracing atmosphere. One day's drive from Orosi and you are in the heart of this wonderland, the Sequoia National Park, containing the largest trees on earth.

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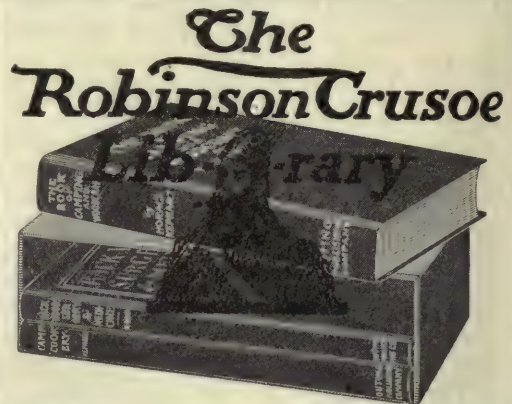
Alfalfa and general farming land, \$40 to \$60.

Improved properties, set to grapes, peaches, etc., from \$200 *an acre* and up.

California Rice Harvest

Visitors to the Balfour-Guthrie ranch, in Butte county California in November, may witness a rice harvest in full swing. The rice is cut with a self-binder and is proving an abundant and profitable crop. Last season from a smaller area on the same land the yield was 8,000 pounds to the acre—seventy-three sacks of 110 pounds each. The acreage this year was planted to fifty acres of Japanese rice and 25 acres of an Egyptian variety, these varieties proving the most acceptable to this soil and climate, the latter producing by far the lighter tonnage. At a gross value of \$180 to the acre and an outlay of \$5 per acre for water during the season the proprietors of this big ranch believe rice to be a profitable crop. No expense account has been made public, and those who have been watching the rice experiments at Biggs must wait for further information from which to judge the final outcome. Culturally rice growing is a success in that portion of the Sacramento Valley.

A rhubarb plantation at San Luis Rey, San Diego County, is now setting out 175,000 Crimson Winter plants.



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Santa Barbara County Has Quarter Million Dollar Walnut crop

The Santa Barbara county walnut crop this year will bring more than a quarter of a million dollars, the greatest in the history of the country.

The shipments up to the present time from the Santa Barbara Walnut Grower's Association are worth \$167,000. It is estimated that this is about two-thirds of the crop. To the total of this association there must be added the shipments of the Carpinteria association which will undoubtedly bring the grand total for the county to nearly \$300,000.

Some idea of the advances made in walnut growing in this county during the last two years may be secured from comparative figures. What may be considered as the previous banner year was 1909. The crop that year brought \$214,118.56. Last year the Santa Barbara association shipped \$189,678 worth of walnuts, which does not include the Carpinteria output. The shipments of the Santa Barbara association alone this year will be far in excess of the grand total of two years ago.

Each year additional land is being set to walnuts and it is predicted that the output from this country will be doubled within the next five years. The county possesses a climate and soil perfectly adapted to walnuts and as there is money in the cultivation of them there is no reason for a letting up in planting more acreage.

California's Olive Industry Growing

The olive and olive oil industry of California this year will show an increase of 15 per cent over 1910. It will be one of the greatest years, both in the production and in the marketing of olives in the history of the state. This year's total of olive oil will be 920,000 gallons, an increase of 150,000 gallons, an increase of 150,000 gallons. One million gallons of pickled olives was the of 1910. This year will show an increase of 105,000 gallons. The crop of 1911 will bring the growers in about \$2,500,000. With the announcement of this gratifying change in the olive industry California comes the revelation that more olive

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trees were planted this year than in all the past eight years, and that California now faces the brightest future in the production of olives of any part of the world.

In 1903 growers were receiving as low as \$15 per ton for first class olives. The great eastern market was deluged with Spanish and Italian olive oils, which for the most part were adulterated with cotton seed oil and other low grade substances. That was before the pure food law protected the California olive grower, who was always producing the pure article. In the face of such unfair competition the California grower found it impossible to place his pure product on the market and secure a fair price for it, as foreign adulterated oils were selling at shamefully low prices. The natural result was discouraging to those interested in the industry of California. Prices went down so low that the growers could make no money, and some went so far as to dig out their trees.

Water Measurement

The method of measuring water in the west, so puzzling to the newcomer, is clearly set forth by a writer in the Los Angeles Times.

For the ten years beginning March 23, 1901, the California miner's inch of water has been regulated by the same law. A correspondent asks what is meant by "an inch to five acres." It means a constant flow of one miner's inch to that acreage. Water is usually measured in large quantities by the second-foot, meaning the number of cubic feet of water that flows in one second of time. A second-foot is equal to forty miner's inches in California and Arizona, or a flow of 7.40 United States gallons per second. It will cover one acre one inch deep in one hour. A second-foot for one day will cover an acre almost without seepage almost two feet deep, or, exactly, it equals 1.983 acre-feet. One hundred California miner's inches equal 18.7 United States gallons per second. One hundred California miner's inches equal ninety-six Colorado inches.

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Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

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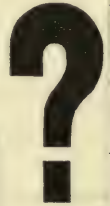
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New Series Vol. 3

JANUARY, 1912

Number 1

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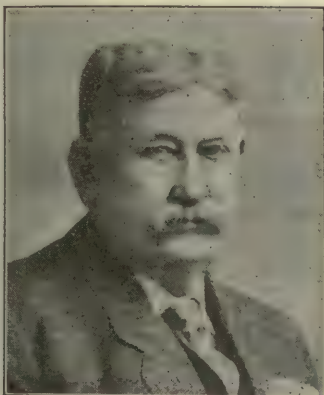
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William B. Bowen
Philanthropist

OUT WEST

JANUARY

1912

Some *Artistic* Aspects of *California*

By Charles P. Austin

PEOPLE who journey abroad, and into foreign lands vary their stories on their return, according to their several degrees of impressionability. Some return with statistics, others with opinions, still others with romantic stories. Others still, latent artists these, perceive the outward aspect of things to the exclusion of all else—and have noted, it has seemed to me, on talking with them, that each climate has its different garment of colors that is part of its character.

Thus, London is brown-gray and black, Paris whitish gray and greens, Rome, golden buff, and Naples pink and purple. Venice is gold and gray, by turns; and Granada brick red and emerald; and so on through the lands of the picturesque.

Perhaps these sensitive persons were too fond of the freshness of these seizures to linger long enough for them to wear off. The fairest lands grow commonplace from too close acquaintance.

A stay of some time in California, however, brings forth so many diversities of aspect, that the many claim of resemblance to the countries of meridional Europe make fair to have themselves believed. This is true at least of the Southern part of the state, where the sky and climate have the softness of Italy.

My first view of this land was through the screen of a high gray fog that on

some days covers the sloping plains and hills that stretch from the Sierra Madres to the sea, during the morning hours. This bank of high vapor rose midway up the steep sides of the dark blue mountains which showed here and there, specks of white rock and slanting streaks of sunlight, which was pushing its way through the dissolving gray masses as the train sped along. The orange foliage in the orchards was covered with a fine gray dust, for it was October in the dry season, and the color of the ragged eucalyptus plumes, being blue green, lent no change to the passive neutrality of the scheme. It seemed a sad and thoughtful country after the blatant assertiveness of the desert.

One cannot presume to talk in such terms, which seem, indeed, too maidenly school-girlish, without setting down as a premise that idea of Balzac's that every landscape is a slate of the soul. Unless one so vivifies or spiritualizes nature, all five distinctions in her aspect were the driest naturalizing.

Contrast the appearances of the gray days in dry weather, here, with the hill and skies of the rainy season, when the foliage is washed green again, and the re-born grass is greener. What a fine change! Now the sky is a surging amphitheater, a splendid drama of rolling and turning cloud masses, with the opposing values of glistening lights,

sonorous greys and passing glimpses of pure cerulean. The gentle rain ceases with perhaps more effect than it started, but the patches of sunlight, as they seek out for short instants in their sweeping journey over the new pasturages, the cattle and horess that can graze again—are a fair yellow-green. The red-rose nodds under the weight of glistening drops and the touch of the soft breeze, and the palm leaves sway and rustle.

Here, of course, all roads lead toward the sea, as naturally as the rivers flow thither. The landscape of the coast has two aspects, that of the littoral immediate to Los Angeles which is flat and by nature marshy or else of shelving beaches and sand-dunes covered by creeping plants. Few painters seem enamoured of this quiet, changeless configuration. It is rather northern and monotonous. Its happiest moods are under sunlight, when the white of the sinuous breakers on the gelating green water and the wheeling sea gulls and the skies with distant fog banks toward Santa Catalina island, make pleasing motives. Given a bunch of fishing shacks, with boats on the beach and you have a picture that in lines and color expresses the sense of rest that all find beside the Ocean.

The other type of shore line is grandiose. At the ocean-side the hills have become cliffs of soil or sandstone, and the fantastic sculpturing of the age-long restless waves has formed tortuous columns, deep flutings, low arches, and cool caves. The deeper water is clearer too, and the sea weeds that wave lazily beneath the surface give a hint of landscapes in the briny that only the fishes and kindred things can enjoy from the proper perspective.

As one looks down on the surface of the water from a height it has such an intense blue-green, the Mediterranean blue, that it intensifies the color of the rocks, the foam and the sky. Away out from shore, slightly beneath the waves are often fields of kelp, which in contrast to the blue-green are a wonderful red-purple. As one color plays upon another the ochres and duns of the cliff vibrate into gold. In the caves of the winding shore where the sheets of spray break over the rocky islets draped with

orange moss, one could easily fancy a siren rising out of the glinting water, her damp hair enshrouding her neck and back. If she did not catch a hint of the 20th century in the person of someone gathering pebbles or taking photos, she might remain to add the last touch to a picture like the shores of the Aegean.

The perfection of this phase of California is reached on the channel islands off the coast, as, for example, Catalina. It is a Capri, minus the town, the vines, the Sarascen tower and the Blue Grotto. In place of these latter is only a modern resort town at the middle of a little bay, with all that is modern from golf links to sea shell emporiums. But climb the hills among the herds of wild sheep, whose venerable guardian rams peer out from the drinking places, and taking in the view over the deep-channeled hills of the island to the encompassing sea, dying away on the mist of the horizon. It is as inspiring as a mountain-top, with the added visual realization that the dry earth on which man takes his stand is indeed as the geographies say but one quarter the extent of the globe. To the west lies the mighty Pacific, indigo near the shore—graying away into the upcoming fog, with ribbons of silver green where the wind is quiet. The little white sail boats dart in and out of the curved niche of the harbor, and the rocky point of Sugar Loaf and the other cliffs glow deeper color, each tint in the scheme growing richer as the sun sinks.

With the passing eastward of the ghostly gray shadows, comes also as a fit companion, the rising mass of vapor from beyond the land, from the bosom of the great waste of waters. Into this bank of omnipresent fog the sun passes before it leaves the land behind, glowing an orange-pink like that rare shade of red from the glowing iron in the blacksmith's forge, just before it is ready to hammer.

This indescribable color is to me the most typical of the notes of California's rare garment, intense as it is, yet tender. It tints all things in its path from the mountains to the sea, and the opposing shadow is a fine blue gray. Above them, in the East, is often a rare sky of mildest canary yellow. I have not seen the



Evening Glow
By Detlef Summann

*From the Second
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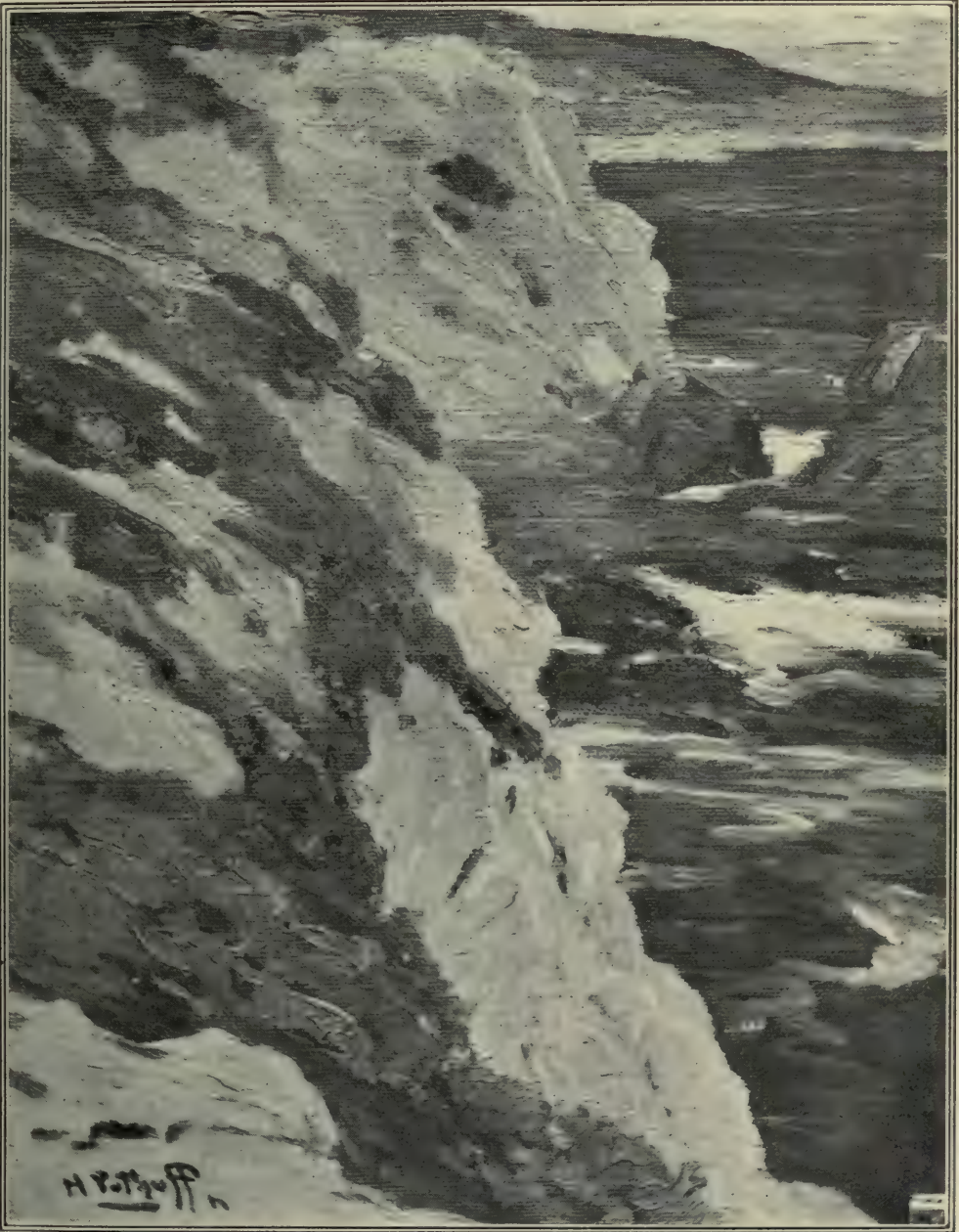
The Desert

By Benjamin Chambers Brown



Catalina

By William L. Judson



On the Glowing Cliffs
By Hanson Puthuff

combination elsewhere and as it transmutes the rich amber of flowered soil, the greenish bark of the gum trees, or strikes under the hat brim of some home-returning, swarthy, Mexican laborer—

with his team of mules and dust-powdered wagon—it sets California as a world apart, to be remembered by a certain beautiful, color scheme, when all definite forms has faded from the memory.

WE are not sent into the world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

—*John Ruskin.*

William B. Bowen

Philanthropist

By Miss Necta Marquis



GUESS IT WAS my twenty-seven boys that first started this thing in motion," said William M. Bowen, a prominent attorney of Los Angeles, when asked as to the motive inspiring the campaign which has involved thirteen years of continuous effort on his part, the wresting of one hundred acres of public land from usurping private interests, the exposure of corruption in high places, the "breaking" of a popular chief of police, and the conversion of the land from a coursing track and gambling resort into what will be one of the most useful and valuable public parks on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Bowen represents the rugged type of straight American manhood. Beginning the study of law when past thirty years of age, he started to college the day he was married, his wife matriculating with him. An Indianian by birth, he had resided in Napa, California, the girlhood home of Mrs. Bowen, for several years before they both entered Drake College, at Des Moines, Iowa.

Graduating from college in 1894, he returned to the coast, and settled down to his practice of law in Los Angeles, although he says, he "didn't know a living soul south of the Tehachapi."

Mr. and Mrs. Bowen identified themselves with the University Methodist church, the University district being centered around a small college settlement lying at the western edge of the city. Indirectly, and wholly without design, Mr. Bowen's activities in this little church were what set in motion the whole machinery of events which have brought him into state prominence as a

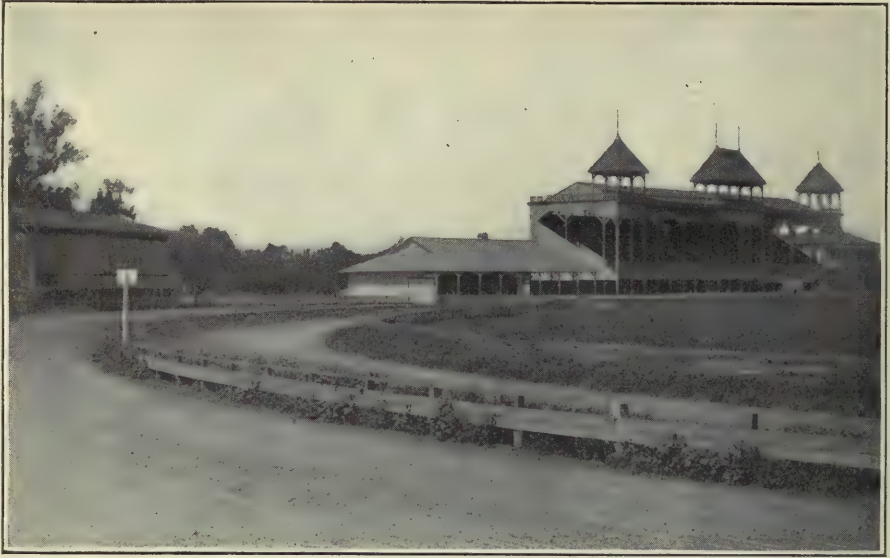
lawyer, into a position of municipal trust and authority, and have written him down in the hearts of the people of Los Angeles as a benefactor of his kind.

The story of Mr. Bowen's pugnacious perseverance is full of stirring interest. As he said, it all began with his Sunday school class of twenty-seven boys. These were boys whom he had gathered together from the wide-spread, loose-knit suburban district, many of whom he had to provide with coats and shoes from his private purse—by no means a heavy one—before they were presentable for the class.

After a while there came a falling off in attendance, and the teacher set himself to discover its cause. He found that the delinquents were spending their Sundays at Agricultural Park, a resort in the neighborhood originally intended for fair grounds, but fallen upon evil days, and where now the so-called sport of coursing was in swing. He found two saloons on the grounds, slot-machines and other gambling devices, and all the accompanying agencies of evil, and a third saloon just outside.

Filled with righteous rage at the men who, in the name of sport, were not only torturing defenceless animals, but were brutalizing his boys and robbing them of both money and moral character, Mr. Bowen metaphorically took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, determined to wipe out the entire plague spot of existence. This was when he had been in Los Angeles just four years.

One has only to look at Mr. Bowen to know that he is a good fighter, and to talk with him to realize that he is a



The Grand Stand in Old Agricultural Park

scientific one. His first move was to raise from the dead the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and when that body had been sufficiently revitalized, he began proceedings through it to put an end to the coursing.

He next turned his attention to the gambling, and it was here that he encountered the great obstacle of not merely indifference but insolent opposition on the part of the police department. He went at his task so vigorously however, that it was not long before the very popular chief of police was compelled to account for himself at the bar of public opinion, which voiced its disapproval in such unqualified terms that he stepped down from office a humiliated man, and has never recovered from that political blow. Both gambling and coursing were abolished after a hard fight, and the saloons followed soon after.

Mr. Bowen's campaign had by this time attracted much attention, and the general public evinced its confidence in the uprightness of his course by placing him in the city council at the next election.

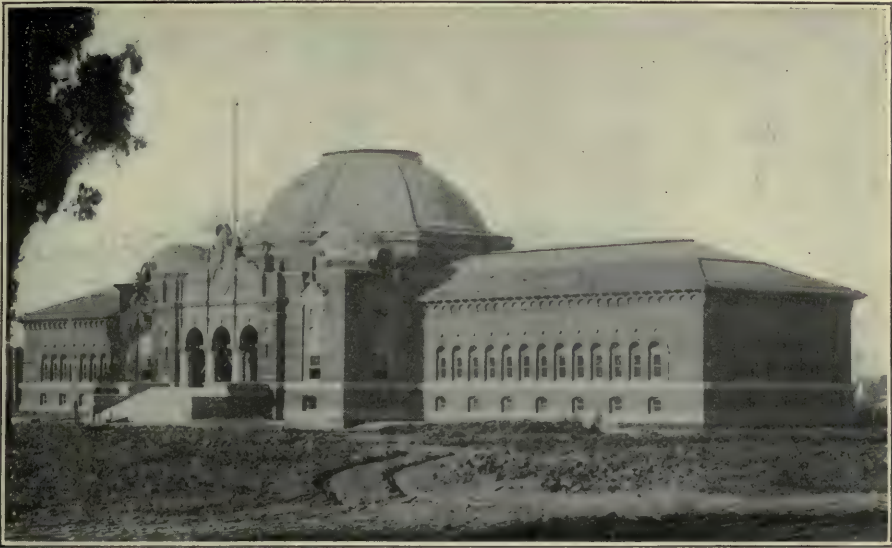
With the first part of his purpose accomplished—Agricultural Park well cleaned up—he set about raising funds for the purchase of the property from the

corporation holding it, to the end of making it into a legitimate recreation park. With this in view, he laid the matter before influential business men, five of whom had soon pledged five thousand dollars each toward the purchase price. But the sixth person approached for a large contribution, a man high in civic affairs and a good friend to Mr. Bowen, asked him what he knew about the title to the property.

"It never occurred to me to question it," Mr. Bowen replied, "knowing the prominence of the names of some of the stockholders."

"You go to So-and-so," said his friend, "and tell him I said for him to give you what data he has on the subject. Then if you want more money, come to me again."

Mr. Bowen secured the data without loss of time. Very little of it was enough to show him that he had no need for the twenty-five thousand dollars already pledged, for the land belonged to the Sixth Agricultural Association of the State of California. An illegally recorded deed executed some eighteen years previous, a foreclosed mortgage, an unconstitutional act of legislature, and the deliberate trickery of a company of leading citizens of Los Angeles,



Museum of History, Science and Art in Exposition Park

were all involved in the confusion of facts surrounding the matter.

Armed with his new knowledge, Mr. Bowen went to the men who were the ostensible owners. He was promptly offered superior inducements to be a "good dog" and keep still about his discoveries. He was to be made attorney for the real estate company formed to exploit the tract, worth now, because of the growth of the city, several times its original value, and given a large share of the profits. His reply was:

"Gentlemen, I want the land for a public park."

Compromise was attempted, and he was offered ten acres for a park and a price for his silence concerning the rest. His only answer again was:

"No. This land belongs to the State of California, and I mean to have it all for the use of the people of California."

The company defied him. And as the land was under the legal control of a board of eight men appointed by the governor, and the existing board was working in connivance with the men using the land, there was nothing for Mr. Bowen to do but to play a waiting game. He canvassed the board thoroughly, however, and found one man who said that he would vote for reformed conditions

provided his vote would make a majority.

With this hope ahead, Mr. Bowen secured the ear of the governor, and gained his promise to appoint men of Mr. Bowen's selection when it came time to name new members for the board.

It was nearly four years before the terms of one half the board expired. But the governor kept his word, and unimpeachable names were enrolled on the new list. Mr. Bowen then went to the fifth man, who had agreed to make a majority for him; but he had reconsidered his agreement and refused to act.

Again things were at a standstill. A few months later one of the old members removed to another part of the state, and under strong persuasion consented to delegate his powers on the board to another man of Mr. Bowen's choice, which at last brought matters into shape for action.

The new board immediately brought suit for the property, Mr. Bowen acting as their attorney. After just four years of bitter legal struggle, the Supreme Court gave a final decision for the plaintiffs.

Mr. Bowen's work was still not done. He prepared a bill for the appropriation of state funds for the improvement of the new park, and by spending much of



State Exposition Building, Exposition Park

his time in Sacramento succeeded in securing its passage by the legislature. Next, the county responded favorably to his plea for an appropriation of \$250,000 for the erection of a museum of history, science and art, and the city provided a sum for the improvement of the grounds. The plan for the grounds includes a speeding course, sunken gardens with a six-hundred-foot lake, childrens' playgrounds, lawns and fountains.

Mr. Bowen is now president of the board of governors controlling the park. His active campaign begun in 1898 will come to a logical close in January, 1913, just fifteen years later, at the time proposed for the formal opening of the park. This event will be celebrated simultaneously and in conjunction with the opening of the Owens River Aqueduct, the gigantic piece of engineering whereby a volume of mountain water is to be conducted nearly three hundred miles to supply the needs of the people of Los Angeles. The State Exposition Building, a handsome and spacious structure, is already completed, and will give the resort the name of Exposition Park, while the Armory, also built at the state's expense, will soon be under way.

Mr. Bowen told most of his story to the writer while standing in the beautiful

and almost completed Museum, with its three wings designed as a home for the priceless treasures of the Southern California Historical Society, the Academy of Science, and the Fine Arts League. This one building is a triumph, and is a realized dream to a faithful public-spirited few who have labored for years without appreciable result for what this one man has brought about by his high purpose and indomitable determination.

Mr. Bowen is just now in his prime, a vigorous, wholesome, genial personality, enjoying the legitimate reward of his fidelity to public interest in an honorable law practice which enables him to keep his family of a charming wife and two interesting young daughters, in comfort, but not affluence. He said, his ruddy face breaking into smiles of boyish satisfaction, his shrewd kindly gray eyes twinkling under the vizard of his automobile cap:

"This is to be my last big work. It has been a long hard pull, and when the park is finally completed, then I am going to retire into quiet and obscurity."

But the people of Southern California, of Los Angeles in particular, are waking up to an appreciation of the welfare which has been waged in their behalf, and the name of Bowen is not destined

for obscurity. Students of history, of science, and of art all over the southwest, and elsewhere, will make pilgrimages to the place made possible by the tirelessness in well-doing of a big-hearted altruist and lover of humanity, and the children of the people, finding vigor and happiness in playground and park, will praise him with their laughter.

It is interesting to add in conclusion that Mr. Bowen continues to keep in touch with the Sunday School boys who virtually started this great work. Three are in banks, one of the office of a prominent architect, one a prosperous

merchant in a near-by city, while practically all are "married and settled down."

The thought of these boys, saved from the degrading influences which threatened them at the most critical period of their lives, and made into worthy, useful, happy citizens, almost raises a question in the mind as to which of his achievements, as Sunday School teacher and personal friend or man of affairs and fighter of political corruption, constitutes the greater monument to the character of William Bowen, Philanthropist.

*An
Apostate
Clique*

The play was an execrably bad one, and the company playing it was even worse, says a writer in the "Metropolitan." When the curtain fell on the first act, sounds of marked disapprobation were heard from all parts of the house. One man alone sat quiet.

At the close of the second act a perfect tornado of moans, cat-calls and hisses broke out. Still the man sat unmoved. At last a man sitting in the next seat turned to him and said:

"Pardon me, but are you not disgusted with this wretched play?"

"I am indeed," heartily concurred the silent one.

"Then why don't you signify your displeasure like the rest of us?"

"Well, you see, it's this way with me. I am here on a free ticket, and as I am getting something for nothing, I hardly feel justified in expressing my disapproval; but I'll tell you what," he concluded with emphasis, "if this confounded play gets much worse I am going out to the box office and buy a ticket, and then I will come back and hiss like the rest of you."

The Literature of California

Lannie Haynes Martin



The writer wishes to make grateful acknowledgment to George Wharton James for much of the information contained in this article.

WHEN the anthologist gathers into his amber vase all the late and early blossoms of California Literature and makes the final decision as to when the flowering first began, it will probably be found, that literature was indigenous to the soil.* For before the old Overland School and the "Golden Gate Trinity" before the days of the Golden Era and the *Alta Californian* the Mission Fathers were writing journals which are as rich in treasure as the romance days of the Round Table, and which in themselves contain many classic bits of prose, full of beautiful imagery, full of the echo of angels' wings when their own benedictions and beautiful deeds brought the angels nearer to the earth—

"When every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!

In the tower that is left the tale to
tell

Of Gabriel the Archangel!"

And before the days of the Padres the aborigines with their ideographs, the only letters that they knew, were weaving into their baskets and blankets a record of many of their beautiful legends, which, when collected and printed, will form a literature as full of poetry and symbolism as the myths of Greece.

The first printed page that ever appeared in California to mirror local thought was in August, 1846; when the *Californian*, a weekly paper, began publication in Monterey. Its first issue,

only 8x12, was printed both in Spanish and English and contained little else but mining news and advertisements. The type and presses used to publish this paper had been brought many years before from the City of Mexico to print the laws of California when this state was still Mexican territory, but since the United States flag had been raised at Monterey and the printing apparatus was no longer needed for its original purpose it had been stored in a Spanish cloister, from which immurement it was resurrected by the editors of the *Californian*. The succeeding issues of the publication were as motley hued as Joseph's coat, because of the scarcity of paper which had to be brought, either by the long tedious overland journey, or round the Horn. Sometimes the paper's complexion was of a chocolate color, sometimes red, blue or yellow. In 1847 the *California Star* appeared in San Francisco and in 1849 these two papers were merged into the *Alta Californian*, which in time became a daily. To it as contributors came Mark Twain, Prentice Mulford and John P. Irish. It was in 1852 that the Golden Era made its first appearance, under the editorship of two boys, J. MacDonough Foard, aged 21, and Rollin M. Daggett, but 19 years of age. Becoming an immediate success its office was the rendezvous for actors, newspaper men and all the celebrities of the day. Through its columns dramatic criticism was first made popular in the state and it was read with equal avidity by miner, actor, business man and aspiring author. Horace Greeley making a visit to the coast

called it a most remarkable paper. It was through the columns of the Golden Era that the names of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Dan DeQuille, Thomas Starr King and Ina Coolbrith first came into public notice. But not until the founding of the Overland Monthly in 1868 can it be said that California literature was really making its mark in the world. All of the writers already mentioned became contributors to it and through it most of them won their first fame. The Overland was the joint conception of Charles Warren Stoddard, Bret Harte and Antone Roman, Bret Harte becoming its first editor, and giving the magazine its name. When the publication was a year old it was adopted by John H. Carmany who assumed financial responsibility for its existence. He is credited with saying that he spent just thirty thousand dollars to make Bret Harte famous, that being the amount he lost in the magazine venture. How Bret Harte was asked to contribute something in the line of fiction to fill the magazine's rather meager pages, how he carelessly dashed off "The Luck of Roaring Camp" in a few days and sprang into sudden fame is a story too well known to be retold. That the publisher hesitated strongly to let the story appear, that the pious proof-reader (a modest damsel) refused to finish reading the proof, and that after its publication the magazine itself was the subject of severe censure and bitter invective from both press and pulpit are facts not so well known, nor can they scarcely be believed in this day when the story and the ones following it, "Tennessee's Partner," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "Miggles" are considered models of English prose. Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839 and after trying school-teaching, mining, type-setting and various other things in many places he came to California and, whether it was climate, scenery, companionship or atmosphere that wrought the miracle it was something Californian that gave the inspiration which produced the works, which brought success, which resulted in fame. Of some epocal intellectual climax Emerson says: "This day shall be better than my birth-day; on that

day I become an animal, today I am become a thinking soul." For such a mental renaissance many writers, besides Bret Harte, needs must pay tribute to California.

After Bret Harte's sudden leap into fame Carmany did everything in his power to persuade him to stay with the Overland. He offered him a salary of five thousand dollars a year and one hundred dollars for every poem or story that he would write. But the Atlantic Monthly had made an offer of ten thousand dollars a year and the call of the east with its wider-horizon mirage lured him away and instead of remaining a giant with his feet on the earth, like Antaeus he was lifted off of his base by a Herculean vanity, and from the day he left California his talents dwindled so that none of his later productions equalled those first effortless, exuberant effervescences. In the first flush of his successes when he and Charles Warren Stoddard and Ina Coolbrith, that "Trinity of the Golden Gate" were all contributing epoch-making articles to the Overland Monthly, although doing but little writing himself it was Bret Harte who inspired much of the best work in the others. Miss Coolbrith tells herself of how the brightness of his spirit, the charm of his personality, were often the spur of encouragement to her flagging ambition, and relates an instance of how he once actually made her write a poem. It was in a contest where a prize had been offered for the best original verses on Admission Day. Miss Coolbrith said she needed the money and secretly coveted the distinction that the winning of the prize would bring, but she had not the confidence in herself to make even an effort. It was his reiterations that she could do it that practically hypnotized her into the belief that she could, and thus teased and urged into the effort she succeeded in winning the fifty dollar prize. Her beautiful poems, "The California Poppy," "The Mariposa Lily" and other gems were appearing then in the Overland as a prophecy of her poetic power. These have since been gathered into a volume which holds high rank in the literature of the land. About this time too, when Miss Coolbrith was assistant editor of the Overland, some verses



Joaquin Miller, in Buckskin Costume

signed Cincinnatus Heine Miller began to pour in on the editors, and, not meeting with Bret Harte's approval, they were promptly thrown in the waste basket. About these verses Bret Harte and Miss Coolbrith had some heated arguments, she declaring that they contained the fire of genius while he maintained that they were utterly worthless. Finally carrying her point she rescued some of them and they were published; upon which encouragement the young Cincinnatus Heine wrote that he was coming to pay the Overland people a visit. Bret Harte "washed his hands" of the affair and said that as Miss Coolbrith had given him the encouragement she could do the honors and provide the entertainment. This she did in her own queenly gracious manner and when she had become sufficiently acquainted with the shy, young poet she asked him how he ever expected to climb Parnassus burdened down with such a cognomen as Cincinnatus Heine. On his reply that it was the only one he had, she suggested that he take the name of Joaquin (because of a poem he had written on a character of that name).

He acted on her suggestion and when he went to England a short time later he sent his articles back signed Joaquin Miller and has so signed himself ever since. He went to England with the hope that the letters he wrote back would pay his expenses but for some reason the letters were a long time in getting into print and the forthcoming compensation was more tardy still, so that he had to turn to some other source for an income. It was then that he conceived the idea of bringing out in book form, under the title of "Poems of the Pacific" some of his verses. Just at this time an acute inflammation of his eyes rendered him totally blind for the time, and he could not read the proofs of the volume for which he had readily found a publisher. Some of his English friends did this for him, however, and it was they who suggested the title of "Songs of the Sierras" which he substituted for the one he had first intended. The publication of the book brought him immediate financial returns, fame and friends. He was still not able to read the letters of congratulation that poured in on him. But these were read to him, and he was invited to meet Browning and Tennyson and all of the London literary lights. He also became the rage in the drawing-rooms of the nobility where he was allowed the freedom of dress, speech and action which his unconventional tastes dictated. On being invited to Lord ——'s to meet Mrs. Langtry, "The Jersey Lily," he asked if he might come in cow-boy costume, and was readily granted the privilege. Into the elegant salon, where women in velvet court trains and diamonds, and men in faultless evening attire, looked on in wonder, stalked a figure in red flannel shirt, hip boots and high, pointed hat which he did not deign to remove—not until he was taken up to the Mrs. Langtry and presented, then lifting his hat in stately courtesy he held it over the head of the famous beauty and showered her with a mass of rose petals which he had concealed there saying: "This is California's tribute of roses to the Jersey Lily!" For this poetic and graceful compliment they forgave him the red flannel shirt and all

(Continued on Page 98)

■ In the Land of Sunshine ■

LITTLE STATEMENTS of BIG FACTS
ABOUT CALIFORNIA *and the* WEST

THE PREPARATION of California's immense output of dried fruit, and canned fruit, her candied and glaze fruit, besides jams, jellies and marmalades affords an immense field for large and thoroughly equipped factories of this sort. The packing of the most substantial and assured fruit industry anywhere in the world.

At Gardena, a section near Los Angeles comprising an area not more extensive than fifteen square miles, 12,000,000 baskets of strawberries are produced in a season. Within Los Angeles county there is probably three times this area planted to strawberries yielding one of the largest outputs of any section in the United States.

California produces over one million gallons of olive oil in a year and will double that amount within the next five years. It requires many thoroughly up-to-date factories to take care of this commodity.

California is one of the largest and foremost wine producing regions in the world. It necessitates a very large number of wineries to prepare the vintage for market.

California is the largest producer of raisins in the world.

California is the largest producer of prunes in the world.

California alone supplies the entire demand in the United States for dried peaches.

California supplies the entire demand of the United States for dried apricots.

California produces about 30 per cent of the whole beet sugar crop of the country.

California produces all the lima beans, all the figs, all the walnuts and all the almonds raised in the country.

The total production of California canned fruits and berries annually is nearly 5,000,000 cases.

The total production of canned vegetables is 3,000,000 cases.

The cereal crop of California for a year includes 975,000 tons of barley, 212,000 tons of wheat, 140,000 tons of oats, 47,500 tons of corn, and 3,786,250 tons of hay.

It is possible to continue enumerating the branches of agriculture and horticulture which are big commercial factors in California's prosperity. The above will serve as convincing examples.

Now, the value of these industries from the manufacturing standpoint is to be taken not alone as demanding factories to pack, prepare and make them ready for the market, but also in a reflective way as affording a separate demand for receptacles, cans, cartons, sacks, barrels and bottles in which to contain the products.

When it is remembered that it requires something over three million hemp sacks to hold the dried bean crop of California, and for the cereal and other field crops probably as much as twenty million more, at once it is evident that here alone is ample room for local manufactories on a large scale.

It should certainly be one of the strong-

est aims of the manufacturers of this State to manufacture every kind of package needed to take care of the immense bulk of varied products, and to manufacture them in such quantities as to make impossible the importation or shipping in of such packages from the east. If strict attention were paid to this matter, and no packages of any kind, whether paper, wood, glass or hemp, were bought outside, manufacturing in the State would increase to a very noticeable degree, industrial districts would enlarge in towns where they already exist, and elsewhere small manufacturing centers and factory town sites would spring up.

Consider the vast amount of fruit produced by California, the greatest fruit section in the world, and it will be seen what a splendid opportunity there is for manufacturing to enter into a promising field.

Tin is a commodity which may be shipped in at a nominal cost to the manufacturer. From this fruit cans can be made.

Then, again, how encouraging is the outlook for the glass factory that can turn out the millions of jars and glasses of every shape and form in which to put up California fruits, jams, jellies and marmalades. It is said that the field for glass manufactories in Southern California offers fine inducements.

The secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles reports that there is urgent need of shoe manufactories in Los Angeles, as well as those making knit goods, shirts and different kinds of cotton goods. Already there are established here a large number of flour mills, whose shipments cover a wide territory, including the distant Orient. There are three or more large over-all factories in the city employing nearly 2,000 hands.

There is a big wholesale druggist who has so successfully designed and manufactured a line of practical assay instruments, chemical instruments and mining machinery, that his market embraces, beside Arizona, Nevada and the Southwest, the countries of India, South Africa, South America and Mexico.

There are numerous flourishing box factories in Southern California whose business is increasing by jumps year by

year with the increased acreage being planted to fruits and field crops which require boxing for shipments. An enormous number of beehives are manufactured by the same factories.

There is a small but well equipped paper box factory thriving in Los Angeles, which supplies hundreds of thousands of paper cartons for raisin and fig packing, as well as paper packages of every size and description to be used in preparing the finer quality fruits and other various products for the fancy trade.

It is hardly necessary to point out that Southern California is rich in lumber and planing mills. A single glance at the building records for this year is sufficient to convince one of this. Of the eleven million dollars invested in new homes in Los Angeles this year probably more than half was spent for the lumber required in building them. The mildness of the climate the year round in Southern California makes it possible to build homes completely of lumber, there being no long winters to wear upon frame construction.

There is also an immense demand for brick, tile and terra cotta all over Southern California, which may be manufactured at low cost from the abundant and superior quality of clay to be found here. There are a number of first class pottery works turning out beautiful and artistic products.

Another rapidly growing industry, in Southern California is the manufacture of both cheap and costly furniture. For the cheaper kind of furniture the pine is utilized which is shipped in from the north in great quantities. For the higher grade furniture Mexican mahogany and other hard woods, of which there is unlimited supply to draw upon in the Southern part of the continent, has been successfully employed in manufacturing a most beautiful and costly finished product.

Ten thousand acres of sugar beets to be grown the coming year in the San Fernando Valley by the American Beet Sugar Company will produce sugar that it is estimated will sell for about \$700,000 and accordingly will materially increase

the circulation of money in the vicinity of Los Angeles.

During 1911 the company was induced to plant a number of small tracts in the San Fernando Valley to sugar beets as a matter of experiment. It was the result of this experimental planting that caused the company to lease the 10,000 acres which are now being planted, and from which such good returns are being expected.

It is expected by the land owners in the San Fernando Valley that the raising of beets will become one of the chief industries in that district as a result of the work of the American Beet Sugar Company.

The beets will be raised without irrigation in the San Fernando fields, but the work of cultivation will be carried on thoroughly by crews of men to be taken there for that purpose.

The main display from Imperial Valley at the coming Land Show to be held in Los Angeles in March will be a large cotton elephant, which will be made from the first harvested cotton of the season and will be of immense proportions. The \$1,000 silver loving cup won by Imperial Valley at the New York Land Show will be held in the elephant's trunk.

The Wade Art Tile and Pottery Company, the American branch of the J. & W. Wade Company's works in Burslem, England, has just begun the construction of an extensive plant in Wilmington, California on thirteen acres of ground recently purchased of the Wilmington Dock Company.

The plant now being constructed will comprise six buildings, each 40 by 100 feet, in addition to several kilns, and it is expected that the plant will be in operation by March 1st.

Three years ago the mineral output of Nevada was smaller than that of any of the other recognized mineral States, but today it is producing one-third of all the dividends now being paid

by all the companies producing gold, silver, lead and copper in the United States.

In the year 1909 Nevada ranked sixth in the production of gold, silver, copper and lead, but now its dividends alone amount to more than those of all the mines of Montana, Arizona, Idaho and Alaska combined; more than those of all the mines of Michigan, Utah and Colorado combined, and almost as much as the combined output of the mines of Michigan, Utah, Colorado and South Dakota, which includes the Homestake, one of the world's greatest producers.

According to recently compiled figures there are at present in the various lima bean warehouses of Oxnard and vicinity 465,928 bags of beans ready to be shipped and placed on the market. This is over 30,000 sacks more than this date a year ago. Already there have been thousands of bags shipped and sold at a price of \$5.80, against \$4.60 a year ago.

San Bernardino has expended nearly half a million dollars in building improvements during the year just passed.

Over 500 delegates will convene in Los Angeles, January 12 and 13 at the annual meeting of the California Development Board one of the most progressive development organizations in the United States.

If conditions are favorable surveyors are to be put in the field at an early date and work rushed on the new Fresno and Eastern Railroad to Pine Ridge and Shaver Lake. This road is being built to develop the lumber trade in that part of the Sierras.

Anaheim (Cal.) has a population of approximately 4,000. It also has three banks with a deposit of \$1,000,000. What more need be said?

Nearly 200,000,000 pounds of copper bullion per annum are turned out at the smelters of Douglas, Arizona.

The mapping of the irrigable areas of California and the preparation of a report showing the present and possible future irrigation development in the State is the task turned over to the Irrigation Investigations of the United States Department of Agriculture by the State Conservation Commission of California.

Ten thousand dollars has been set aside but the conservation Commission for this work under co-operative agreement with the Director of the Office of Experiment Stations and the Secretary of Agriculture. According to this agreement, not only is the Department of Agriculture conducting the investigation and supplying part of the immediate funds needed, but it is also placing at the disposal of the Conservation Commission for the purpose of this report the results of the irrigation census in California recently completed at a large cost under co-operative agreement between the Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of the Census. All of the data gathered in California along the irrigation lines during the past eleven years under authority of the Secretary of Agriculture and in co-operation with the State of California will also be drawn upon.

While the irrigation map being made is not to be based on precise surveys made during the present year, it will follow careful field investigations into the irrigable agricultural areas of every valley of any importance in the State. The map will be prepared on a large scale and will show the irrigable agricultural areas in every part of the State where irrigation is or should be practiced. It will also show the irrigated areas, the water resources of importance in irrigation, and all of the co-operative and company canals.

The field work of this investigation has already begun and the north-eastern counties of the State are covered. From eight to ten men will be engaged on the investigation throughout the winter, and it is expected that it will be completed by April. In the meantime progress reports will be issued stating the conditions found, and before the next meeting of the California State Legislature it is expected that a bulletin carrying the results of the entire inquiry will be issued

by the Department of Agriculture at Washington. The work is being directed from the California headquarters of Irrigation Investigations, at Berkeley.

Though something has been known of Alaska coal for more than 60 years, the amount of actual mining, according to the United States Geological Survey, has been insignificant. The total production since the Territory was acquired from Russia is less than 50,000 tons. This is all the more significant because during this time more than 1,500,000 tons of coal have been shipped into Alaska, and all but 20 per cent of it was from foreign fields. The Bering River and Matanuska coal fields of Alaska are stated by Alfred H. Brooks, of the Geological Survey in a recent report, to constitute the only known sources of high-grade coal near either the eastern or the western shore of the Pacific Ocean, unless such fuels may be had from the inland coal field of China. They are therefore of great importance to the industries of the Pacific coast. From them must come the high-grade steaming and coking coals and anthracite needed by the growing population in the seaboard States. Unless they are utilized the manufacturing and smelting industries of that region and the ships of the American Navy in the Pacific must depend largely on foreign fields, except as coal may be brought around Cape Horn and through the Panama canal, Alaska's own need for high-grade coal can be supplied only from these two fields, unless it is furnished by such foreign fuel as is transported for a thousand miles or more.

Fifty thousand pounds of Turkish tobacco, fully equal to the very finest oriental, was raised in Exeter section and in the district about Orosi this year and the crop sold to agents of an eastern cigarette house at prices varying from 45 cents to 60 cents per pound.

Three years ago the first experiments were begun in the culture of the Turkish leaf and each year since has seen a large increase in the acreage. At the present time the extent of the industry is limited

only by the labor which can be secured, the proper care of the plants requiring peculiar experience. One of the farms this year brought over from Turkey two families of Armenians and next year a much larger area will be planted out.

Agents who bought a large share of the crop state that early in the year cigarettes made of the Tulare county tobacco in blend with other light leaf such as is used for the highest grade cigarettes, were given to an eastern buyer to smoke and he was unable to distinguish any difference in flavor between the local leaf and the very best imported.

Fortunately the soil is particularly well adapted to the tobacco plants. An average crop thus far has been about 500 pounds of leaf to the acre, which is considered a remarkable yield. The largest item in the culture is the labor. Several hundred acres will probably be set to tobacco plants nex season.

The Los Angeles Realty Board is now the largest organization of its kind in the United States.

The mine output of gold, silver, copper and lead in California in 1910 had a value of \$27,200,405. The production of gold was \$19,715,440; that of silver 1,840,085 fine ounces, valued at \$993,646; that of copper 48,700,756 pounds, valued at \$6,184,996; and that of lead 2,870,977 pounds, valued at \$126,323.

Nearly five thousand cars of oranges were shipped this year from the Redlands district of San Bernardino county, and this wonderful crop returned something like \$3,500,000 to the growers of the section. They received about two million dollars for the navel orange crop, and the shipments of Valencias brought the total amount above \$3,000,000.

California's 1911 prune crop will total 175,000,000 pounds, which represents a return to the growers of this State of

\$8,750,000. This means an increase over the 1910 production of 85,000,000 pounds and a jump of \$4,250,000 in value. The growers of California realized on an average of 5 cents per pound for the splendid crop of this year.

Southern California produces two thirds of the world's lima bean crop. In 1911, 96,000,000 pounds, or 4,500 carloads, worth \$5,250,000 were grown and shipped.

Of approximately \$80,000,000,000, the total agricultural wealth of the United States for 1911. California contributed as its share more than \$300,000,000, or about \$115,000,000 more than the average of all the States of the Union.

There are 7,167 square miles of government land in Southern California still open for settlers. There are 858 square miles of land in Los Angeles county subject to entry by any citizen under the national land laws. In the neighboring counties of Riverside and San Bernardino there are, respectively, 2,133 and 4,176 square miles, making a total for the three counties of 7,167 square miles.

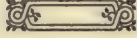
Lompoc has just shipped a full train load of mustard seed—20 cars. The rapid settlement of the country in that part of Santa Barbara county is rapidly diminishing the area in mustard and this season's crop will probably not be duplicated again.

The walnut crop of Orange County, Cal., will bring \$1,250,000 to the growers this year, and walnuts are only one of many profitable things produced.

The Brennan Tannery and Shoe Manufacturing Company at Upland, Cal., with recent timprovements, now has a plant valued at \$100.00, with a pay roll of \$2,000 per month. The company reports that 1911 has been a profitable business year. They manufactured 25,000 pairs of boots and shoes. The sales amounted to \$65,000.

The People's Aviation Meet

By Dick Ferris



NOT EVEN in the south of France where so many world's records have been broken and reestablished, and which is the very heart of the aviation center of the world, can crowds be entertained without discomfort in the first month of the year. It was because of the ideal climate in January at Los Angeles that the first International Aviation Meet in America was held in 1910. We opened the eyes of the world to the aviation possibilities when three fourths of the Globe were shivering around stoves, radiators and furnaces. Because of Los Angeles' uncommon position in this regard, it has been decided that the Third International Meet in America shall be held at the splendid Dominguez Flying Field, January 20th to 28th, 1912.

After learning of the tremendous public interest awakened in aviation by the successful Meet at Rheims, France, I proposed, upon my return to Los Angeles to hold a similar event here, not so much to advance the scientific features of aviation as to boost Los Angeles and its balmy summer climate in January. Because of the tremendous expenses connected with the Meet, it was only natural that I should encounter tremendous opposition, which I overcame. Finally, through the efforts of Mr. M. F. Imhsen of the Los Angeles Examiner, Mr. Guy Barham, H. E. Huntington, Mr. Wm. Dunn, and Mr. Harry Chandler of the Los Angeles Times, the matter was successfully engineered and duly initiated. As a result Los Angeles was heralded

as the ideal Aviation center and has enjoyed that reputation in this country and throughout Europe ever since. The first Aviation Meet in January, 1910, consisted mainly of the flying of Paulhan, Curtis, Hamilton and Willard, in their biplanes, and a minor exhibition of Monoplane flying by Paulhan, together with daily exhibitions by Roy Knabenshue and Lincoln Beachey in their dirigible airships. In every feature it was a wonderful success and although every large city in the United States has since had an aviation meet, Los Angeles boasts of the only financially successful one, which was that of January, 1910.

Since then, aeroplanes have developed remarkably and records that were pronounced impossible even when Paulhan made long cross country flights from Dominguez and attained the world's altitude record of over 4,000 feet, are now commonplaces in the history of aviation. The Aviation Meet as the public generally regard it is almost an ordinary affair, which it would appear is easily organized, promoted and conducted, but it requires considerable effort and expense to arrange something which shall mean new features and new developments in flying. The altitude record for instance is nearly three miles and to establish a new record the Aviator must go so high he will be out of sight of the spectators. Imagine climbing through space, the air getting colder every minute, three miles from mother earth with nothing to break the

awful silence but the roar of the motor, or ought to attract the Aviators attention but the silent marking of the Barograph pin which tells him of his success or failure. He is indeed a hero who will break the present record, but I am certain that in our Los Angeles Meet of January 20th to 28th, 1912, this record will be broken by at least one man and possibly two. As a matter of fact there will be a duel for this record between Beachey and Parmelee. The endurance record to be won at Los Angeles will require practically a flight from daylight until dark. These are mere incidents in the programme arranged for the forthcoming Meet. Between the hours of one and two, novices will be given an opportunity to demonstrate their craft and ability, and promptly as the bomb explodes at two o'clock, the official programme will begin with the ascension of the old fashioned hot air balloon with a man dropping with a parachute. Following him will be a young girl who will ascend a thousand or more feet with a similar bag, dropping 200 feet with a red parachute; cutting away from that she will fall three or four hundred feet with a white parachute, and after another descent of two or three hundred feet, she will continue her journey to the earth in a parachute of blue. Then will be started a number of spherical balloons with their passengers, which will travel for hours in sight of the public, each pilot jockeying to the best of his knowledge to win the prizes that are offered. Then will come for the first time in the history of Aviation, a real race between aeroplanes for a distance of ten miles. They will be handicapped the same as automobiles or race horses and may the best man win. There will be no excuse for any aviator losing time or the race by changing tires. Next comes Frank Goodale with his dirigible balloon cutting figure eights around the various air craft and doing other aerial stunts within his power. Then follows an aeroplane with a crate of wild ducks, or pigeons, which will be released in the air, the aviator immediately descending to earth and numerous other aviators will ascend to hunt the birds. There will also occur in front of the grand stand a mimic aeroplane battle illustrating what might be

expected in the future, in time of war. As we have contracted with several lady aviators for this meet, there will be daily contests of great interest between them. We will also have a race between a man, a horse, an automobile and an aeroplane, each being handicapped according to their respective speed. In fact there are so many novel, entertaining, amusing, educational and scientific events planned for this meet, they could not possibly be crowded into a single day's programme. Therefore the monotony of aviation meets in the past will be broken this year by special attractions and events, each and every day. In addition to this there is a night show planned which might be termed the "Battle of the Clouds" for it will be in conjunction with a big display of fireworks, real bombs thrown out from the aeroplanes and real bombs shot at the machines. The Navy Department is being urgently requested through Senators Perkins, and Works and Congressman Stephens, to assemble the Pacific Fleet in San Pedro Harbor for that night particularly in order to test their search lights in picking out the various air crafts. The United States Army Aviators will also participate and experiments of great value to the U. S. Government will be attempted.

I have been asked "what about the comfort of the people, that seems to have been so sadly neglected in the past?" I want to assure them that no expense will be spared to promote their enjoyment in every particular. The Field will be constantly sprinkled to lay the dust and free conveyance will be placed at their disposal at the main gates to carry them up the hill to the grand stand. The automobiles, which last year were placed in such an uncomfortable position, will this year be put in the center of the field opposite the Grand stand which will give them a splendid view point. There will also be two bands instead of one and in the language of the show man: "There will be something doing all the time."

There will more transpire in the coming meet to enlighten the world of the progress in aviation than has ever before been attempted. Los Angeles will have cause for particular pride in

the participation in this meet of Charles F. Walsh, H. W. Gill, Lincoln Beachey, Blinn L. Martin, Frank Champion and others who are now world famous and who obtained their first aviation ideas and experience at the Los Angeles Meet of 1910. Martin for instance is now coming back to the 1912 meet with two sixty horse power biplanes, and a third, with an 80 horse power motor of his own construction, while Gill returns as the holder of the American endurance record. The most remarkable feature however is the manner in which this Meet is being promoted. It is primarily and ostensibly for the good of Los Angeles and Southern California but it is being promoted without asking the financial assistance of either the city government, the commercial bodies, business men or railroads.

Through my personal efforts I have persuaded the aviators to assemble, some of them coming thousands of miles, costing them thousands of dollars, to work upon a co-operative basis—a sort of commonwealth plan upon which their winnings depend on a certain percentage of the gate receipts, in fact Dominguez field is leased on a percentage basis and everything else on the same contingencies. If there is a profit, the aviators will benefit by it; and so confident am I that the public, business men and every other interest in the city which has been heretofore financially taxed for a great big civic proposition of this character, will rally with their support in the way of patronage, that I have decided to call this "THE PEOPLE'S AVIATION MEET."



To a Mocking Bird

By Kate J. Stirling

Oh sweet blithe bird of Quaker mien and dress,
That fills the air with melody divine
Thou art the poet of the feathered kind
And voicest all their hopes and fears with stress.
Their common tuneless songs, their plaints and praise,
Homely domestic chat, and angry cries,
When from the alembic of thy throat they rise,
Straightway they all become melodious lays.
Such is the mission of the poet's power
To make one harmony of all the tones
In which the race pours out its woes and joys.
Fain would I know thy message, tuneful one,
Sung from the tree top, chanted from the bower,
Methinks 'twould cheer, and lighten life's annoy.

The National Orange Show

By Max Church

CALIFORNIA has reached that point in the development when it leads the world in many industries but it is safe to say that none is more responsible for the present business growth than the production of citrus fruits. The fifty thousand car loads of Southern California fruit that were shipped out this year give proof of the fact.

This statement shows the number of orange and lemon trees of bearing and non-bearing age, on farms April 15, 1910, and number of boxes of oranges and lemons produced in 1909, together with the value thereof.—1910.

Oranges:

No. trees of bearing age, Nov. 15, 1910: California, 6,615,929; Florida, 2,751,118.

No. trees of non-bearing age, Nov. 15, 1910: California, 2,093,101; Florida, 1,097,896.

No. boxes produced, 1909:—California, 14,436,424; Florida, 4,852,967.

Value, 1909:—California, \$12,952,291; Florida, \$4,304,987.

Lemons:

No. trees of bearing age, Nov. 15, 1910: California, 927,130; Florida, 11,740.

No. of trees of non-bearing age, Nov. 15, 1910:—California, 376,859; Florida, 7,329.

No. of boxes produced, 1909:—California, 2,715,974; Florida, 12,367.

Value, 1909:—California, \$2,925,759; Florida, 13,753.

In order to properly recognize the

development of this business and to stimulate interest in the intensive production of citrus fruit the citizens of San Bernardino have instituted the National Orange Show, an annual exhibit in which the growers of California and the whole country, as well, are invited to display the finest specimens from their groves. This means a stimulus to raising better fruit which nothing else could give. It was long needed and remained for the progressive Gate City to take the initiative.

Last year's show was a success both in the wonderful specimens of fruit presented and in the number of exhibitors. This year's exposition bids fair to out do the former one. Every orange growing section of Southern California will be fully represented.

The Second Annual Orange Show will be held in San Bernardino from February 19 to 24 inclusive. Ever since the close of the first show a year ago the promoters and boosters of the proposition have been laying out plans and perfecting details for the coming exhibit so that the National Orange Show of the future is assured and takes its place along with the Portola, Tournament of Roses and other famous California fetes.

Along with the orange show there will be an amusement section to lend zest to the occasion and a good time is assured to the thousands who will come from all over Southern California and the Southwest to pay tribute to "The Orange", long recognized as the King of Fruits.

The Sugar Tariff *and the* Sugar Trust

By Frank C. Lowry

Few realize that the tariff on sugar is so heavy that the duty collected from sugar imported in 1910 was over 17 per cent of the entire customs revenue of the United States, and it must be admitted that no single absolute necessity of life should be called upon to bear such a heavy proportion of the burden, as it can only mean that the tax weighs most heavily on the poorer classes.

One of the most striking features, however, is that as it stands today, but a little more than 50 per cent. of the sugar which we consume shares in producing revenue for the Government as only this much is imported from foreign countries. The balance comes from our insular possessions, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines and from Louisiana and domestic beet sugar factories. Of the amount of sugar which we consumed in 1910 the Hawaiian Islands produced 14 per cent., Porto Rico, 9 per cent., Louisiana 9.7 per cent., Philippine Islands 3.5 per cent. and domestic beets 13.5 per cent.

As the value of all sugars in the United States is based on the in-bound value of foreign sugars, plus the duty, it is apparent that this high tariff tax enhances the value of the domestic producer's sugars, so that an amount, at least equal to that collected by the Government in duties is handed to our domestic producers as an indirect bounty. The domestic sugar industry, which has been fed on Government

"pap" for so long, always cries "ruination" when there is any talk of reducing the sugar duties, but happily the Hardwick Investigating Committee has developed the fact that refined sugar produced from beets can be manufactured as cheaply in this country as in Europe, if the factories are properly located and equipped, i.e.; at a cost around 3c per pound, and under free sugar could compete with the world.

This is the sugar that the domestic beet factories in October were selling to the American consumers (because of the drought in Europe) at 6.50c to 6.75c per pound. Is it surprising, under these circumstances that the domestic interests are rejoicing over the fact that there has been a drought in Europe, as a result of which they are enabled to exact these excessive prices from the American consumers.

Why shouldn't our domestic beet sugar industry live with absolutely free trade on sugar? Our lands are as fertile as those of Europe. The sugar content of our beets is equal to the yield in Europe. The factories pay the farmer no more, and in many cases pay less, than the factories in Europe pay for their beets, \$5.00 to \$5.50 per ton being the price paid by the factories for sugar beets both in this Country and Europe, with the average here close to \$5.00. The domestic factories started by paying the farmer only \$4.00 per ton for his beets, but found that

on this basis they could not secure a sufficient quantity and so raised the price a trifle. Therefore our farmers do not receive the benefit of the Tariff on sugar. The labor cost, per pound of sugar produced, in a beet sugar factory is a very small item, so it is apparent that there is absolutely no reason why, under favorable conditions, beet sugar should not be produced in this country as cheaply as in Europe.

The American Sugar Refining Co. advertises the fact that they do not "own an acre of cane sugar land," and so cannot benefit by the enhanced value of sugar. Nothing is said about their very heavy controlling interest in the domestic beet sugar factories, through which they will obtain very substantial benefits from the rise in prices, in addition to the usual indirect bounty they receive from the Government at all times because of the Tariff. Before the Government subsidized the American Sugar Refining Co., or in other words, before the Sugar Trust became interested in the development of the beet sugar industry, Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, in one of his annual statements to his stockholders, said in regard to the Tariff on Sugar, "it constitutes a charge upon consumption of nearly two cents per pound" * * * * * "sugar is a necessity of life. With the duty on raw sugar removed the price of refined would permit of its being used by the poorest people. The people are beginning to characterize the tax on sugar as 'hunger tax.'" * * * * *

"A removal of the tax would be a great blessing to the entire community." He adds that Mr. Wm. Bayard Cutting, one of the first to become interested in the manufacture of beet sugar in this country, "states over his signature that the beet sugar industry is profitable under conditions of absolutely Free Trade, and that the United States, being an agricultural country, the industry has nothing to fear even from the annexation of Cuba."

Later the American Sugar Refining Co. became heavily interested in developing the domestic beet sugar industry, and perhaps naturally became fond of the Government "pap" which was being fed to this interest so that when

the Payne-Aldrich Tariff was before Congress they addressed a communication to the Ways and Means Committee, praying that there would be no change in the duty on raw and refined sugar.

Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines are natural sugar producing countries, with nothing to fear from foreign competition, and while the sugar industry in these Islands is receiving enormous benefits from our sugar Tariff no one attempts to justify the taxation of the consumers in the United States of considerably over one hundred million dollars annually so that these interests can make excessive profits.

Therefore the present sugar Tariff is not for the legitimate protection of the industry, neither is it an equitable revenue measure. We clearly see the promoters' reasons for desiring "protection" in the capitalization of our beet sugar plants, which exceeds one hundred million dollars. These factories produced only 450,595 tons of sugar in 1910. A cane sugar refinery in New York, with ten million dollars capitalization can produce an equal amount of refined sugar. This shows how the promoters of our domestic beet sugar industry have capitalized the Tariff, and require it to be continued, only that they may pay excessive dividends on watered stock. With normal prices last year, at least one factory paid a 100% dividend.

Fortunately these facts are now a part of the public record, and cannot longer be denied by the beneficiaries of our high sugar Tariff. Recognizing that our people are entitled to relief from the present excessive sugar Tariff, Congress should pass a bill early next session providing for a material reduction in the duties on sugar, with a view of benefiting the people who have so long been taxed for the benefit of the sugar industry.

Under absolutely free trade on sugar, neither the Sugar Trust or any other combination can successfully advance the price of sugar beyond the World's value. This is the people of this country can depend upon, because as soon as any attempt is made to do so, the domestic manufacturer would immediately come into competition with the foreigner.

GUILTY

By Roy Reuben Rosamond

JOHN Sifford, you are before this court charged with assault and battery. Now it becomes the duty of the court to inform you of your rights under the law. You are entitled to a reasonable time for the trial, to have witnesses subpoenaed in your behalf, to employ counsel, should you so desire, and to be admitted to bail. With this information what say you to the charge, guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," answered the prisoner, a man of perhaps thirty, tall, deep of chest, ugly, bovine, a man no woman, save his mother, had ever loved. A new suit of black serge hung awkwardly upon his ungainly figure.

"It does not appear to me," the judge resumed, quizzically, "that the trouble, derived from the eating of a pet pig, hog, or pork—or pig's feet—justifies the sentence I am about to impose."

Dullness had impregnated the justice court-room of Santa Barbara and remained until the word was irksome. A late spring rain was falling and human nature attempting to content itself indoors. The judge was making the best of it. There were but four other persons in the court-room, the jail guard in charge of the prisoner, the complainant with his mouth showing the services of a surgeon, and his lawyer.

"Go ahead with the sentence, the sooner the quicker," said the prisoner.

"The complainant's lawyer has stated

the case clearly," the judge went on, "but pigs are indeed interesting and, as you come before this court unrepresented, I would like to hear your side of the case."

"The court has the facts at hand," stated the prisoner.

"Which are," the judge continued with no attempt to veil a smile, "that the accused gave into the keeping of one Joe Andrada, a Spaniard—and very fond of pigs on the table—a pet pig, to be housed and fed—and petted—by said Joe Andrada during a period not to exceed two weeks, in consideration of the sum of ten dollars. And furthermore, it was solemnly pledged that, at the conclusion of the two weeks, as aforesaid, said accused would return and take unto himself the pig and all pertaining thereunto.

"And,"—the judge was indulging himself—"owing to the fact that said accused failed to comply with the above stated contract, returning two days later than the time therein specified and finding said pig in the stomach of said complainant, said accused engaged said complainant in pitched battle resulting in the loss, to said complainant, of four teeth of the cuspid variety, and otherwise inflicted serious wounds upon the body of said complainant.

"And now the question naturally arises, was the pig sacred, or—or one of the family?"

"The pig had a damn sight bigger heart than—"

The judge rapped loudly with the gavel.

"Don't forget that there is such a thing as contempt of court." The judge's lips were firmly set for the moment, anger took the place of humor.

"Pile two contempts on top of the other charge, but let me blow my bazoo in my own way. As I was saying, the pig had a damn sight bigger heart than some judges."

"Complainant can best answer as to that," said the judge. "I see that it was love of the pig rather than infidelity on the part of complainant that caused the trouble. Where did you get the pig?"

"On Santa Cruz Island," answered the prisoner.

"You were craw-fishing over there last season?"

"Yes, I went over when the season opened, about six months ago."

"I thought that the wild pigs of Santa Cruz were entirely exterminated. Not long ago the Island Company gave a dollar bounty for their skins and they were killed by the thousands. Am I right?"

"Santa Cruz is rough; lots of brush and chapparal and caves where they can hide. There are plenty wild pigs left. I killed nine while I was over there. Killed the pig's mother. He wasn't any bigger than my fist when I got him, still suckling. I took him home and fed him on canned cow."

The prisoner ceased talking.

"Go on," urged the judge. "You camped in Lady's Harbor—you and the pig, I understand."

"Yes, I was alone over there—me and the pig. I got him a few days after I pitched camp and it would have been as lonely as lonesome if it hadn't been for him. Lady's Harbor is just a deep gulch with a small stream of water—awful good water—running down to the sea. You can't see out—only out to sea, where the ships go by every day or so to make one feel what a God-forsaken place it is in winter. I wouldn't see a soul for a week at a time, and then

only for a few moments when the launch stopped to buy my bugs and leave grub.

"There were men camping in the other harbors, but they never came up my way—heard of me, I suppose. I would see them once in a while out in the skiff pulling their pots and they always went two in a boat. Could work better that way; one row and one pull pots. One thing mighty certain, I never went to them to break the spell.

"If you know anything about a craw-fisher's life, you know that he has a lot of time for monkeying around after pulling his pots in the morning. He has to wait for the bugs to slip into the traps. When I didn't have to fish for bait, I'd put in the time fooling with the pig. He would keep things on the keen jump. As good as a circus was that pig.

"Over the hill to the right of Lady's Harbor is another little gulch and when it meets the sea it forms a sand beach. It is a wide little strip at low tide and clams elbow each other for room to grow. I tell you what, the pig learned to dig clams right away; by watching me, I suppose. And he would watch for the bubbles they make before he'd get the last one rooted out. After a while all I had to do was to follow him with a bucket and pick them up. Quick! That pig was as quick after a clam as greased lightening. He knew that he had to be.

"I used to take him with me in the morning when I pulled the pots. I'd turn the bugs loose in the bottom of the skiff and watch the fun. He wasn't afraid of them when they were still; but when they'd come toward him squeaking their hinges he was some wild pig. The bristles on his back would all stick up straight.

"Well, that was all right for a while, until the pig grew so heavy that he'd rock the boat and just about capsize her when he'd change from one side to another. I wore holes in my pants and then holes in the patches sliding from one side of the seat to the other keeping her balanced.

"The trouble began when I had to leave him home. There is a little cave over to the right of the cove a little way

up from the beach where the sun shines in in the morning. The sea must have been up there some time or another. Anyhow, I put some old traps across the opening and fastened the pig in there until I got back. He stayed in pretty well for a day or so; and then one day when I was coming into the harbor there he was standing on a ledge of rock that thrusts its nose out to sea waiting for me. He was just singing a little squealing song, he was so glad to get out of the cave and to see me; and then he must have stepped on a loose rock for I saw him fall off and go plumb under. He came up sputtering and instead of making for shore he came swimming out to me and I lifted him aboard. After that there was no holding him in the cave. He'd be out and waiting for me on the rock about every day and when I'd come in sight around the point of rock by the harbor he'd plunge right in and meet me way out from shore. One day he got out of the pen early—right away after I left. Anyhow he knew the direction I'd gone and followed along the island until he got opposite me. I was a good quarter of a mile from shore and it was damn lucky my next buoy was toward shore. While I was looking for it I spied the little devil swimming for me for all he was worth. There wasn't any wind but a strong swell was running and the current was against him. I rowed toward him as if my life depended on it and when I got to him he was just about to pass to Christmas come. He didn't shift about the boat that day, but lay still, wrapped up in some fish net I had thrown in the bow of the skiff.

"He was true blue, was that pig. I thought a lot of him—more than I ever did of any human being, except my mother. I could tell a lot more about the things he did and the things he learned but you'd swear I was nature faking. Of course the pig and me would have our troubles and quarrels like anybody else. I kept a little paddle hung on the tent pole for him; and he would get it like sixty when he got into mischief. One day I spanked him good for getting into the dough. He didn't run but just grabbed ahold of the tent rope and nearly shook it off the poles, he was so

mad. He would let go a continual whine when he was hungry, grab me by the pant leg and shake if I didn't feed him. He'd want clams when the tide was high and he couldn't dig them; and then he'd run over the hill to the sandy beach and see if the tide was low enough to get them. He could express pleasure and sadness. Could do everything but talk. He would be right at my heels as far as I wanted to walk. I've tried to get away from him by climbing a hill too steep for him, but he'd take a slant and come up on top after a while crying for all he was worth because he was left behind.

"I suppose he got acquainted with some of the wild pigs around there. I would hear them up the canyon at night, but he paid no attention to them. He slept in a box of straw right outside the tent and was free to go. But I guess that he preferred to stay with me. I fed him good and he grew sleek and fat. I sure kept him clean, would send for soap every time the launch come over from the mainland. We'd go swimming together and he wasn't afraid of any breaker that ever lived. He learned to eat any kind of fish, but clams were what he swore by. And he took his meals regular—wasn't always nosing around and eating all the garbage in the country. Just a cross word from me and he'd know he was doing the wrong thing. He took as much interest in making traps and painting the boat and so forth as I did, apparently. He was always in action because of which he didn't give me time to sit down and get lonesome and brood and wish that I was ashore where there were people and something going on. Even when there was a storm on and I couldn't go out to the pots for a day or two or three at a time we would always find something to do if it wasn't anything but go over on the lea side of the island and sit there in the shelter and watch the whitecaps breaking and listen to the wind blow. We built us a little dugout among the rock and both of us would curl up in there and go to sleep. I'd lay down with my back against the pig and we would breathe together and be warm and fine and dandy. And that's about all about the pig—and enough, I suppose."

The prisoner sat down.

The judge let go a supercilious laugh, ending in a few bars of cackle. "When I was a kid I went to a side show and saw a pig that could play seven-up. I suppose yours could play poker; or perhaps crib? If he couldn't the show pig could put it all over him for wisdom, and your pig story should have come last." The judge ended with a sneer. "However," he continued, "were the pig as wise as Solomon, it would have no bearing on the sentence about to be imposed."

"Which is?" the prisoner's face shaped itself into interrogation.

"Ninety days in the county jail with a membership in the chain-gang," answered the judge, chuckling.

All at once the prisoner arose to his full height, his breast heaving, his eyes flashing fire.

"Why, you spineless supine of a Judge, with grocery cord for tendons, damn, ——— you. I've told you about the pig. But that isn't the story at all. Did you know that I went to hell with the booze and left home when I was eighteen, the very day I started for college? During that time up till now I've been everything but a murderer and a cut-throat. Don't you know what booze will do for a man? I've counted the ties and slept in the jungles and stole chickens and cooked them in a coal oil can. I've stolen money and bought booze with it when I'd fasted for three whole days. I would have done worse than that but the cops were always on my trail. I sure looked suspicious to the third degree and I don't blame them. I'd get arrested every time I'd stick my head out in daylight, so I got to slipping around like a night hawk, to the rear of the saloons, mostly.

"One night I tried to kill a man for money for booze, I got my picture in the rogues gallery for that. That was going some. Mother found it out. Judge, you didn't think I had a mother did you? Well I did have. One time she sent for me—registered letter with money in it and all that. I went home and got on clean clothes and she prayed for me and fed me up and sent me to the "Gold Cure. It didn't do any good. I went off on a tare when I got back, I would be

gone for six months or a year or so—until she raised some more money—father was dead; and then I'd reform for about a week. And this was the way for ten years or more.

"The last time I didn't go home at all. My drunk lasted two weeks that time, and I ended up in jail. About a month after that I learned that mother was sick in the county hospital up where she lived. My crippled brother had died a week before and she had spent all her money to bury him right.

"Well, that woke me up. I wrote to her and her answer was a message from on high. I had a chance to go to the island and fish and I grasped at the chance to get away from booze and make some money like a drowning man grasps at a straw. The owner of a launch outfitted me, boat, pots and all. But could I stay over there, away from booze and the world, you might say. I tried to get a pardner, but my looks scared them away.

"Well, I went. And then the pig came into my life. Many a time I would have lit out for the booze if it hadn't been for him. One day the spell came over me and the day the boat was due I was all packed up and waiting. And then while I was there on the beach monekying with the pig until the boat hove in sight, I got to thinking about what I would do with the little devil. He'd swim after me if I left him ashore, and I didn't want to pen him up, not knowing whether he'd get out or not. We'd become pals I tell you. Men would shy away from me, but not him. Well, the upshot was that I put the tent up again and stuck it out for a few more days.

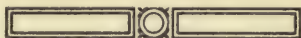
"I'd done pretty well with the bugs and the money was burning my pocket, I suppose. And my stomach was burning for liquor, too. Anyhow, I made up my mind to hike again. I made a sail for the skiff and was about to start across the channel to Santa Barbara. The boat would be over in two days, but I couldn't wait. It was about twenty-five miles, but I thought I could make it. Well, there was the pig again. He was grown too big to take in the boat and I wouldn't leave him. So there I was again.

"When the boat came it brought me word that mother was in serious condi-

tion. I got aboard, pig and all and went across the channel, the first time for six months. Somehow, I forgot about the booze and when I got a place for the pig, I took the first train for home and got there just in time, with good clothes on and money in my pocket—enough to bury the happiest mother in the world and come back here to get the pig only to find him—". The prisoner was con-

sumed in livid wrath.

"Judge, go on and send me to jail, you—; but some day I'll be a free man, and then I'll meet you in the road and make you respect the pig or give you what I did the devil over there. And, Joe Andrada, some day I'll meet you and finish the job, meanwhile I'll ask my guard here to show me the way to jail, I can't see very well to-day."



Julia


By Margaret Jeanette Gates

*See, Julia, how the golden shine
On each green blade is bright.
Fling down your hat where soft and fine
The feathery grass blows light
And free against the slanting sun
Just where that cob-web wheel is spun.*


*There under the old fence, now grey
With age and lichen pale,
The curved grass shimmers, bent away
Beneath the lowest rail.
A cricket moves it from below
And up one stalk he clammers slow.*

*The forest casts a line of shade
Along the hither side
Of this sun-drinking glade,
And there a cory-field wide
Encloses us in tasselled walls
On which the glistening sunlight falls.*

*Fall chillness rises from the ground.
The ripe wild cherries lie
Along the dusty road which wound
This way when you and I
Walked under green boughs interlaced
And stooping, picked them to taste.*



“Partly Cloudy”



By Jesse Davies Wildy

Drawing by Charles P. Austin

PARTLY cloudy, with showers and cooler, and fair tomorrow,” was the weather forecast, he read aloud to her, while he sipped his second cup of coffee.

Breakfast, with this exemplary young couple, was always the most enjoyable happening of the day, and promised to be no less so than usual, on this sunny May morning, rose-sweet and clear.

The coffee exhaled an aroma of delicious perfection; the ham possessed the desired flavor, and the flaky, creamy biscuit might well be likened unto bits of sea foam.

“Partly cloudy,” he repeated skeptically, “very bright and sunny, isn’t it? Weather forecasts are not always reliable, it seems. Let’s notice how correct this one proves to be. I have noted that the weather prophet is quite often mistaken.”

“It’s early yet,” defended Isobelle, “and I’m almost certain,” glancing through a wide, low window, admitting a flood of sunlight, “that I can smell clouds in the air; I always can, just before a rain, and I think you’d better wear your rain coat; COOLER you know, and SHOWERS,” she urged.

“No rain coat for me to-day, to carry back and forth to the office,” he objected, “especially when the sun shines as it does now. You know, Isobelle, you cannot SMELL clouds, my dear, and it’s absurd to make such an assertion.”

“Came crisply from Isobelle, “perhaps you know so much more than the

weather man does, anyway, but possibly you may change your mind before night. I KNOW it feels showery, and that there are clouds somewhere near for I can SMELL them distinctly.” Removing a rose that was falling apart in the bowl on the table, she added persistently, “and you should really take your coat, dear, I am certain.”

Stoutly maintaining that the sky was blue as a lake, he hesitated a fraction of a second at sight of the rain coat in question on the rack as he passed through the hall, and called back to her, “I believe I’ll not take it, Isobelle and remember dear,” with a teasing laugh, “that clouds not visible, can scarcely be recognized otherwise.”

“Well, DON’T then,” she retorted, you mean, cranky old DOOR SLAMMER,” supplying the epithet, hastily when she heard the front door slam behind him.

“WHEW! partly cloudy, all right,” he observed, lighting his cigar, “that much is correct, so far. Gee! she looks pretty when her eyes fire up, that way,” he smiled, remembering the blazing blue of them, occasioned by his teasing.

Clouds obscured the sun, and a cool wind stirred the Boston fern and swayed the hammock on the porch, when he came swiftly up the steps at lunch time. The day was sultry, and visions of a dim, cool dining room, a dainty white table with its bowl of blossoms, and Isobelle white gowned, gracing the room with her usual sweetness, gave eagerness



"A DAINTY, SOBER ISABELLE AWAITED HIM."

to his hurrying footsteps. With him, the incident of the morning was entirely forgotten.

A frosty greeting from his young wife, however, forced him into instant remembrance. Luncheon was served with chilling politeness; conversation was re-

duced to dignified bits of speech, severely prosaic.

As he was preparing to leave for "down town" again, she ventured with satisfaction, "I notice it's very cloudy."

"Yes, it is indeed," he assented glad enough that things were assuming normal

conditions, "and I believe it's going to shower before night; feels rather that way." Thinking to appease her, he added lamely, "Seems to me I can smell rain, can't you?"

"Oh! it's IMPOSSIBLE to smell CLOUDS or RAIN," she responded quickly, "It's QUITE absurd; don't think such a thing for a MOMENT, my dear—" imitating his words of the morning.

"Isobelle!" he exclaimed, "you surely are not silly enough, dear, to resent what I said at the breakfast table, are you?"

"YES I AM, if you want to call me SILLY," she retorted tremblingly, "and you are cruel and mean to do so, and you are cross because it IS going to rain, and you won't wear your coat on PURPOSE." Flinging her head on her arms in reckless misery, a stormy shower of vexatious tears made the surprised man feel that he was indeed most brutal.

The youthful husband was an hour later than usual in departing for the office, having to condemn himself generously, and plead forgiveness for his heartless conduct. He had also pledged himself to carry that everlasting coat with him, and to secure tickets for the play, that night.

Departing, with the offending garment

flung over one arm, he realized more fully, that when Isobelle asserted things, Isobelle remained firm and unchanged.

He whispered, "remarkably correct forecast I should judge; DECIDEDLY cooler with very evident showers."

At dinner that evening, a dainty sober Isobelle awaited him, penitent, and contritely affectionate.

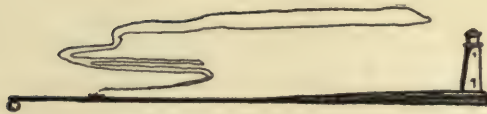
A drizzling rain splashed pleasantly against the windows and a wood fire glowed in the fireplace, for the air was storm cooled, and damp. Warmth, light, and the dainty meal dispelled all suggestion of the "rift in the lute."

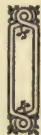
Isobelle, dimpling and sweet glanced at him roguishly across the roses, "aren't you GLAD dear, that you took your coat, for it's so very chilly and drizzly."

"Ye-e-s," he stammered, then guiltily confessed, "but I didn't wear it; you see I left it at the office by mistake."

"Oh! you POOR dear," she gasped, rising and rubbing his broad shoulders with her bit of a handkerchief "you are just SOAKING wet."

Shamelessly enjoying the petting, he put one arm around her, saying, "it proved to be partly cloudy with showers and cooler, to-day, all right, and I believe it promises to be fair tomorrow, don't you—sweetheart?"





Plying His Trade



By Oscar E. Youmans

(Drawings by H. G. De Kruif



EAR sundown one evening a lone horseman rode into a small town in Texas, near the Mexican border. His horse seemed about played out. The man drew up before a popular resort, casting anxious glances behind him. Apparently satisfied, he dismounted and entered the place.

Ranging himself before the bar, he called for drink after drink of strong whiskey. This soon took effect upon him, for when he sought his room upon the floor above, he staggered up the stairs, where he flung himself upon the bed, clothes and all, and was soon in drunken sleep.

Shortly after dark, another horseman stopped before the same hostelry and went inside.

"Hello, Tom!" he said to the man behind the bar. "How goes it?"

"Pretty slow, sheriff," answered the one addressed. "What'll you have?"

"A little whiskey and soda, Tom."

The bartender quickly supplied his wants, refusing to accept any pay.

"How's the chances for a room, Tom?" the sheriff asked, putting down the empty glass.

"Sorry, sheriff, but everything's full, even some of the lodgers," replied Tom, with a grin.

"But you'll have to put me in somewhere," persisted the other. "I'm too tired to hunt up another place."

"Well, I can put you in with someone else, if that'll do."

"I guess I can't afford to be too par-

ticular," returned the sheriff. "Any old port in a storm."

"All right, sheriff. I'll put you in the room at the head of the stairs. That fellow took enough whiskey to knock down a horse before he turned in. I bet he's dead to the world by this time."

The sheriff followed Tom up the stairs, where he opened a door. By the dim light the occupant was seen sprawled out upon the bed.

"How will that do, sheriff?" asked Tom. "Want a light?"

"That'll do nicely, Tom," no, I won't need a light. Call me early in the morning."

Tom returned down stairs, while the sheriff, after a hasty glance at the sleeping man, lay down on the other side of the bed and was soon sound asleep.

When he opened his eyes the next morning, in response to a vigorous rapping upon the door, the sheriff got his first good look at his room-mate and received the surprise of his life. The other man had also been aroused by the noise and sprang to his feet. He, too, was surprised when his glance rested upon his companion. His hand flew to his hip pocket.

"Easy there, Jim!" cried the sheriff, covering the other with his weapon. "Have you gone dippy to get so near the border and then go to sleep and wait for me to nab yer? Ha! Ha! To think we occupied the same room all night and never knew it."

"It does look funny, don't it," said the other man ruefully. "Sorry I can't



"EASY THERE, JIM," CRIED THE SHERIFF.

enjoy it as much as you do. Gee, but I'm an unlucky cuss. I let my taste for booze get the best of me. Don't suppose you could turn your head a moment while I got a fresh start, could you?"

"Sorry I can't accommodate you, Jim," returned the sheriff, deftly removing the pistol from Jim's hip pocket. "And while I think about it, kindly turn over what surplus money you may have about your person. Those bank people need it badly."

Jim drew out of an inner pocket a package of bills and tossed it over to the other. "You'll find it all there, ten thousand dollars. You haven't given a fellow much chance to stop and blow any of it."

"Thanks, Jim," chuckled the man of law. "You've saved me lots of trouble by your thoughtfulness. I'd supposed you'd left most of it at a poker joint by this time."

"Tain't my fault," grumbled Jim.

"Haven't run across any yet. Did expect to have a fling at it tonight though."

"Well, Jim, I reckon I'd better notify those bank people I've caught you and got their money back. After that we needn't hurry so about starting back. How'll that suit you, Jim?"

"I'm in your hands, sheriff. Of course I'm in no particular hurry to get back."

"I should say not, Jim. Come with me while I send that message. But you'll promise to be good; that's all I ask. I know you'll keep your word."

"Sheriff," answered Jim solemnly, "I'll stick to you like a brother."

"That's all right, Jim, but don't forget that I'm pretty quick with the gun."

Jim meekly went with the sheriff while he sent the message advising the bank people of the recovery of the money. Then they put in the rest of the day seeking out old friends. Both managed to get pretty well "tanked up" by the

time darkness came on. They also learned that a game could be found across the river.

Then the sheriff surprised Jim by saying he intended to go over the river and get in a game, taking Jim along. He first exacted a solemn promise from Jim

"Nix on that, Jim," replied the sheriff. "I couldn't quit while in this winning streak. You can go back if you want to. I'll come over when I'm through."

With that Jim went back to their stopping place and was soon in bed. Once he was tempted to skip out, but



"NIX ON THAT, JIM," REPLIED THE SHERIFF. "I COULDN'T QUIT IN THIS WINNING STREAK."

that he would return peacefully after they had had their fun.

Once across the river it was not long before they sat in a stiff poker game. The sheriff was lucky and won steadily. By ten o'clock he was over a thousand dollars ahead. Jim, too, was a good winner, but he soon tired of the game and proposed they cut it out and go back and turn in.

his promise to the sheriff served as an anchor. It was not often anyone trusted him, and it made him feel proud.

Long after midnight Jim was awakened by the sheriff entering the room. His face was pale and he shook like a man with the ague.

"What's the matter, sheriff?" asked Jim, astonished at his actions. "You look all in."

"Curse the luck," growled the other. "It's worse than that. After you left they raised the stakes. Luck turned against me. I've lost every dollar I had!"

"What!" cried Jim, springing up. "Not the bank's money? Don't tell me that!"

"Every darned cent, I tell you!" cried the sheriff. "I was a fool not to quit when you did, but the fever got the best of me and I stayed."

"Well, I guess I ain't the only fool around," answered Jim. "Who got most of it?"

The house curse 'em!" growled the sheriff. "Everyone quit but Ed, who plays for the house."

"Well, its bad business, sheriff. "Why didn't you start back yesterday?"

"Don't ask me that now, Jim. I know what I ought to have done, but that won't do any good now. But I'll have to make it good. If I hadn't notified the bank people I'd recovered their money it might be different. I can make it up, but I'll have to sacrifice everything, my home and all. Oh, my poor wife, what will she say?"

"Come, sheriff, get into bed," advised the more practical Jim. "Let's dream over it."

"Much good that will do," returned the other as he pulled off his boots. "Well, I'm done for. They'll have to get a new sheriff," and he climbed into bed.

It was late in the morning when the sheriff opened his eyes. The first thing he noticed was Jim's absence.

"He's gone too, eh!" he cried. "I might have known he'd take advantage of the first opportunity and skip out. What gets me is why he didn't go last night when he had a better chance. Money and prisoner gone. I've certainly made a pretty mess of this whole business. The sooner I get back and give 'em a chance to elect another sheriff, the better it'll be for all concerned."

The thought ran through his mind that if he had not sent the message advising the bank that he had recovered the money, he would not have so much cause to worry. But, nevertheless, he

resolved to go back and face the music.

Shortly after breakfast he called for his horse, bid Tom good-by and started back by the way he had come. His thoughts being centered upon the duty before him, he did not see the figure that slipped out of the woods beside the trail and come toward him.

"Hello, sheriff!" cried Jim heartily, "Going back, eh?"

"Yes, Jim," answered the sheriff, much astonished, as he had imagined the other far away at that moment. "You're going with me, I suppose," reaching for his pistol, only to find that it wasn't there.

"Sorry, sheriff," remarked Jim, "but I took your pistol with me. I thought I might need it. I imagined you'd want me to go along with you if you saw me," and he carelessly fingered the sheriff's weapon.

"Well, Jim, I've learned a lesson I'll never forget," returned the sheriff. "I took you for a man of your word."

"So I am, sometimes."

"Prove it then by coming back with me. I can then turn you over to the authorities, even if I can't return the bank's money."

"As to that money proposition," drawled Jim slowly, "I don't think you'll have to worry much over that," and he tossed a package of bills up to the sheriff. "I think you'll find the ten thousand dollars belonging to the bank in that package. If you wasn't in such a hole I'd have kept it."

"Where did you get it, Jim?" asked the sheriff.

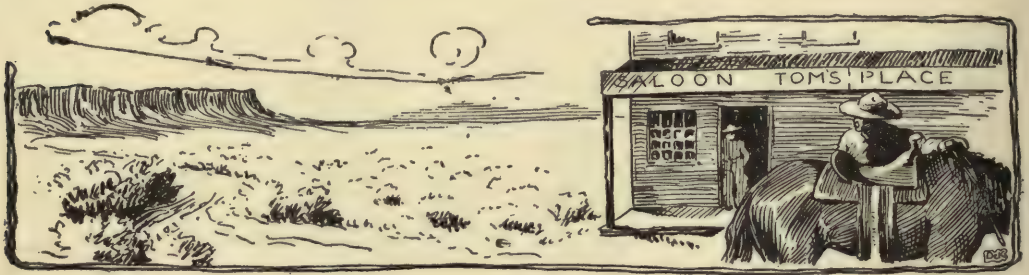
"Well, sheriff, after you got asleep last night, or this morning, I should say, I got to thinking. What was the good of me being a burglar and robber if I didn't ply my trade once in a while, especially when it would do you such a powerful sight of good. So I gets up, goes across the river and drew the money from the bank. In other words, I cracked the safe of the gambling joint. And you needn't think I didn't get a nice little sum for myself while I was on the job, for I did," tapping his breast pocket significantly. "Say, Sheriff, I don't think you'll find it hard to explain why

I didn't come back with you, will you?"

"Of course, I'll be sorry you got away, Jim," returned the sheriff, tears of joy glistening in his eyes as he grasped the other's outstretched hand, "but I couldn't take you back, not after what you've done for me. You've saved my home,

my job and everything I hold dear. Good-by, Jim, try and be good for awhile."

"It ain't in me, sheriff," returned Jim, as he started for the shelter of the trees. "Good-by, and good luck."



Morningside Park

By Margaret Jeanette Gates

*I can not tell why the poplars
Reminded me of her hair,
Except that the bright sun burnished them
In the sparkling winter air.*

*But some endeared reminder,
Some loveliness lingering high
Upon the Winter parkway
Where the sun's great Eastern eye.*

*Was shining in November,
Made me catch my breath and say,
"Lord send thy sun upon her
Wherever she is this day."*

Orange Blossoms

By Edward Jerome Bates

Drawings by Charles P. Austin

WE WERE picking on the old Turvey ranch near Del Rosa.

My partner was a new hand at the business; I could see that by the way he held his ring—the ring we measure the size of the lemon by before clipping. Then his gloves were too thin for the work and he plunged right into a tree, instead of worming in slow and easy-like.

“Been long in this country?” I asked.

“No,” he said, “only about two weeks. Do you know of any place where I can stay tonight?”

“Parson Willett will be glad to take you. He lives down there—you can see the house from your ladder when you finish up that tree.”

He wasn't quite ready for the top picking then—in fact, he was awfully slow at the game, though he tried hard enough to get all the lemons off the right size, as the boss told him to.

By and by, happening to glance up from my work, I saw a bloody and mangled face rise up above the horizon of the lemon trees—a light green sea flowing down the hillside, bordered by the dark olive of the orange orchard. It was the battle scared visage of the new picker and he wore an honorable scratch diagonally across his forehead, a great scar bisected his nose, and the lobe of one ear had been punctured and was bleeding freely.

“You can't learn to pick lemons by brute strength,” I advised. “It's a diplomatic job—just coax the fruit into

your hand until you catch on to the trick.”

“Those thorns are sharp,” he admitted. “How in the world do you get along so fast?”

“Oh, it's just the nack,” I said modestly, for I didn't want to discourage the fellow. “Don't make any abrupt movements, and when you put your arm into a tree, twist it around like a snake.”

“But my ring catches in the thorns,” he complained.

“Hold your ring in the palm of your hand,” I said. “You won't have to measure every lemon after you get your eyes adjusted to the size.”

We worked along for quite a spell in silence. Toward the end of the row, near Turvey's house, I caught sight of the fellow staring at the orange trees, his nostrils quivering like a blooded horse.

“Tired?” I asked.

“What's that odor?” he cried, fixing awe-struck eyes upon me.

I sniffed and sniffed, but didn't smell anything particularly offensive. “Maybe it's a dead gopher,” I ventured.

“No, no! that heavy sweet odor.”

“Why, it's the orange blossoms, man.”

“Orange blossoms,” he repeated, and the color slowly left his face, bringing the thorn-scars into full relief, like the red tracing of a new railroad on a clean map.

“Sure,” I said. “This is the only orchard hereabouts that blooms so early, and then only the lower end blossoms. It's a mighty sweet smell, heavy-like



"WHAT'S THAT ODOR," HE CRIED, FIXING HIS AWE-STRUCK EYES ON ME.

though and a little sickish when you're working in the lemons. There's nothing so delicate, to my notion, as the fragrance of lemon blossoms."

My partner went back to work like a man dazed. Soon I lost sight of him altogether, being half a dozen trees ahead, but I could follow his movements by watching the top of his ladder as it showed above the trees. Presently, feeling a little tired and being on day work anyway, I stopped a moment to take a drink from my canteen. The orchard

seemed strangely silent, so I walked back down the row and found where the man had been working, but no picker was in sight. Then I sat down and waited a bit, but nobody showed up. "Perhaps he went after water," I thought, and my own canteen being nearly empty, I went back and got it and short-cutted through the orange orchard, walking along the irrigation ditch where the ground was harder. I hadn't gone far when I caught the murmur of a voice. Thinking old Turvey was about, I crept

along quietly and located the sound. Someone was underneath one of the orange trees.

Lying flat upon my face, I saw a man kneeling in the midst of the fallen blossoms, which formed a thick, snowy carpet underneath the tree. At first I thought he was talking to some one, but listening found that he was praying.

"Oh my God!" he said. "I believe in Thee; do Thou strengthen my faith. All my hopes are in thee; do Thou secure them. Oh Father of light! send a beam of Thy light into my soul."

Then the man threw himself full

orange tree which melted my reserve. "Take off your hat to the fairy," I said.

"I've saluted seven times already."

"The fairy?" asked the man with a wan smile.

"It's merely a fancy of mine," I said. "You see, when a man is working alone—and that is generally the case during the last pickings of a grove—things get dreadfully monotonous, especially if the weather's hot. So as I go along, I make up fairy tales for my kiddie at home. I tell her every lemon tree has a fairy queen, and back of every thorn is a little sprite, and the sprites belonging to



LYING FLAT ON MY FACE, I SAW A MAN KNEELING IN THE MIDST OF THE FALLEN BLOSSOMS.

length among the fallen blossoms and sobbed and sobbed, and the bees hummed and circled over the bloody face of my picking partner.

You bet I got away as quickly as I could and back to work. Then, when I felt sure my companion had returned, I sauntered down the row and came up with him just as his hat fell from his head, lifted off by a sportive thorn.

I don't know why I began talking as I did, but perhaps it was the sight of a strong man bowed in agony under the

each tree are jealous of their own particular queen, and they try to make human beings bow their heads by prodding their hats off, and when the hats won't come off they stick the flesh for punishment. It's pure nonsense of course, but when a man's fresh, in the early morning, there's quite a bit of poetry in a lemon tree when you worm yourself inside and the outer world is shut out. The delicate green of the foliage reflects the light in soft shades and the yellow of the fruit harmonizes



I CAUGHT SIGHT OF THIS MAN'S WIFE AS SHE LEFT THE BACK DOOR
TO GATHER AN ARMPFUL OF WOOD.

and blends with the green sheen. It's just like those old Humpty Dumpty pantomines I used to see as a kid, when they raised the gauze on the stage in the transformation scene, and all the lights wore a mysterious green.

I am ashamed to think I talked this way to a stranger, but the man seemed to understand me perfectly and entered right into my mood.

"And who inhabits the orange trees?" he asked.

I was a little startled, thinking he might have heard me when he was praying, but a glance at his face was sufficient, for there was a holy light in that man's eyes.

"Oh, the orange trees," I said, they're masculine. That dark, heavy foliage and the rich golden globes—that's opulence. I think of kings and the Arabian Nights—that is when I'm on day work. Working by the box, it's just snip, snip and get all the oranges you can."

Then old Turvey came along, and prevented further conversation. He didn't say anything about the new man's work, for white pickers were rather scarce at the time, but he told me to switch on to the other row occasionally so as to keep even with my partner. A green hand loses heart, or loafs, when he's left alone to pick lemons.

At the noon whistle, my partner hauls out of his jeans an elegant gold watch, and as he opened it I caught sight of a woman's picture pasted in the inside cover. The man gazed at it as if he had never seen it before and then showed it to me. "Do you know any one whom it resembles?" he asked.

The face did seem familiar, but as I couldn't remember clearly where I had seen the woman, I shook my head.

We crawled under an orange tree to eat our lunch, being close to the end of the row of lemons, and then after our first cravings of hunger were satisfied, the man told his story.

"My name is Cloud," he said. "I had a good job in the east and a sweet little woman loved me. We were married one lovely summer's day. Then the baby came—a girl. We both worshipped our Lavia, and when the blow descended

I think the strain was too much for the mother. We lost our baby, and my poor wife brooded and brooded. Many a time I came home from work and found her cuddling one of the child's shoes in her arms and crying over it. My wife grew no better and finally became jealous of me, and fed by false reports, believed I was untrue to her. One day she disappeared. After many weary months of waiting, I discovered by chance that she was in California—among the oranges. I have been searching for her everywhere, all through this valley. Every day the circle of available territory grows smaller and I haven't found a trace of her yet. In her message she spoke of orange groves, and I believe she is somewhere near here, for she was passionately fond of the blossoms. On our wedding day we bought one of those small boxes containing orange blossoms, which are sold in the east, and that was her dearest treasure on that day of days."

I did not break into the narrative, nor had I anything to say when he paused in his recital. My brain had been busy at work, however, and I believed I had seen the woman of the watchcase at the De la Rosa church. Even so, she might have left this district, and I didn't want to conjure up any false hopes.

Suddenly a tear splashed right onto the sandwich Cloud was eating. I remember how queer it looked, running off the side of an oily sardine, but I didn't laugh, I just ate grub.

A gust of wind from the southwest came piping along, bending the blue gums, ruffling up the pepper trees, and sending a little shower of orange blossoms drifting down upon the unhappy man at my side. He looked up as though he had received an answer from the Most High, and I hurried away to refill the canteens.

It was along about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we were once more drawing near the Turvey house, that I espied a bundle lying in the top crotch of a tree in the next row. Perhaps if it had been in the morning when a man is fresh, I wouldn't have paid any attention to it, for trees near a dwelling-house are used for all sorts of purposes. But

in the middle of the afternoon on a hot day even an old picker likes to relax—especially on day work—so I seized the opportunity for a letup and put my ladder up against the tree and examined the bundle. I think my face must have turned white, or something else unusual arrested Cloud's attention, for ere I could replace the thing in the tree, he was at the foot of the ladder.

"What is it?" he asked, and his voice sent a cold shiver up my spine.

"Oh, nothing—" I began, but my will went to wax in the light of that man's eyes, and I silently handed him the package. It was a baby's shoe buried in a nest of orange blossoms.

I didn't know what to say or do, but from my position on the ladder I caught sight of this man's wife, as she left the back door of the dwelling house, to gather an armful of wood. My memory was clear now—the lady was working as a domestic for the rich old miser, Turvey.

Cloud simply gave one look at the shoe and started on a run for the house. I couldn't see what followed, for a tree was in the way, but I do know that the

ladder broke under my squirming and I fell to the ground, receiving the full broadside of all the thorns on the shady side of that darned old lemon tree.

They were married a week later—for it seemed the lady had a delusion that she had been morally divorced from her husband—and Parson Willett read the service under the biggest orange tree in the orchard, which had been freshly pruned for the occasion. They stood in a bell of royal green, and the orange blossoms, just floated downward like the paper snow in a theater, the white petals gleaming like creamy stars in the dark hair of the bride, which hung to her waist after the fashion of a little child.

"It's Levia," cried the lady, looking up into the tree, and although I know it was merely the wind shaking the branches which made the blossoms fall, I didn't say anything. The parson—well, he pretended to examine the new crop of green lemons in the next grove, but his eyes were red with weeping when he finally wished the couple "God Speed!" as they took their departure for the east.



Hints for Home-Making



SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE
GATHERED FROM MANY SOURCES



It is not many years since the digestive process was looked upon as comparatively simple. Starch food was partially changed by saliva and the process finished in the intestine. Meat and vegetable food was chiefly dealt with by the stomach, assisted to some extent by the action of the pancreatic juice and bile. From the pharmacological standpoint, the matter was equally simple; hydrochloric acid, pepsin and pancreatin aided digestion, and it was believed that if the bodily organs were indisposed these substances could very well carry on the digestive functions. This teaching says a writer in the *Diabetic and Hygienic Gazette* has been so amplified that the digestive process, as now interpreted by medical science, is so complex that a description thereof is both lengthy and technical. Suffice to say that the significant thing in all these later discoveries is the close interrelation of all the digestive organs, the interdependence not only of organs but of enzymes, and finally their integration and control by the nervous system. Finally, the psychical side of the problem looms in importance, which means that enjoyment through sight, smell, and taste are not to be neglected if digestion is to reach its acme. The stomach and digestive tract generally are not at fault for the majority of digestive disturbances, which must be attributed to troubles elsewhere. It is therefore quite possible that our newer knowledge may lead to some better form of medication than our crude methods of the present time. The psychical element is said now

to be of such importance in the promotion of good digestion that even persons sick with fever should be given an appetizing and generous diet. The main point to be grasped, however, is that any trouble, affecting the body in any part or the mind will injuriously affect the digestion, and that a liking for a particular food tends to help digestion.



One of the most serious problems before the housekeeper is the daily disposal of the household waste says a writer in *Household Efficiency*. This waste includes wrappings and other loose paper, twine, dust, sweepings, the dust collected by the vacuum cleaner, and the most troublesome of all, the garbage from the kitchen. All of this material is troublesome to store and must be, sooner or later, sent out of the house. The garbage cannot be kept in the house more than a few hours and should not be kept one minute longer than is possible, for it is offensive and exceedingly dangerous by reason of the presence of flies.

The Housekeeping Experiment Station has received a great many letters asking advice as to the best way to dispose of kitchen waste in city homes. It is not enough that the city collector take it away every day. The trouble is that it must be kept in the house at all. To answer these letters the Station has recently made a careful examination of a new household appliance for the rapid and complete destruction of every kind of kitchen waste above mentioned.

The appliance is designed to burn

the waste by means of a very powerful gas fire in a stove that is insulated as thoroughly as a first rate fireless cook stove. In appearance it resembles a neat and well designed parlor stove connected by a sheet metal smoke pipe with the chimney. In building a house it is quite possible to place the stove in the wall or chimney breast, only the front of the stove showing in the kitchen or other room in which it may be placed.



The loss of food value in boiling is much larger than is commonly supposed, says Charles Barnard the food expert. This loss can be largely prevented by using a different method of cooking with boiling water. Boiling has one economic value that must be considered. It is easy to raise a quart of water to 212 Fahr. on any gas stove, and when the water boils the gas can be turned down to reduce the amount of fuel burned and yet maintain the water at the boiling point. This is the first economy and there are others to follow.

Water when boiling is at a good cooking temperature. The steam that rises from the water is also at a good cooking temperature. Here appears a new economy in fuel. One burner of a gas stove may cause a quart of water to give a continuous supply of live steam for so many minutes, and this steam may be conveyed to another utensil containing four or more different foods and there used to cook these foods, precisely as if cooked in the boiling water itself. Moreover, the cooking will be completed before the quart of water can boil away. Here is a real economy for only enough gas is burned to just boil one quart and no more. Contrast this with the common method where four foods are boiled in four quarts of water in four utensils over four burners. A more inefficient method of cooking would be difficult to find, and yet it is the common kitchen practice in millions of our homes.

At the Station a large part of all the cooking is done by steam in utensil of high efficiency. A good type of steam cooker consists of a water pan four inches deep and ten wide. In this is placed

hot water drawn from the hot water pipe of the sink, because it is much cheaper to raise water to 140 by a special water heater in the cellar than to raise cold water at 50 to 140 by gas. The water is to be used to make steam, or raised to 212 and in one way the water must be raised in temperature 162 degrees and in the other only 72 degrees. Here is another economy. Small? Yes, but when water must be raised to 212 over ten hundred times in a year, small leaks may put the family in hot water at the end of the year. A real efficiency is based on small things and is itself a very great thing. Note the wide shallow pan. It covers the whole of the flame of the gas burner and collects nearly all its heat. Only an inch of water is used in the pan—forming a thin sheet exposed everywhere to the heat and quickly giving a great quantity of new steam. Again, a refinement of economy that makes for efficiency.



Now that fashions in hairdressing are turning toward curls and puffs and other elaborations, away from plain styles, there are several novel and pretty modes that deserve attention. That which is pretty for the blonde may not look as well on the brunette. For blondes, fluffy curls, and much elaboration may be indulged in. Brunettes find smooth masses of glossy hair and stately styles more advantageous in caring for their "crowning glory."

The blonde-haired may select for themselves the new curled fringe about the face, with curls bound down with band of net to the forehead, says the Women's Work. The curls follow the contour of the head to the eyebrows and are left free over the ears. This arrangement requires considerable hair parted off across the top of the head and combined forward. It is trimmed in a fringe, long enough to curl and still cover the forehead.

In this coiffure the back hair is parted into four strands and each strand twisted into a long coil. They are arranged across the back of the head in parallel rows, or coiled about the crown in a large flat chignon. Large, flat braids, arranged in

the same way across the back of the head are fashionable and pretty. This back arrangement is effective for dark hair also, but the curled fringe about the face is not usually becoming to the brunette.

As a rule those who possess an abundance of black hair will find high hairdress more becoming than any other. The small pompadour is usually the best selection for the dark haired, or hair parted either at the middle or to one side and combed into glossy modulations. If not naturally wavy it must be curled with an iron or waved on kid rollers. Short, slight fringes over the temples and little curls or ringlets about the neck dispose of the short "scolding locks," which give more trouble than any other portion of the hair. Barettes and bands of velvet, or other ribbon, hold these tray locks in place. Invisible hair nets, if properly adjusted, are a great help toward neatness, and neat effects are those to be chosen for masses of dark hair.



Paradise in black, white, natural and colors leads for the large flat hat, of which quite a few are being shown. Gaura is taking the place of aigrettes for the stiffer arrangements and sweeping pheasant tails are being caught against the upturned brim of the cavalier hat.

It comes as welcome news that a number of flower trimmed hats are also being purchased these days, the preference being for gardenias, on black velvet or dark colored hats, and for large velvet roses and poppies. Apropos of this, such flowers are used also on evening dresses to quite an extent, one or two roses of exaggerated size being introduced adjacent to the waist line. Deep rich reds are the most effective, some of these are on the mahogany shades. Vivid purple roses are also used and lend a stunning splash of color to a dark or indefinitely colored gown. Naturally, the hat must carry out this keynote of color as much as the accessories, notably the elaborate bags that are now

being dangled from exaggeratedly long cords or chains, which are usually of dull gold.

While in all branches of the sartorial world gold is much in evidence it is either so dull or else veiled with chiffon or net so that the effect is not at all garish. As we know, gold lace appears on many lovely hats, particularly those which are fur trimmed, and these are legion. The furs being prepared for wear this winter are nothing short of gorgeous and will increase the price of milady's wardrobe considerably, for the proper effect can be only procured by the use of the softest pelts. The all-fur hat is not as smart as in former seasons but there are stunning ways of utilizing bands and there are also many fur crowns in the limelight, moleskin is considered very smart, as is also civet-cat, sealskin, sable, raccoon, pointed fox and lynx. It is a newer idea to have the entire crown of fur rather than having a band encircling it or the brim edge bound with fur. Of course both these ideas are used as well, but the draped brim, fur crown turban is really newer. Such pelts as mole, for instance, make charming close-fitting bonnet brims. Mole is used for fur sets, for coats and for trimming, as is also tiger skin, which is also effective for millinery.

During the morning and early afternoon sessions smart tailored hats are in better taste and some exhibitors wear severe hats in the ring in preference to more elaborate millinery. While there are many small hats, principally pokes, being ordered, the preference is for large and not conspicuously high ones.

Black and white hats are very smart. The smaller hats are rather more gay in coloring, many having rococo and watteau colorings and highly colored ostrich tips. The latter is true of course of some large hats as well. Of the vast amount of ostrich used, the larger part is colored; this applies to curled as well as to uncurled goods, and it is the latter that trim the greatest number of smart hats.

(Continued from Page 4)

the other outlandish toggery and made him a lion.

■ Joaquin Miller was born in Indiana in 1841. His early life was spent with the Indians and pioneers of California and part of his young manhood in a picturesque campaign with Walker in Central America and from these experiences accrue a simplicity and virility in his writings, a strength and a power which can be felt but not analyzed. Although Joaquin Miller has written six volumes of poems and as many lengthy novels his fame would rest on any one of a few poems like his "Columbus" or "The Passing of Tennyson," of which latter poem Ambrose Bierce, whose brilliant, trenchant pen was not given to over-praise, said that he, Bierce, would stake all of his reputation as a literary critic that not in all the works of the poets named in Miller's lines—Browning, Lowell, Whitman, Whittier, Tennyson—would there be found anything nobler, "larger or of more purely poetic conception, than this poem "done in the light and fire of a splendid spontaneity."

The Passing of Tennyson

We knew it as God's prophets knew;
We knew it as mute red men know,
When Mars leapt searching heaven
through

With flaming torch that he must go.
Then Browning, he who knew the stars,
Stood forth and faced the insatiate Mars.

Then up from Cambridge rose and
turned

Sweet Lowell from his Druid trees—
Turned where the great star blazed and
burned,

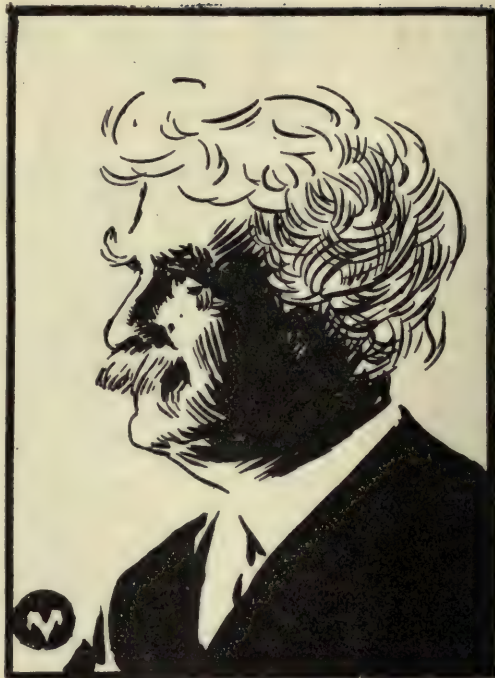
As if his own soul might appease.
Yet on and on, through all the stars,
Still searched and searched insatiate
Mars.

Then staunch Walt Whitman saw and
knew;

Forgetful of his "Leaves of Grass,"
He heard his "Drum Taps," and God drew
His Great Soul through the shining pass,
Made light, made bright by burnished
stars,

Made scintillant from shining Mars.

Then soft-voiced Whittier was heard
To cease; was heard to sing no more;
As you have heard some sweetest bird



Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain)

The more because the song is o'er.
Yet brighter up the street of stars
Still blazed and burned and beckoned
Mars.

And then the king came; king of thought,
King David with his harp and crown...
How wisely well the gods had wrought
That these had gone and sat them down
To wait and welcome 'mid the stars
All silent in the sight of Mars.

All silent...So he lies in state...
Our redwoods drip and drip with rain...
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
We hear the great sad sobbing main.
But silent all...He walked the stars
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Other writers who later flocked to the Overland were Edwin Markham, Edward Roland Sill, Ambrose Bierce, John Vance Cheney and a long line of lesser lights whose magnitude has not yet become fixed in the literary firmament.

After the Overland School came the Argonauts in 1877. Although the list of contributors to the Argonaut are columns and columns long, outside of the reputations already established

through the pages of the *Overland*, there are very few names which have gained any permanent prominence. Its first editor has become an unique and picturesque figure in the literary annals and the history of California and of him and his journal it has been said "The *Argonaut* is one of the ablest journals, whether in a literary sense or otherwise, published in the English language in this country. Certainly among all those published on the Pacific Coast none can be referred to whose editorials are so widely read, quoted from and commended as models of English composition and style as those which have appeared in its columns from the brain of Frank M. Pixley. And of its general makeup and contents Ella Sterling Cummins has said: "Vigorous and strong is the English, vivid, terse and epigrammatic the style, original and weird the plots of the stories to be found in the columns of its files. Many of them have made sensations and been the chief topics of the day, afterwards to be copied in Eastern journals and travel the world over in translated form of other languages." Some of the notable names which have outlived the ephemeral fame of those earlier days are Gertrude Atherton, Geraldine Bonner, Robert J. Burdette, Margaret Collier Graham, Francis Bailey Millard and W. C. Morrow all of whom are listed as contributors to that journal, yet none of whose lasting fame has been made by it. Probably the greatest genius who was introduced through the pages of the *Argonaut* was Richard Realf, an Englishman who came to America shortly before the civil war, served with honorable distinction on the staff of General John F. Miller, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. There were many romantic tales told of Realf. One that he had been spurned by a lady of high rank to whose hand he aspired, that a long illness had ensued on her refusal of him and that after nearly dying of love for her he had come to America to try to forget. Another that he was the natural son of Lord Byron, and there were those who claimed to find a physical resemblance to the English poet. But whatever proportion of fact and fancy were in these stories it is well authenticated that after com-

ing to this country he was a brave soldier, a devoted son, a loyal brother and a tender husband and father. From an early, unfortunate marriage he had gotten legal freedom, or he believed that he had, and had remarried, and besides his wife and child he had an aged mother and father, a widowed sister with several children, a paralytic brother and a married sister with an unsuccessful husband and four children, all dependent, or partially so, on him. Weighted by this unprecedented burden he was still cheerful and in a letter to a friend said: "Don't you think my work, even if it is hard and wearisome, is lifted out of drudgery by love?" But added to this already heavy load came the serious illness of his wife whom he nursed tenderly for months, and then the peculiar eye affliction of his little son which malady he himself contracted, becoming almost blind so that he was compelled to go to a hospital. After that he got the means in some way to get to the Pacific Coast, and gained instant recognition through the *Argonaut* and other San Francisco papers. His child had recovered, the health of his wife was improving and life had just begun to emerge from under the cloud that had so long hung over it when his relentless Nemesis, his first wife, appeared and claimed that she had gotten a rehearing of the divorce and had had the decree set aside, and threatened to proclaim him a bigamist. The thought of the dishonor that would come to his wife and child and scorn that would be heaped upon him by those who were then his friends was more than he could bear and he died by his own hand. The day before his death he wrote a poem which has some lines of as epic grandeur as anything in the language. A Persian proverb, one of Saadi's sayings is: "When a man washes his hands of life he may utter whatsoever is in his heart." Realf had "washed his hands of life" and in his own soul passing judgement on itself there was no vanity or conceit when he said:

"Let it then be said

By some one brave enough to tell the truth:

Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth

To his bleak, desolate noon with sword
and song
And speech that rushed up hotly from
the heart,
He wrought for liberty, till his own
wound
(He had been stabbed) concealed by
painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him and
he swooned
And sank there where you see him now
With that word "Failure" written on his
brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors, and world's plaudits, and
the wage
Of the world's deft lackeys, still his lips
were kissed

Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing—and a burthen lay
Mightily upon him and he moaned be-
cause

He could not utter rightly in the day
What God taught him in the night.——

Fifteen years after Realf's tragic
death his poems were collected and
published and probably fifty years from
now they will be more widely read and
more thoroughly appreciated.

Like a bright rosy mist that gleams
so beautiful at dawn and then drifts
out into a great, grey sea of clouds and
is lost throughout the day, returning
at evening to be made more brilliant and

resplendent still by the sun's last radiance
on it, so was the life of Charles Warren
Stoddard whose beautiful verse made
rosy the dawn of California's first liter-
ary period. So he too drifted out into
a great grey, prosaic professional world,
where from 1876 to 1905 he scarcely
wrote a line of poetry (although he did
write much exquisite prose) but in 1905
he heard the call of California and broken
in spirit and troubled in heart he came
back to find rest. But no sooner had his
feet touched the old time soil than all
the old vigor of his youth returned, the
spirit of prophecy, of poesy was upon
him and he wrote that masterful poem
"The Bells of San Gabriel" which at once
put to silence the whispers of some of his
enemies that his mind was failing. It
was the writer's privilege to hear the
poem read before it had ever been sub-
mitted to a publisher. Mr. Stoddard
sent the original manuscript to his
friend George Wharton James of Pasa-
dena and Mr. James read it one even-
ing to a little circle of friends, and com-
menting on the story circulated about
Mr. Stoddard's failing powers Mr. James
said: "If these be the lines of madness,
God send us more madmen." A short
time after that it was published in the
Sunset Magazine where it called forth
wide-spread commendatory comment.
Only a few months later Charles Warren
Stoddard passed into the presence of
Gabriel the Archangel of whose bells
he had written so beautifully.



La Benediccion de Los Animales

By Ida C. Coburn



One of the strangest and most interesting religious ceremonies I have ever witnessed, came under my notice at Cuernavaca, capital of the state of Morelos, Mexico. It is called "The Benediction of Animals," and commemorates an epoch in the life of San Antonio Abad, who, according to religious records lived a godly life as a hermit in Upper Egypt, in the earliest days of the Roman Catholic faith. In his years of solitude and prayer, with only birds and beasts for companions, he studied the lives of these innocent creatures and became strongly attached to them, so that when the order of priesthood was conferred upon him, and he felt it his duty to not only live a righteous life himself, but to instruct and uplift others in this belief, he was loath to leave his companions of mountain and air, so he called them together and blessed them; and so it is unto this day that Saint Antonio is revered as the patron saint of all animals. The benediction is believed to be a safeguard to animals against epidemic disease and to insure a prolific and healthy propagation.

The seventeenth day of January of each year is set apart for this beautiful ceremony, unless Sunday falls upon that date when another is appointed by the priest. So on the seventeenth of January in the spacious grounds surrounding the great and famous Cortez Cathedral were gathered together animals (in custody of their owners) of every domes-

tic species, which included horses, dogs, cats, cows, burros, chickens, pigs, goats, birds of every breed and every size. These animals were decorated in any and every way that suited the taste or means of their owners, and presented a view that outrivalled a California Flower Carnival.

A young bull, a magnificent specimen of his kind was adorned with a garland of natural flowers around his neck, a mirror between his horns, and a posy on his tail. He was led by the *mozo* (man-servant) of his owner and was as gentle as the many little lambs that were brought for the benediction. He looked unfrightened with his wonderfully beautiful eyes upon the glittering multitude of many colors, and listened with equanimity to the conglomeration of sounds composed of the barking of dogs, grunting of pigs, cackling and crowing of chickens, bleating of lambs, and all other sounds which proceed from feather and hoof, mingled with that of the genus homo.

A most agreeable contrast surely—a bull in a churchyard receiving a blessing with holy water before the portals of a great Cathedral by a priest in holy garb—to the nauseating one of a bull fight. Of the two extremes, who but a fiend could but choose the benediction for his fellow creatures, since a "righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

The little lambs, some white and some black were variously decorated in colors

best suited to their complexions, the black ones completely covered with confetti, the white ones—some with pink and some with blue ribbons, and others with strands of beads around their necks. Many were painted, as were also dogs, cats, rabbits and chickens, in all colors and designs. Old hens with gilded bills and great bows of red ribbon tied to their wings and tails cast challenging glances at each other not unlike their human sisters. All of these creatures were either loose or tied only with a slender cord. Pigeons and doves rested upon the shoulders of their owners, hens in arms with broods of little chicks upon their backs, sleeping puppies in arms, the mother parent watching contentedly by the side of her mistress. Peace supreme reigned in this congregation where discord and battle would naturally be expected.

Man who for ages back has broken the seventh commandment in trying to drive, drag, or coax the hog a distance of two feet, should witness this creature led by a cord such as grocers use, and upon this occasion his back loaded with the beautiful purple Bougainvillia which grows so profusely in Cuernavaca, walking peacefully and happily beside his greatest enemy, the dog.

The little burro on this holiest of holy days for our dumb friends, is relieved of his over heavy burden, his little hoofs ornamented with gilt, bows of ribbon tied to his tail, wreathes of flowers around his neck.

As we stood waiting under the wide spreading branches of the huge Amate tree in one corner of the church yard, the heavy iron-studded portal of the Cathedral swung open and the priest in the full dress of his order, appeared upon the threshold, stoup and sprinkler in hand. A hush fell upon the multitude that moved with as little confusion as a trained regiment of soldiers, before the priest with their various small animals held high above their heads for the benediction, which the priest gave by sprinkling them with holy water, after which they passed on to make room for others. Two fine horses belonging to Governor Manuel Alarcon led by a *mozo* were in the curious procession side by side with the scraggy and overworked little burro, the sole support of his half naked master at his side, for no distinction is made at the altars between persons or their beasts in this sincere religion.

As may be seen, not only the lowly, poor and ignorant from whose eyes the hand of science and education has not lifted the veil of superstition, but all of the Catholic faith, from the governor of the state to the humblest owner of a dog or cat takes his beast and bird to receive blessing.

Many foreigners who witnessed this scene laughed in ridicule, while the faces of a few reflected the joy of the believers. Let us hope that blessed are they who believe in the protection and care of our dumb animals.





Inspired News

By Shandeigh Gaff.

It is stated quite frankly and free—

*From the packers' attorneys we learn it—
That their business is such, they cannot make much,
In fact they conduct it as sweet charity;
And as for plain money—they spurn it.*

*“ One dollar and fifty per steer
Comes the steer from their personal counsel
Is all they can squeeze, from the hide, horns and knees
In fact all they get is benevolent cheer
The consumer gets his—in the tonsil.*

*“ High prices” are simply absurd
The “ Beef Trust” is really hilarity
These doubting detractors, who abuse benefactors
It's hard to believe. It IS, truly. My word!
Dear consumer, it's surely not charity.*

*Please exercise kindness and care
Be cautious lest you should misjudge 'em
Think how little they make, when you're eating your steak
And thoughtfully choke, when you're tempted to swear
“ One fifty” how could you begrudge 'em?*



A Few California Statistics

ORCHARD PRODUCTS

	Value	
Fresh deciduous fruits.....	\$ 15,479,400	
Citrus fruits.....	32,790,000	
Dried fruits, including prunes.....	17,793,000	
Canned fruits.....	10,000,000	
Olives and olive oil.....	2,200,000	
Nuts.....	3,375,000	
		\$81,637,400

VINEYARD PRODUCTS

Table grapes.....	\$ 4,452,200	
Raisins.....	4,640,000	
Wine and brandy.....	25,500,000	
		\$34,592,200

GARDEN PRODUCTS

Fresh.....	\$ 5,775,000	
Canned.....	4,500,000	
		\$10,275,000
Dairy products.....	28,259,909	
Poultry products.....	16,790,000	
Honey, wax, etc.....	910,000	
		\$17,700,000

FARM PRODUCTS

Barley.....	\$ 23,870,000	
Wheat.....	16,074,000	
Oats.....	4,162,000	
Corn.....	1,470,000	
Rye and other grains.....	1,200,000	
		\$46,776,000
Grain hay, grass hay and alfalfa.....	36,148,000	
Hops.....	1,635,645	
Sugar beets.....	4,496,490	
		\$6,132,135

OTHER FIELD CROPS

Potatoes.....	\$ 6,840,000	
Potatoes, sweet.....	420,000	
Beans.....	9,836,000	
Onions.....	3,428,000	
Seeds, etc.....	2,265,000	
Kaffir corn, broom corn, etc.....	400,000	
Melons.....	1,650,000	
		\$24,839,000

FISH AND GAME \$ 5,000,000

FOREST PRODUCTS

Lumber.....	\$ 18,050,000	
Shingles, shakes, laths, etc.....	1,800,000	
Ties, tan bark.....	2,250,000	
Poles, piles, mine timbers, staves.....	2,000,000	
Cordwood, wood pulp, extract, etc.....	5,700,000	
		\$29,800,000

PETROLEUM..... \$ 45,000,000

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AND INDIAN CURIOS AT WHOLESALE

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BABY'S TEETH

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The

"Theosophical Path"

[UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL]

Edited by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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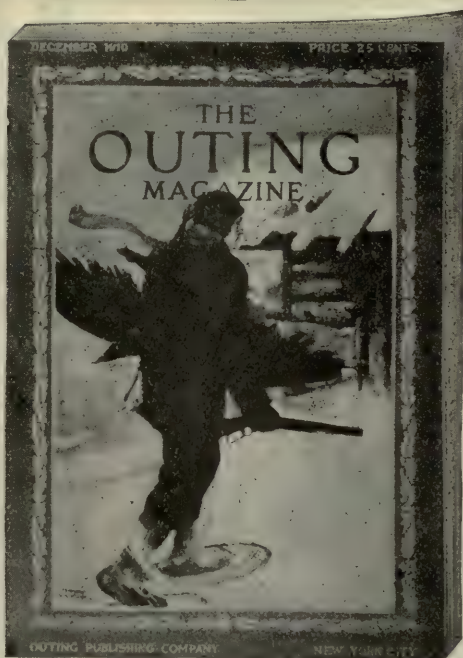
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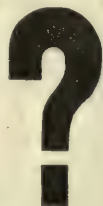
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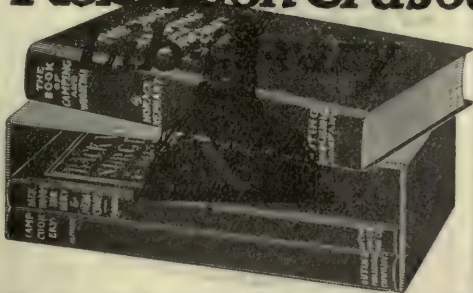
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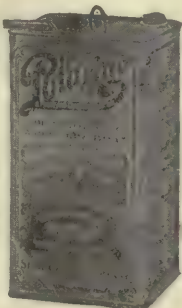
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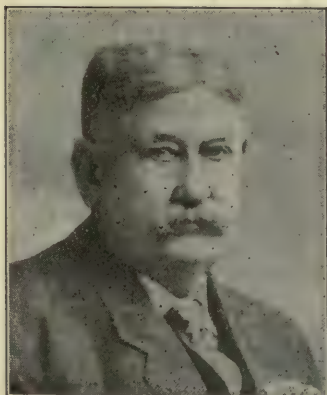
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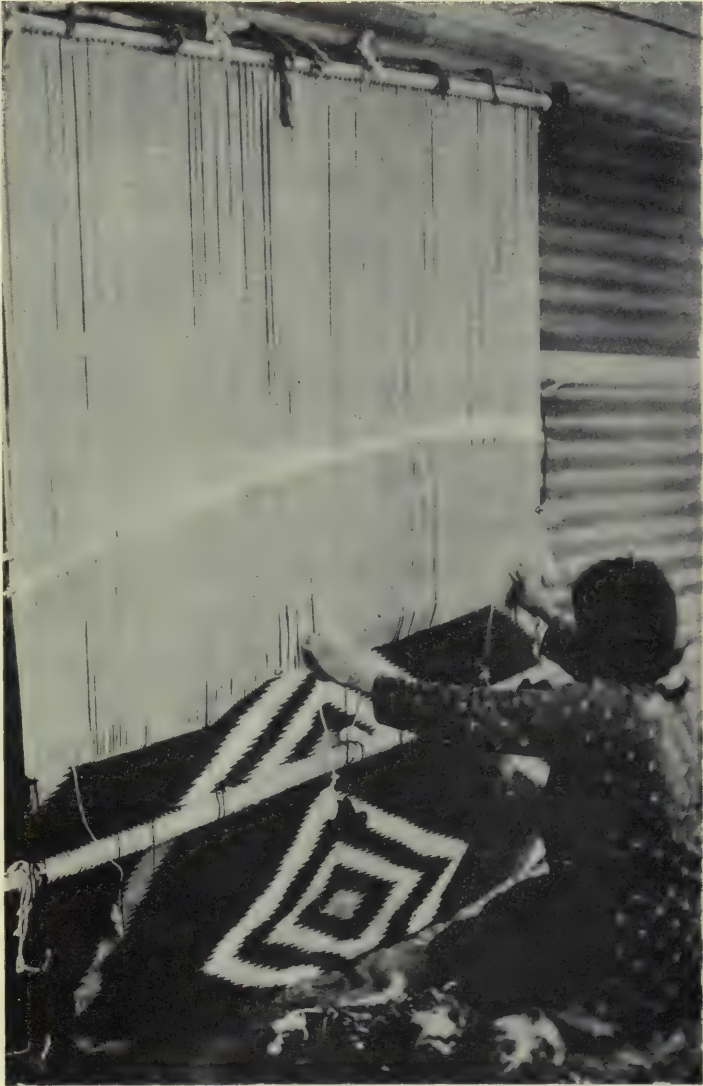
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LAND O' HEART'S CONTENT

By Jessie Davies Willdy

IT LIES BESIDE the sparkling, brilliant, blue Pacific seas, where wafts from Orient lands bear inland, mingling with the scent of sweetest roses, blooming perpetually and in greatest profusion; where the soft whispers of beautiful tropical palms sound a rhythmic refrain to the deep music of the towering redwoods; where the fragrant snows of orange bloom drift downward, within the blue shadows of far eternal snow-peaks of the mountains.

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Navajo Blanket Weaver at Work.

OUT WEST

FEBRUARY

1912

Bedouins of the Southwest

By John L. Cowan

OF ALL PRODUCTS of aboriginal art and industry, the only one that has won for itself an enduring place in modern civilized life is the Navajo blanket. Specimens of the pottery of the Pueblos and of the basketry of various tribes are sought by collectors, and are prized either for their beauty or for their oddity, or merely for sentimental reasons as examples of the handiwork of a vanishing race; but the blankets woven by the desert squaws are valued for their beauty, for their utility and for their unique character as specimens of aboriginal workmanship.

■ In recognition of the fact that the Navajo blanket has created its own field, which never can be filled by the products of the power looms of civilization, the Government is desirous of lending every possible aid and encouragement to the tribespeople to the end that the industry may be developed to its greatest possible perfection. For example, the introduction of improved breeds of sheep, to take the place of the mongrels commonly reared by the Navajos, will result in a large increase in the production of wool. The wool will be of much finer texture, and the quality of the blankets will be correspondingly improved. Cheap and inferior coal tar dyes are often employed, so that even the purchasers of high-priced blankets cannot be sure of the unfading permanence of the colors. Sometimes

(but not often) the weavers copy or adapt designs seen on fabrics in the traders' stores; and often, in their desire to satisfy some traders' demand for something cheap, the squaws produce loosely woven blankets, made of insufficiently twisted yarn. If Government officials can check these tendencies towards deterioration, encourage the squaws to use only aboriginal patterns and permanent dyes, and teach them that quality is vastly more important than quantity, this manual industry may grow to very large proportions. However, the reservation traders, who buy the major part of the product of the squaw's labor, really hold the key to the situation. It is a reassuring fact that the most of these are using their influence to encourage the weavers to produce the best and most perfect blankets they know how.

Exact statistics of the number and value of the blankets woven by the Navajos are unobtainable. The leading trader on the reservation has bought from the tribespeople blankets to the value of \$50,000 in a single year. The estimate has been made that the total value of blankets woven and sold by the members of this tribe each year approximates half a million dollars. This is really an astonishing showing, in an industry representing the manual labor of the squaws of a single aboriginal tribe.



Fake Squaws but genuine "Navajos"

Although the Navajo braves give little or no assistance to their wives in this most important industry of the tribe, this is not because they are really lazy. To engage in the domestic industries of the squaws is considered derogatory to the dignity of warriors. The Navajo braves have been employed to a large extent in railroad construction and repair work, in the digging of irrigation ditches, at farm labor, and in the sugar beet fields of Colorado, and have proven their ability and their willingness to give a good account of themselves at the most laborious tasks. If they can be convinced that, inasmuch as the trade of the warrior is forever gone, there is nothing discreditable or disgraceful in lending a helping hand in the pursuits assigned to the squaws in the fighting days of the tribe, the future holds great promise for the Navajos. If the men could be induced to bear their share of the burden in the industries of sheep herding and blanket weaving, it

is believed that the earnings of each family could be made to average at least \$500 annually. That is more than the average earnings of white families throughout the country. To the Navajos, whose wants are few and easily supplied, it would mean industrial independence and comparative affluence.

The Navajo reservation contains 7,680,000 acres of land, in Northwestern New Mexico and Northeastern Arizona, being the largest Indian reservation in the United States. Yet the tribespeople pay little or no attention to reservation boundaries. In addition to their own lands, they occupy the major part of the Hopi reservation, a large area of southern Utah, and the public lands and railroad lands of New Mexico and Arizona as far south as the Zuni reservation. They are scattered over an area almost as large as the state of Pennsylvania.

The Navajos do not dwell in fixed and permanent habitations, like their nearest aboriginal neighbors, the Pueblos.

Neither are they true nomads, wandering aimlessly from place to place. Rather are they the Bedouins of the American desert, moving when necessary to obtain better pasturage or a more abundant water supply for their flocks and herds.

Owing, perhaps, to their pastoral vocation, the Navajos are the least gregarious of American aborigines, never forming compact villages, or congregating in thickly settled communities. It may happen that a canyon having an abundant water supply will contain a score or half a hundred hogans (as their rude

huts are called); but this is for the sake of the water, not for companionship. The average annual rainfall, in parts of the Navajo country, is not more than 10 inches, and nowhere exceeds 15 inches, so that the vegetation is everywhere scanty. It is estimated that from five to six acres of land are necessary to the support of each Navajo sheep. So the flocks are always on the move, and the family moves with them. In the summer months, rude "summer hogans" are constructed, consisting merely of an enclosure of brush or any other material



Navajo Blankets in natural wool; colors—black, white and gray



Visitors to a Hogan

that may be at hand. Such temporary habitations may be abandoned at any moment without regret. As winter draws near, the flocks are driven towards sheltered canyons, giving some protection from the chilling blasts that sweep the half-desert in these high altitudes. Here the winter hogan is built, circular in form, constructed of logs and the limbs of trees, banked and covered with earth with a doorway opening towards the East, and a smoke vent in the roof. The same winter logan may or may not be occupied by the same family year after year; but in either case the summer journeyings may extend over hundreds of miles. In spite of this semi-nomadic manner of life, a little agriculture is practiced, confined mainly to the planting and harvesting of corn and beans.

In all the family's wanderings, the loom and distaff are carried along, and are brought into use at every camping place. The Navajo loom is so crude and primitive that no one but a barbarian would attempt its manipulation. It con-

sists essentially of two frames, the warp frame and the main frame. The warp frame is made of four sticks lashed together so as to form an oblong. The warp is wound upon it from top to bottom, the threads crossing in the center. The main frame is made by planting two posts upright in the ground. In lieu of posts, two desert cedars, growing conveniently close together, are often employed. Two cross beams are lashed to these uprights, one forming the top and the other the bottom of the main frame. A movable pole is tied to the upper cross beam, in such a manner that it can easily be either raised or lowered, in order to tighten or loosen the warp. To this movable pole the upper part of the warp frame is fastened. The lower end of the warp frame is similarly fastened to the lower beam of the main frame, and the loom is ready for the weaver.

The Navajos have no spinning wheel, but use instead a crude distaff, consisting of a wooden disk, about four inches in diameter, through which passes a slender



Navajo Braves Carding Blankets



Indian Wares in Trading Store at Gallup, N. M.



Navajo Silversmith

rod that tapers to a spindle point. In the use of this rude appliance, the squaws become remarkably dexterous, spinning threads of surprising uniformity. Every thread in a Navajo blanket is spun at least twice, and those used for the warp are spun three or four times.

No shuttle is employed by the Navajo weavers. Their yarns are wound in balls, which are worked back and forth between the warp threads by hand. This is inexpressibly slow and tedious, but in it lies the advantage of the aboriginal worker, making imitation of the product by the looms of the white man an impossibility. In the weaving of any pattern a color can be cut out at any

point desired, by simply drawing the ball of thread of that color through the warp. A thread of any other color (drawn around the first to preserve continuity) continues across the warp, the whole way or only an inch or two, as may be desired. But when the white man's power loom is used, or any kind of a loom in which the shuttle is employed, a thread, once started, must go the whole way. The shuttle must go clear across the warp before it can return. So a power-woven imitation blanket is an impossibility; and a hand-made imitation would be unprofitable. Therefore, there are no imitations on the market: and no one who has even the most super-

ficial knowledge of the product of the desert squaws could be deceived by any substitute.

Blanket weaving, as practiced by the Navajos, is of prehistoric origin, cotton blankets having been found in ruined cliff dwellings of great antiquity. The various Pueblo communities cultivated cotton, and wore garments made of cotton cloth when visited by Friar Marcos in 1538 and by Coronado in 1540. From the sedentary Pueblos the semi-nomadic Navajos acquired the loom and learned the art of weaving. It is claimed by U. S. Hollister, in his book "The Navajo and His Blanket," that the Navajos knew nothing about blanket weaving until in the last decade of the seventeenth century. The Pueblos rose in rebellion in 1680, killed many of the Spaniards, and drove the survivors from New Mexico. The reconquest was accomplished by De Vargas, beginning in 1692. In those troublous times it is said that some of the Pueblos took refuge from the avenging Spaniards with their traditional enemies, the Navajos; and it was from these refugees, according to Hollister, that the Navajos learned the art of blanket weaving. Although all, or nearly all, of the Pueblos were once weavers, the art has fallen into disuse among all the communities except those of the Hopi, in northern Arizona, and the large village of Zuni, in western New Mexico. The Hopi in particular are skilled weavers, manufacturing blankets superior in workmanship to the best product of the Navajos, but usually less elaborate in design and more sober in coloring. Curiously enough the Hopi weavers are men, the squaws rarely, if ever, undertaking this task. The Hopi also weave belts, ceremonial robes and cloth from which women's garments are made.

Beginning about 1750, and continuing for more than a hundred years, the Navajos were almost constantly on the war path. In 1821 their country passed nominally from the jurisdiction of Spain to that of the newly established Mexican republic; and in 1846, by the fortunes of war, it became a possession of the United States. These changes were a matter of entire indifference to the Navajos, who pillaged Pueblo Indians,

Mexicans or American settlers with entire impartiality, driving off their sheep, goats and horses, and helping themselves to anything for which they had use. During this period the Navajos were slave holders, capturing Pueblo Indians and Mexicans and holding them in servitude for life, or until ransomed or exchanged. Naturally enough the Mexicans retaliated and when American settlers appeared they followed the same example, so that many Navajo slaves were held by the whites in the territory of New Mexico.

It is said that from 1849 to 1867, the United States expended more than \$3,000,000 annually in warfare with the Navajos. They were past masters of Indian tactics, never hazarding a decisive battle, but keeping a large part of the territory of New Mexico (which then included Arizona) constantly terrorized, and harrassing the troops sent to punish them until the commanders were glad to withdraw from the hostile country with a remnant of their forces alive. Generals Canby, Garland, Sumner and others in turn marched bravely forth to subjugate or exterminate the Navajos, and marched dejectedly back again, their mission unaccomplished, and the red men untamed.

Then, in 1863, an expedition was organized under Col. Kit Carson. He knew the Navajo country as no other white military commander knew it, and, what was equally important, he knew the Navajos and their ways of fighting. So he was able to beat them at their own game. The leaders of the tribesmen were captured, and the warriors surrendered. In 1863 and 1864 they were taken to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where they were held, to the number of 8,000, until in 1867. Of course there were many who had hidden in the mountain fastness, and some who had found a refuge with other tribes, so that at that time the Navajo nation may have numbered 13,000, or approximately half the present population of the tribe.

In 1867, the Navajos were permitted to return to their old home, where they have ever since remained. Their reservation was established at that time, largely upon the representations of Kit Carson, who was a firm believer in the

reservation system as the only practicable solution of the Indian problem. Since that time the Navajo reservation has been very greatly enlarged.

The Navajos never again went on the war path, although malcontents gave a good deal of trouble until about 1870, making raids upon the territories of the Utes and Pueblos, to obtain sheep, goats and ponies. After their return to their country, at the close of the Babylonish captivity near Fort Sumner, the Government distributed ration for four years, and gave to the Indians a large number of sheep, goats and horses; but for more than forty years the Navajos have been self-supporting, receiving no aid of any kind, except in the winter of 1894-95. Their crops failed in the season of 1894, and many of their sheep and goats died, as a result of an extraordinary drought. Consequently rations had to be distributed among them to avert universal suffering and starvation.

The most highly prized of Navajo blankets are known as bayeta blankets. None of these have been woven for many years. They were made, wholly or in part, of yarn raveled from bayeta cloth, which was woven in England, and which found its way through Mexico to the Indians. Many of these old bayetas are valued at anywhere from \$200 to \$1,000 each. However, most of them have passed into the hands of collectors, and they are now unobtainable, unless by the merest chance.

Navajo blankets of the finest weave and design are offered for sale on trains of the Santa Fe railway system, passing through New Mexico and Arizona; in the hotels of the Fred Harvey system; in trading stores at Albuquerque, Gallup, Flagstaff, and other towns in or near the Navajo country; and in curio stores and other establishments that cater to the tourist trade generally throughout the Southwest. No doubt the most satisfactory of all ways to buy them is direct from the squaws on the reservation. It is also the most expensive way, as travel through the Navajo country, after one leaves the railroad, is costly. The largest trading store on the reservation is that of J. L. Hubbell at Canado, Arizona, where thousands of blankets of all colors and sizes may be seen. The same

trader owns another store, conducted by his son, at Keams Canyon, Arizona, on the Hopi reservation, where every article of the arts and crafts of both the Navajos and the Hopi may be inspected. Perhaps thirty other traders have more or less ambitious stores in the country occupied by the Navajos, exchanging the white man's goods for the wool, blankets and silver jewelry of the redskins.

Two kinds of blankets may be purchased from the squaws or the traders—those woven of Germantown yarn, and those woven of yarn spun by the squaws from wool clipped off their own sheep. The Germantown blankets are finer in texture than those woven from home-made yarns, and as, a rule, display more startlingly brilliant colors. Being lighter than the others, they are sometimes desired for use as portieres and wall hangings. However, most persons wishing specimens of the aboriginal handicraft will give the preference to blankets woven by the squaws, of material sheared from their own sheep, and carded, spun and dyed by their own hands.

The most common objection to blankets of this kind is that they are coarse and rough, particularly when new. To give them a more finished appearance and to make them smooth to the touch most dealerst now have them carded before offering them for sale, although the Indians never card blankets intended for their own use. And here let the anxious tourist be warned against rushing up to the first blanketdraped brave he sees in Sante Fe, Albuquerque, Gallup or any other town of the Southwest, and making him an extravagant offer for his blanket. Many a person has done this very thing, and ever after complained of having been defrauded! Because a blanket is worn by an Indian, it does not necessarily follow that it is an Indian blanket. In fact, the Navajo blanket is not suited to summer wear at all, being too heavy and unyielding and blankets woven in Philadelphia are worn on the Navajo reservation, in the summer months, more commonly than the product of the aboriginal looms.

Navajo blankets are desired by the whites on account of their novelty, as

well as on account of their beauty. They are wanted for use on porches, in summer cottages and bungalows, for the fitting up of "Indian rooms" and "dens," as well as for miscellaneous use as couch covers, portieres, wall hangings, lap robes and a multitude of other purposes. They are woven in many sizes, adapting them for use for any purpose, from a cushion top to a floor covering for a large room. The heavier Navajo blankets are particularly appropriate for use as rugs. No other rug, even though it may cost several times as much money, will wear as long and look as well as a Navajo. They are, in fact, next to everlasting, and improve in appearance with age and use.

Many persons profess a distaste for Navajo blankets, when they first visit the Navajo country. After these persons become accustomed to them, and acquire the ability to perceive and appreciate their barbaric beauty, they become the most enthusiastic and anxious collectors. The beauty of the Navajo blanket or rug owes nothing whatever to the standards of taste that prevail in civilized communities. Yet when the first shock of its novelty has passed away, its appeal is almost universal, so that specimens of the labor of the squaws of the Painted Desert are found and admired in homes of culture and refinement in every country of the civilized world.

The only other noteworthy industry of the Navajos is the making of silver jewelry. However, this is not a true aboriginal industry, but was acquired from the Spaniards. Neither the Navajos nor any other of the tribes of the Southwest had any knowledge of metals until after the arrival of Europeans. Considering the crude and inadequate tools they use (obtained from the reservation traders), the Navajo silver smiths display remarkable skill in fashioning belt buckles, necklaces, medallions, bracelets, saddle and bridle ornaments and other articles. Bracelets, spoons and a few other articles are bought by tourists; but most of the products of the silver worker's art are made for sale to other members of the tribe, or to the Pueblos, Utes and Apaches.

Many persons have expressed surprise

that the Navajos, almost alone of American tribes, are rapidly increasing in numbers and growing in wealth and prosperity. They are fortunate in having a congenial occupation that places the necessities of life easily within their reach. They have been still more fortunate in that they have, so far, been permitted to remain Indians. The attempt to metamorphose an Indian into a white man is usually fatal; and the non-reservation schools maintained by the Government for the "education" of its wards have made more "good Indians" (assuming that a "good Indian" means a dead one) than a long series of Indian wars. It can hardly be denied that the non-reservation school is to a very great extent responsible for the terrible ravages that consumption has made among many of the tribes in recent years. Many years ago, two children of Mauelito, (the greatest of all Navajo war chiefs) died in a Government school in the east. Ever since then the Navajos have stubbornly refused to permit their children to be taken to distant schools to be educated. To that, in large measure, may be attributed the immunity of the tribespeople from consumption.

At the Government schools on the reservation, efforts are being made to teach the Navajos improved methods of agriculture and the use of modern agricultural implements. At these schools, also, the need of raising better breeds of sheep, goats and other live stock is being inculcated. The Navajos are pagans and polygamists, and efforts to convince them of the error of their ways are being made by missionaries of the Presbyterian, Christian Reformed and other churches. Rev. L. P. Brink, a Christian Reformed missionary, stationed at Tohatchi, New Mexico, is engaged in the formidable task of formulating a Navajo grammar, compiling a Navajo dictionary, and translating the Bible into the Navajo language.

That the Navajos have so long been permitted to enjoy their great reservation undisturbed has been because no one else wanted it. There are disquieting signs that this is no longer true. It is known that there are many fertile valleys on the reservation that have an abundant supply of water available for

irrigation; and it is commonly believed that other parts of the lands of the Navajos are adapted to "dry farming". Petroleum in commercially important quantities has recently been discovered not far from Gallup, and the same geological formation is known to underlie a part of the reservation. Part of the reservation is covered with valuable forests of pine timber, and a vast extent of it is underlain by some of the greatest coal deposits of the Southwest. Since the

Navajo reservation contains so many things that the white man covets, it is not to be expected that the Indian will much longer be permitted to enjoy it undisturbed. So the work of making individual land allotments to the members of the tribe has begun, and it will probably not be long until a large part of the land now included in the reservation will be thrown open to settlement.

The Trails Eternal

By Ward Morse

*Above the world the clouds go by:
 I watch them as the daylight fails
 Slow winding down the western trails;
 The prairie schooners of the sky.
 Though now the plain lies checked and planned:
 The roadways fixed by mete and bound,
 The airy caravans have found
 The free old trails above the land.
 I see their mighty shadows strain
 The paths our fathers founded sure—
 The trails eternal that endure
 Past towns or homes or waving grain.
 Some northward keep the Oregon
 Toward the fir-clad wilderness,
 And southward some their journey press
 To Sante Fe and deserts dun:
 And misty wheels high overhead
 The Mormon way roll softly down
 To Carson or to 'Frisco town—
 High hearted ventures bravely sped,
 But see! the vanguards halt and reel!
 The savage winds from ambush spring—
 As 'round the caravans they ring
 The sore-pressed wagons break and reel!
 But soon the foe's in sullen flight:
 Quick into line they fall again
 To march a-down the skyey plain
 Toward the camping ground of night.
 And as the long trains trundle by
 All hasting towards the hasting day
 I see them ford the Milky Way—
 The broad Missouri of the sky!
 They redden evening with their fire
 At length far down the western track
 Where spreads their mighty bivouac
 A day's march nearer their desire.*

Montezuma

An Old Landmark on the Sacramento
River

By L. R. Marshall

ON THE west side of the Sacramento River near its mouth where it empties into Suisun Bay at a distance of a little more than fifty miles from San Francisco, by the usual traveled route by steamer, but not more than forty-five miles north-eastwardly in an air line is situated the whilom city of Montezuma.

This pioneer town site of the County, was laid out as a town site in the early part of the year 1846 by one Lansing W. Hastings, a young man about thirty years old, a native of Ohio. Hastings came to California in the year 1843, at which time came Pierson B. Redding, S. J. Henseley, Nathan Coombs and others, who helped to make history in early days of California. This same Hastings was a member of the convention, which formed the first constitution of California at Monterey in the year 1849. At the time he laid out the town site no habitation of man disfigured the face of the land, which was absolutely in a state of nature. The nearest habitation, was an adobe house, about thirteen miles higher up on the west bank of the Sacramento river, built by John Bidwell in 1844 on the Bidwells or Ulpinosgrant. The settlement was always known as Haleeche-Muk, an Indian name meaning nothing to eat, so called because the Indians were always in a condition of semi starvation.

The settlement never was a town site, but the house was built by Bidwell in order to comply with the terms of his grant from the Mexican government,

which required him to erect a habitation within one year from the date of the grant, under penalty of forfeiture of his interest in the event of his failure to do so. On May 19th, 1847, General Vallejo deeded to Robert Semple and Thomas O. Larkin a tract of land for the town site of Bemcia and the first house was erected in the latter part of June of the same year. Bemcia has the distinction of being the second townsite established in the county. Hastings was employed by the Mormons to seek an eligible site for the location of a Mormon colony. In his pilgrimage he came upon this spot and was so charmed that he called a halt to study the panorama. He believed it to be fitted by its geographical situation to become, in the course of human events, a prosperous city of much importance, but fortune ruled otherwise, and after living there about three years with his helpers, he abandoned the place. The helpers were mostly Indians and there was quite a rancheria of them near the town site.

When the Mormons were driven out of the United States, it was their intention to journey to the Pacific Coast and settle down on San Francisco bay to establish a great and powerful nation of their own. They expected to acquire the land from Mexico. They regarded it as their Canaan, promised to them by the Almighty, as his chosen people for an inheritance forever, but when the news reached them that the country had been seized by the United States they changed their plans and the great

stream of emigration that had started overland with the shores of San Francisco bay as their objective point halted and pitched their tents at Salt Lake. Sixteen hundred started overland in February, 1846 and more were to follow in a short time. In fact it was said that twenty thousand were on their way from different parts of the world.

In the same month and year, the ship Brooklyn sailed from New York for San Francisco with two hundred and thirty eight souls, all but ten or twelve of whom were Mormons.

Hastings being employed as their advance agent to select a location, selected this point at the head of Suisun Bay, (at that time considered a part of San Francisco Bay) as the most eligible point for the metropolis of the new nation. Ascending one of the nearby knolls, he could see on the north the famous Montezuma hills, which took their name from the city which he founded on their southern border. At the present time this is one of the most productive wheat belts of the whole state, but at that time was a vast green of waving wild oats.

The progress of the travelers was slow on account of the prodigious growth of oats which concealed the trail and which were over the head of the men on foot and so high that the horsemen could bend the tops over the pommel of their saddles and tie them together. League upon league and mile upon mile they grew to the highest degree of perfection in their natural element, the rich adobe soil. Wild flowers of all the colors of the rainbow, grew in almost unlimited numbers and clothed the undulating hills to their very summits. Among them were violets, larkspurs, golden poppies, buttercups, mallows and pinks without end, presenting at one time an appearance of red, then white, then blue at another yellow and so on lending constant enchantment to the view. Following a breath of wind, ripple would follow ripple, over the fields like throwing a stone into placid waters. The singing of meadow larks, the twittering of linnets, the chirruping of birds were heard at every side and the air was redolent of the perfume of wild clover and alfalfa.

The howl of the coyote, the hoot of the owl, the scampering of the jackrabbit, the presence of elk and antelope in countless numbers all gave the place an air of wild solitude. Coyotes were so heedless of the presence of man that they frequently came into camp and gnawed the rawhide strap on the saddles; while antelope and elk were so plentiful that the inhabitants of Montezuma City could go behind the nearest hill and shoot down as many as they required to keep their larder supplied with fresh meat at all times.

On the east from this commanding prospect may be seen the snow capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains about eighty miles away. On the South, Suisun Bay, the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, the great delta or swamp lands lying between their mouths. The Black Diamond Coal hills, and the villages of Antioch and Black Diamond, were not there in 1846 but grand old Mount Diablo was, in all her majesty, with the Coast Range stretching beyond as far as the eye could reach. On the west lay the Suscol hills, at a distance of about twenty five miles on an air line, and the twin peaks of the Suisun Mountains, which separate Suisun Valley from Napa Valley and the Vaca Mountains.

All of this could be seen from this vantage ground and as Hastings looked out upon Suisun Bay and the two great rivers emptying into it, his whole being swelled with exalted emotions, and he was heard to say that in the not far distant future ships of all nations would ride at anchor on the placid surface of these waters; that the situation was most central for all purposes and was destined to be a large city. These expectations were not chimerical for it did have many of the requisites of a commercial city of very considerable importance, having as it did an agricultural country of unexcelled productiveness in the background, a capacious land-locked harbor, a water front of several miles in length, its shores gently sloping to the hills, thus affording a system of natural drainage. Its situation was favorable, being about midway between the rich agricultural valleys of the interior and the Golden Gate. But there were other cities with even better advantages, which

diverted the trade and the town was a failure.

Even at that early date there were settlements on both sides of the bay. Many people settled in the San Joaquin Valley and on the grant of Dr. Marsh near the foot of Mount Diablo. The necessities of travel soon demanded a ferry, which was established between the townsite and the opposite shore for the accommodation of travelers either way. This was probably the first ferry ever established on the Sacramento or San Joaquin rivers.

The first publication which I have yet met with in any way treats of the place is "Eldorado" or "Adventures in the Path of Empire" by Bayard Taylor containing an account of his travels in California in 1869. On the way back from the mines he took passage at Sacramento on the steamer Senator for San Francisco and in relating what he saw on his way down the Sacramento river he says:

"Her bow sometimes ran in among the boughs of the trees, where she could not well be backed without her stern going into the opposite bank. Much time and part of her wheel houses were lost in getting through these narrow straits. At last we came out again in the real Sacramento avoiding the numerous other sloughs which make off into the tule marshes and soon reached the city of Montezuma, a solitary house on a roost of headland projecting into Suisun Bay and fronting its rival three house city New York of the Pacific."

It was a conspicuous land mark which could be seen for miles by travelers passing up and down the river and bay. The channel for steamboats at that time and place was close to the western shore, but since then it has been filled up by mining debris washed down from the mountains, inasmuch that the place where the old Senator ran is now a flourishing field of asparagus and alfalfa, and the present channel is nearer to Sherman Island.

A later publication a History of Solano County by Messrs. Wood, Alley & Co. has this to say about the place. "Among the first houses built in Solano County was one erected in Montezuma township and still stands today after a lapse of

about sixty years in a state of almost perfect preservation." It is now occupied by S. O. Stratton and family, who farm the ranch on shares for the present owner. Originally there were sheds projecting on all four sides from the outer walls to protect them from the rains as was the custom in those early days, in making adobes, but the sheds have lately been removed, and it is now weather boarded on all sides, and being painted, it has all the appearances, at a distance of an ordinary ranch house of present times.

When the town site was first laid off it created quite a stir among the Californians they foresaw that the Mormons and other foreigners intended capturing the country. They sent a commissioner to Mexico, for money and men to drive out the invaders but the United States government stepped in and seized the country. Commander Sloat raised the American flag on July 7th, 1846 and it is hoped that it will continue to wave for all time.

In the winter of 1852 and 1853 Mr. L. P. Marshall senior, while traveling through the country with a band of cattle which he had brought across the plains from the states the previous summer, heard of this adobe house through Major Stephen Cooper and took possession of it with his two sons John and Knox. The house had been abandoned for some time and was in a very dilapidated condition, travelers along the river had stopped on their way and carried away everything that was portable, even to the doors and windows, but it was easily repaired and served well the purpose of a shelter. In and about the house they found appliances for the manufacture of counterfeit coin, such as crucibles, dies, copper, etc. It is supposed that a band of counterfeiters had found the place deserted and had taken possession of it. The place when first settled was on Mexican territory, but was acquired by the United States government about two years afterward by the treaty of Guadalupe, Hidalgo. Hastings had never acquired title from either government and held only a squatters title at best, After having abandoned the property he came back in 1854 and claimed that he was entitled to pay for his improvements,

which were bought by the elder son for his father (the latter being absent at the time from the state) who gave as a consideration four mules valued at the sum of \$1,000.

Farming land was not of much value, cattle raising was very remunerative and no one thought of cultivating the soil. The old gentleman converted the place into a stock ranch and while absent from the state, left it in charge of his two sons and a nephew named Parker Dunnica, all under age, vigorous and adventurous. Life on a cattle ranch in the early fifties was rough, there was a lack of the restraining influences of female society. The rancheros wore a hat with a broad stiff, horizontal brim and a low crown, a woolen shirt, and overalls or coarse pantaloons, stuck inside long legged boots. They took much more pride in the trappings of their horses than in their attire, their houses or their domestic comforts. Their saddles were sometimes highly ornamented, the "muchillo" or skirts were stamped all over with ornamental figures. The stirrups were of wood, covered in front with leather attached to the straps supporting them, the points on each side extending seven or eight inches below the stirrup, called the "tapadera." When mounted upon horseback, they bound on their legs below the knees with buckskin strings, leggings, usually made of tanned sheep skins, and highly ornamented with stamped figures. Inside the legging of the right leg was placed a huge knife, and as though this were not a weapon sufficient for offense and defense it was supplemented by a revolver swung to the belt ready for use in case an emergency should arise at any time. At their heels they wore enormous spurs, with rowels three or four inches in diameter. They had a practice of leaning over and picking up objects on the ground, while running their horses at full speed, and the spurs were not used so much for making the horse go as for holding themselves on while practicing this skillful feat. To each spur were attached two small pieces of metal, somewhat resembling bell clappers, hanging at full play, and when in motion coming in contact with the rowels, they produced a jingling sound like little bells,

which could be heard at a distance upon the approach of the horseman. The bridles were sometimes made of horse-hair, striped of many colors, white, black, yellow, etc. according to the color of the hair used, mounted with ornamental tassels, to the reins. At the place where they were doubled and held in the hand of the rider, was attached a "cuarta" or whip made of the same varicolored material and presenting a very showy appearance. The riata was a long rope made of plaited rawhide, with a slip knot at the end and could be thrown by an expert vaquero with such precision as to catch a steer, running at full speed, by the horns or by a leg and throw him sprawling on the ground. The horses were trained to brace themselves the moment they felt the strain of the riata, and hold the animal secure, until its feet were tied. The "bronco" always went through a bucking performance when for the first time he was saddled and ridden. He arched his back, placed his head down between his forelegs, jumped up in the air as high as possible, and came down stiff legged; repeating this in rapid succession at the same time squealing and, occasionally, wheeling suddenly to right or left causing the rider to lose his balance and, if he were not an adept at the business, thrown violently on the ground.

The two sons and nephew kept bachelors hall and Dunnica told a story which gives an inkling of the manner of their house-keeping. John was cook and Knox was scullion, while all three looked after the cattle. All was serene for a time, but Knox, instead of using a towel, would wipe the knives and forks on the back of a wooly dog, named Rondo, a faithful animal which they had brought across the plains with them. The others objected to this, but Knox insisted that it was strictly according to the fashion of the country in those times, and he would rather be out of the world than to be out of the fashion. To settle the matter, he bundled up and went off to Blakes School in Benicia to finish his education, while Dunnica took his place as scullion. The latter was killed at the battle of Shiloh in the Civil War, fighting for his country. John and Knox are still living, the former in Stockton. He

served two terms as County Auditor of Salano County and the latter was afterward elected County Recorder (died since this article was written.)

Cattle raising required neither labor nor great expense. No care was taken of them except to keep them from straying away too far. There were no fences in those days and the range was unlimited. When any of the cattle strayed, they sometimes drifted before the southeast storms sixty or seventy miles. The ranchers formed camping parties once a year for collecting strays, and these were looked forward to as pleasure trips, where were feasting, singing and story telling at night before the camp fires.

Now the scene is changed, it is no longer the lair of the wild beast; the cattleman is the thing of the past, the hills where roamed at will the elk and

antelope are fenced into wheat ranches, dotted over with farm houses surrounded with clusters of evergreen trees, and their walls resounding with the merry laughter of romping children and the pleasing voices of womanhood. The howl of the coyote has given place to the rumble of the harvester and the clicking of the mowing machine. A few years ago a club building was erected on the premises. It is occupied by the Montezuma Gun Club and has become quite a retreat for sporting gentlemen from San Francisco, who come up during the hunting season to shoot the ducks and snipe in the adjacent marshes.

In close connection with the place is the little village of Collinsvith, founded in 1861 which flanks it on the west one mile away.

They Called Him Rough

By Charles H. Meiers

*They called him rough—the roughest man in town;
 When things went wrong he'd swear in unchecked wrath.
 He'd greet the long-faced preacher with a frown
 When'er that mortal chanced to cross his path.
 They called him wicked—said he drank too much,
 And that he failed to treat his wife just right;
 That he was worthless, and some more of such
 Things, just because he stayed out late at night.
 They said all this, and even more, of him;
 But, when I came to look into the fuss,
 I found that what they said but gave a dim
 Faint picture of the doggoned worthless cuss!*

Some POETS of TODAY

By Lannie Haynes Martin

When William Bulter Yeats, the Irish poet, was in this country he said that in California, more than anywhere else in America, he seemed to hear the footsteps of the Muses. He did not restrict their perambulations to any special locality as one writer has done, saying: "It is my opinion that middle California on the coast is destined to excel other portions of the United States, not only in the relative number of poets but in their artistic stature." But Mr. Yeats said that because of the peculiar climatic conditions of this state and because of its great diversity of natural scenery in such close proximity—mountain sea and valley with their varying psychic influence all blended in one visible landscape—this whole section is bound to become the home of great poets.

No where are these diversified jewels of Nature more closely set than in Southern California—the amethyst mountain, the emerald valley and sapphire sea all scintillant beneath a single sweep of eye. Another writer has dwelt at some length on the healthfulness of California, the open air life of the people, the corresponding wholesome mental atmosphere and the sanity manifested in the literary productions of local writers. All of which would tend to prove fallacious the old idea that "genius is akin to madness."

In speaking of the passing of so many poets in a single year, the year that Tennyson died, when Browning, Lowell, Whitman, Whittier all ceased singing;

Joaquin Miller, with that far look in his eye, prophesying like some seer of old whose inner vision had seen "the glory of the coming of the Lord" said: "The great American poet is just about to be born. If California women want to be mothers, he may be born here." He also spoke of the close relation between psychological states and climatic conditions and cited as a matter of course his kinship to the mountains and the sea.

But more than climate, more than the influence of natural scenery, more than the subtle, psychic factor of any environment, is the inspiration from contact with other minds—other growing minds. And when Clarence Urry wrote

"For some the crowded market place,
The bustle of the jammed bazaars;
The fleeting chance in Fortune's race
That ends somewhere amid the stars;
Give me chance to gather dreams

By California's willowed streams.

he probably meant more than just the inspiration that comes from purling brooks and, using his poetic license of symbolism had in his mind's eye, no doubt, the confluent rivers of cosmopolitan thought that flow to this land of the literati.

Emerson says "only poetry inspires poetry" and at another time he emphasizes the fact that the conversation and writings of our contemporaries are more effectual in crystalizing literary expression than all our contact with the clas-

sics. For this reason then should aspiring minds, as well as noble ones, "keep ever with their likes." Not until telepathy is an established fact, that is, not until it is generally believed in, will we know how much we owe to the contemporary thought atmosphere about us, but all history is full of one mind kindling another. The reading of Herodotus produced the works of Thucydides. Homer produced a host of minor poets in Greece. Shelley, Keats, Byron and Leigh Hunt mutually inspired each other. Confucius says "genius is never lonely, it will always have neighbors." This being so then why should not George Sterling and Clarence Urmey and Madge Morris sing? Here where the lyre strings are still vibrant from the touch of the giants of the Golden Age? Here where the best from every nation gather, bringing with them the poetry the culture of many centuries from other lands; here in this big, open "broad daylight country" where people are doing big things and thinking big thoughts.

Clarence Urmey is one of the few native born writers. California called him straight from the skies and he brought some of his own heavenly music with him, for not only is he the writer of many beautiful poems, all of which contain a subtle spirit quality, but he is a talented musician as well. Born in San Francisco in 1858, his early youth became imbued with the colorful epoch into which he came and his lyric lines reflect the ideals of a polychromatic people.

A noted literary critic has said that one of the most authentic credentials of the poet is his facility in furnishing felicitous epithet. One cannot listen long to George Sterling's "Testimony of the Suns," drink of his "Wine of Wizardry" or plunge into his "Sea" poem without finding how rich he is in radiant phrases, bright word-bubbles and jeweled thoughts cast up by the tide of his fancy and caught in the golden mesh of language.

Of his "Wine of Wizardry" Ambrose Bierce has said "It nicks the rock as high as anything in the generation of Tennyson and a good deal higher than anything of the generation of Kipling." In the past year and a half Current Literature has probably given more space

to Sterling's poems than to those of any other poet, and while questioning Ambrose Bierce's extravagant laudations it has given him much substantial praise.

George Sterling was born in Sag Harbor N. Y. in 1869 and came to California many years ago. "Who's Who" rates him as a Socialist and a Bohemian and he has not yet risen to deny the allegation. He is ranked as one of the chief celebrities of the Carmel-by-the-Sea colony and is widely read throughout California and in New York, but his poetry is not of a kind which appeals to the materialist looking for a story or the moralist insisting on a motive. It is a scintillant, subtle, flowing stimulant. Strong as the resistless tide, delicate as the feathery foam, in it is felt a power "young as a wind, ancient as the air."

The call of California came to John S. McGroarty in 1896. Perhaps he had been hearing her voice for long for he says:

"So hath she called with her lips of song
Of old with her breath of musk,
From hills where the sunlight lingers long
And the vales in the purple dusk."

Born in Pennsylvania in 1862 of cultured Irish parents he was dowered at birth with the harp of his nation in his heart; but not until the fingers of California touched its strings did he begin to sing. He had before coming here published a volume on "Poets and Poetry of the Wyoming Valley" showing the high estimation in which he held the Bard. California's magic touch has called forth several volumes of both prose and verse. In his "Wander Songs" the minstrel's harp strikes many minor chords. Perhaps it is when he is thinking of wandering away from California, his "Land of Heart's Desire," that "the tear falls through the music that we hear." His poem on Sicily published at the time of the great disaster there in 1908 is full of strength and beauty and he has many fugitive poems of merit not yet collected into a volume.

Then there is Brininstool with his never failing fountain of original thought sending up daily, fresh sprays of sparkling, spontaneous verse, effervescing with wit, yet a saturate solution of common sense. And Burdette with his genial, kindly humor breaking into song, a

heart harmony tuned to a smile; a gentle cynicism in which there is no sneer.

Of the many women writers of verse in California the names of Madge Morris, Mary E. Mannix and Lillian H. Shuey are among the most familiar. But to give a catalogue of the poets of California would require more than a mere printing of the cities directories, for each little hamlet has its population of poets, each country vale swells the volume of versifiers.

Like Homer said of the Grecian host which invaded Troy "to tell their names would e'en require ten tongues, and ten unwearied mouths, a voice infrangible and lungs of brass." Some of the many influences which tend to the making of poets have already been cited and added to these in Southern California is the inspiration given by the lecturer and dramatic reader. Listen to George Whar-

ton James' lecture on Markham or give personal reminiscences of Miller and Stoddard and you will want to go home and write an epic before morning.

Perhaps it is not generally known that Mrs. William Douglass Turner of Pasadena gave a dramatic reading of Zangwill's "Melting Pot" before the West had scarcely heard of the play, or that Mrs. Dorathea Hoagland-Hayden, also of Pasadena gave Rostand's "Chantier" almost as soon as it was translated into English; or that now in Los Angeles Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith is giving readings from the plays of Brieux, a German as advanced in thought as Nietzsche. Hear any of these gifted readers interpret Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Shakespeare and you will understand why the dramatic and poetic instinct flowers so abundantly here. It is poetry reproducing poetry.

The Call of the Round-up

By Jessie Davies Willdy

*When the frost is on the mountain,
And the wind blows on the plain,
And the dry mesquite is droopin',
For the want of clouds and rain;
When the sunsets burn so hazy,
And the grass is brown again,
And the fine dust blows so lazy,
Close above the cattle-pen;
Then it is I want the spring-time,
Calves a-bawlin' night and day,
And the brandin' irons a-hoatin',
For the mavericks and stray;
It just seems so kinda lonesome,
When the camp is shy of men,
And I've got a great big longin',
For the round-up days again.*

When Love was Blind

By Madelaine Bernais

HT FOURTEEN Edna Landreth began to dream her dreams. They were of boarding-schools and broad-cloth dresses; of parties where boys came and you ate rose-colored ice-cream. At eighteen, shrewdly observing the conversation of the finishing school's finished product, she discovered that four years of high school meant just as much progress and almost as many interesting adventures; that one could manage to be happy sometimes, even in mended, made-over, merino dresses, and that a crowd of jolly girls and pineapple sherbet made tolerable substitutes for the other ingredients called for by the dream. Still—still the dream shuttle wove and wove; and ever a more ethereal-textured tapestry, ever a more roseate shimmer to its sheen. At twenty—ah! what hand so cunning, what pigment so subtle to picture a girl's day-dream at twenty! The warp of it was hope, and that endured. Some time, some where into her life would come the rosy glamour to match the color of the dream. Until it did—well until it did she would make the best of what there was. Edna Landreth had a peculiar gift of making the best of everything and of seeing the best in her circumstances and in her friends. Maybe that was why the money was raised somehow to send her two younger sisters off to school. They could not see the possibilities in high school; neither would they cease their pleadings and their protests simply because money was scarce and father not well. Maybe it was why she was not envious at all the pretty things their going made imperative. Maybe it was

why she felt no jealous pangs at the friends they formed there and the visits they made to places lovelier even than the dream palaces of her fancy. But when at twenty-two her father's continued cough and growing weakness were pronounced tuberculosis, and it was thought that the mother, too, had probably contracted the disease, when the doctor forbade another winter in their severe climate, it took more than a mere negative "making the best of things" to keep the smile in her eyes and the upward curves" on her lips. For their going to, what then seemed, the other side of the world, did not mean a pleasure jaunt on a luxurious pullman, with sight-seeing side trips and leisurely stop-overs, with all the elegancies of travel attire, with the convenience of a diner's prodigal abundance; it meant a tourist sleeper and a willow hamper, packed with frugality and care; it meant days of hardships and nights of discomfort. It meant leaving all her dearest possessions; her piano, her books and her dearly-loved own room. And worse than that, it meant leaving all her friends; and not only human friends, but the big elm trees down by the brook—where could she ever find such trees under which to dream her dreams? And the lilac bushes and the big silver poplar and the locust grove beyond the meadow, where would there ever be colors and odors that would speak to her like these? At their journey's end no elegantly appointed hotel with its charm and novelty awaited them but far from the city's wonders and diversions, beyond the green orange groves and vineyards of the

country, high up in the brown foot hills, at the base of barer, browner mountains, two little white tents stood waiting. Not all of the family were coming. Jessie would teach music in the home town, and board round with the pupils. Mary was to marry soon, and Ernest must be kept in school.

Like all other things that had fallen naturally to her lot it fell to Edna to go with father and mother, and, if no dim warning notes of premonition came to whisper of the future, it was because of the drowning clatter of that shuttle which flew ever faster and faster. In the new home with all that medicine, climate, food and care could do the father lived four years, and in that time with the waste and wear of the disease, with its cruel, insidious, mocking retreats and its appallingly rapid advances, he became the typically exacting, irritable invalid. As the mother's strength failed the double burden of work fell to Edna, and, although working with out accustomed convenience, with water to carry from a distant hydrant, with candles and oil lamps as their only lights; with cooking implements and domestic arrangements of all kinds as primitive as the pioneer's it was not the work and the privations that counted. Edna's buoyant young body was full of energy and her strength was renewed with each radiant dawn. But the petulant, querulous, desponding note that throbbed always in her ears was like an acid eating into the flesh. Not from her own household only did it come, but surrounded there as she was by the infirm of all ages—rebellious youths making a losing fight against death; girls in the first beauty of womanhood hysterically clinging to life; tottering, white-haired old men and women clutching frantically their remnant of existence with all of youth's fear and none of its hope, fretful and impatient at trifles, telling their real and imagined ailments to all comers; these made a chorus of wailing that sounded forever in her ears like the echo of Inferno. But even there beauties and blessings were found for the moving shuttle. With all her many duties journeys must be made to the distant town to buy medicines and other supplies. A walk of two miles, through gray-green

sage and golden poppy fields where meadow larks kept singing "courage up" and the butter-fly pinioned lilies gave her hope new wings, down the enchanted length of the wonderful pepper drive, then she had reached the street car line. This took her through a wealthy suburb where great green lawns interwoven with all the flowers of earth spread out like Persian carpets, and on them homes were set which, in comparison with her own squalid tent, were like Aladdin's palace set down by magic there. Then miles of alternating vineyards, orange groves and shadowy olive orchards, a horizon purple mountain rimmed, and at the mountain's base the zig zag fringe of fir and eucalyptus and then the town where voices rang with cheer and courage, faces smiled and eyes looked fearlessly on life. With all of these she held comradeship. That the communion was silent made it none the less strong. And as she went back the blossoming jacoranda tree waved her the purple lure, just as the lilac bush had flung it. Instead of the popular's silver leaf the golden acacia paid the day's debt of beauty, and underneath the pepper's filmy fringe all care was swept away. What conjurers, too, of dreams those pepper trees! Surely they were the enchanted trees that grew in the genie's garden when Aladdin went for the wonderful lamp! There were the rubies and the emeralds, and, Aladdin-like she stowed into her bosom jewels of peace. After the father's death the mother's homesickness grew till she could stay no longer and Earnest who was working now sent the money for her return. Edna must wait till further funds were raised. Now that her time was no longer occupied with the care of the parents she must find something to do. But what? She was not qualified for school teaching. Her musical education was of too superficial a nature to be of practical use. She could not sew. She could not embroider. The life of a domestic did not appeal to her and with her long contact with the ailing the thought of nursing was positively distasteful. What she felt she would really like to do was to write letters, but she had no stenographic knowledge, and without that she could do little. She had done the writing for the family for

the last four years, had done it well and enjoyed it. Very little of the tragedies going on, the hardships endured, or her own heart longings had crept into the letters. Without knowing it, these letters intended to cheer the ones back home had helped to make strong the fibers to optimism within herself. Her one other pleasant diversion had been the books she read aloud to beguile the long tedious hours. Often the doctor, coming on his rounds, would pause outside the tent to listen to her rich deep-toned voice as it recounted the adventures of "Scipio" "Steve" and "The Virginian" or the love of "young Matt and Sammy" or the escapades of "little Chad" and when it came to the trial of "little Chad's dog" the doctor could not leave till "Jack" was cleared of the sheep-killing charge. The doctor knew the girl's needs. He had been consulted about many things besides ailments and medicines, and had promised to keep a lookout for that vague "something" which all young minds, unconsciously Micawbering, expect to turn up. About this time much excited comment was going on concerning a man who had taken one of the great houses in the suburb near. His wealth, his extreme age, his malady, his retinue of servants all seemed to have some peculiarly strange distinction. Edna had heard his name, that he was an Englishman, very old and very rich, that was about all she remembered.

One day the doctor came with an encouraging smile and said: "I have found something that calls for only two qualifications. You have to know how to read and write" and the doctor laughed. "But," he continued "you will have to know how to do this extraordinarily well. A friend of mine, an oculist from Los Angeles, has just been over here to Altadena to see a patient that is having trouble with his eyes and he says the patient wants some one to read aloud to him and one whom he can trust to write some important letters. His name is Richardson."

"Why that's the rich, sick, cranky old man that everybody is talking about" interrupted Edna, and she inwardly rebelled at the thought of another sick-room, but the doctor could not dispose

of so many adjectives at once and simply protested. "Oh, he is not sick, it's only his eyes and I hear he's a very pleasant cultured gentleman. And beside I've already told Dr. Glen you'll come, he would have gotten some one else. You can try it. Richardson will pay you well and it will probably only last a few weeks anyway. His trouble is only an opthalmic inflammation known as pink eye."

A few days later after the doctor had introduced her to the specialist and the specialist had told her name to the housekeeper, that hard-mouthed, hostile-eyed individual conducted her to a dimly lighted room and announced in a discordant twang "Mr. Richardson here is your new nurse." Although there was but little light in the room she could see a large figure lying on a couch by the window, his eyes bandaged, his face turned so that only his snow white hair was visible. "Pardon me for not rising to greet you," he said. But she was not thinking of what he said, it was the voice! Never had she heard a voice so deep and musical. Never had she heard an old man speak with such vibrant energy. But he left her no time for wondering reflection. His next utterance was a question. "How are we to manage about the reading?" he said. "It is too dark in here for you to see and I cannot yet bear the light." She glanced at the window near which he was lying and, seeing a piazza outside, a solution of the problem and her own happy escape from the dim, depressing chamber flashed on her. "Could I not sit out on the piazza there and read through the window? I am sure my voice would carry?" And so it was arranged. The books were gotten from the library and carried to the porch. In a big desk in the library letters and writing materials were found and it did not become necessary for the girl to go back into the sick room. They were not the kind of books that she was familiar with. She had read all kinds of fiction, and imagined that the Englishman would want Dickens or Thackeray probably, and she sighed. Or maybe it would be Fielding, and she blushed. She was prepared for poetry or essays or the drama even, but works on astronomy, psychology and occult

chemistry! she had not counted on that. There were treatises on color and vibration; dissertations on electrons and protoplasm; and translated fragments from ancient books which showed an older civilization than she had ever dreamed even to be. The newspapers and magazines too were to be read to him; especially any scientific discoveries, anything bearing on the themes treated in the books. One day reading in a magazine of the scientifically proven theory of the human aura she paused to catch a passing thought of her own and unconsciously she voiced it audibly. "I wonder if that is why I can see colors when I shut my eyes?" The man inside almost forgot his blindness and the danger from the light in his excitement. "No one has ever told me that before," he said. "I, too, have always seen colors in the dark but feared people would think it an hallucination if I told it." Interchange of ideas on the subject led to long and longer conversations. To her question "Shall I read now?" he invariably answered "Presently" seeming to find full content in the newly opened world within himself and in the wonder realm of the girl's mind which she, because of his age, lay unreservedly bare before him. Everything interested him so, trifles even. His enthusiasm was that of a boy. The least act of kindness, the bringing of a fragrant flower, her wishing he might see the canterberry bells in the sun, made him happy as a child. She was not accustomed to seeing old people exuberant with joy and appreciation and it was inevitable that she become attached to him. Her growing enjoyment in and attachment to the beauty and luxury that surrounded her was as natural as the flutter of the butterfly and the humming bird over the flowers which opened in successive pageants around her as she sat on the vine-embowered balcony. There when the conversation left her eyes free to wander over the green lawns with their lobelia bordered walks, and hedges, she dreamed her dreams again. "What if this old man should become attached to her? should make her his daughter? and should take her into foreign lands of which he often spoke?" After several days spent almost entirely in conversa-

tion the books were resumed with renewed zest. Such continued reading, however, in the open, with the bright sunshine streaming around her was telling on her eyes. She stumbled over words now and then; occasionally her eyes dropped down a line. The experienced-quickened observations of the patient noted the trouble and he interrupted "You are reading in too strong a light. There is an eye-shade on my desk." She had seen the little green silk crescent, and without thinking of the consequences, went for it, adjusted it over her temples and continued reading. But the eyes did not improve. When the oculist came a few days later he saw they were red and swollen.

"Let me look at your eyes" he said. "What have you been doing?" he fiercely interrogated, as he saw the eye shade in her hand.

Now she was ordered to a darkened room. Her eyes were bandaged. Her days of joyous service, in an instants time, were done. The pink eye was contagious! But the patient down stairs was fast recovering the maid told her. Was well enough now to walk about and would soon be coming up to see her.

Not able yet to tax his eyes he could not read to her. But what need when he could tell her such wonderful things? Of his life in India; of the wonderful cities there; of a summer camp in the Himalyas nine thousand feet high; of the fern bordered walks that wound beneath the deodars where the white clematis and anemones rivaled the snow on the higher ranges. Then he told her of the journey thither through the plains where wet grass blankets were put on the car windows to keep out the scorching heat. Then of a pleasure jaunt on a house boat down a river through the vale of Cashmere where purple iris waved on either side the stream as far as eye could reach, and at the journey's end the Maharajah's palace where he was entertained.

She was now nearing her convalescent state. Mr. Richardson was to be absent for a few days. When he returned he would not need her. This the happiest time of her life was now to end. As he was leaving, she, with an involuntary gesture of gratitude for all his goodness

to her, like the movement of a child without self-consciousness, stretched out both hands to him. How old he must be to tremble so! And she might not take off the bandage yet. She had never seen his face. But she was not to leave before his return he was telling her as he held her hands, and his voice trembled too.

"This is Saturday," he said "on Thursday next I will come back. On Friday morning, when the 'morning's at seven,' meet me at the big rose arbor at the foot of the terrace. I want to show you the garden." And then he was gone.

Friday morning. The year at the spring. The glory of the blossoming Gold of Ophir told of that, and the sweet pea hedges sent their fragrance just to make it known. The day at the morn. The call of the meadow lark thrilled with it and the doves, like double echoes, cooed of dawn. The morning at seven. The sun's rays came slanting from the eastern hills—hills dew-pearled from the

early mist. Edna walked down the aisles of sapphire lobelia, and looked towards the rose arbor. There was a stranger walking near it. He wore a cream rajah silk suit; and a cork helmet, pushed back from his forehead, entirely covered his head. There was all of youth's elastic spring as well as youth's impatience in his stride. As she came nearer him he turned and looked at her. And she, seeing a man sun-browned, health-red-dened, a man scarce thirty-five years old with big Briton blue eyes, said within her self "It is his son!" And then she wished, and wishing blushed. Before she could speak he layed off his helmet and there like the high Himalaya, crowned with snow but clad in perpetual verdure, stood the prematurely white-haired man the picture of immortal youth. It was he who now held out two hands to her and she who trembled when she took them as he said "It was Love's garden I wanted to show you."



The Seeker

By Kyle Dulaney Palmer

*The wanderer thru spacious thought
Before the Presence, stayed his path,
And, casting down his eyes, besought
The All in All to spare His wrath.
"I come," said he, in trembling speech,
"An humble searcher after peace,
Canst Thou, within my feeble reach
Place that which will my searching cease?
This thing that we of earth call Life
This petty, flimsy, puny light,
This grasping, grasping, futile strife,
This hopeless seeking after sight;
Of what its use, of what its aim,
Where was't begun, where must it end,
Who gives reward, who fixes blame,
Who summons Here, who There must send?
I come not, frivolous, to pry
Into the secrets of Thy state,
My mission is of purpose, high,
My goal, the knowledge of our fate.
O pity Thou, and answer me.
If Thou in wisdom thinkest best
That mortal's soul—if soul there be
Shouldst conquer in its fearful quest.
Since first the waking brain of man
Reached out beyond its narrow sphere,
His thoughts, have ever turned to scan
The problems of the Far and Near.
That super-substance in the clay,
The unseen, yet all present force
That yielding holds in sway,
And keeps unswerving to its course;
Why didst Thou give it to a worm—
A puny creature, made of earth,
And after, pluck him forth, to squirm,
A sorry subject for thy mirth?
O if Thou art, what Thou dost seem,
And I have not, in seeking Thee
Been led astray by erring beam,
I charge Thee, speak! that I may see!*

Nature Study

George Wharton James
In February Life and Health, Washington, D. C

Do Wild Animals Fear Man?

Colonel Roosevelt, whom in many respects I admire as one of the greatest men of his century, has said somewhere that wild animals instinctively flee from man. Do you believe that? Why? What right have you to accept that statement?—None whatever. *It is not true!* Wild animals flee from Colonel Roosevelt and from all hunters; from all men whose chief idea about wild animals is to slay them. But, thank God, there is another attitude toward wild animals than that of the hunter.

I was once in the High Sierras, taking my noonday lunch in a beautiful grove of quaker aspens, my horse quietly feeding not far away when suddenly there appeared in the thicket a buck, a doe, and a young fawn. They eyed me at first with some surprise, but no alarm, and then the doe came up quietly and gently, and was soon licking my hand. The fawn and the buck followed, and we were soon as friendly together as such shy creatures could be. Of course I was exceedingly careful not to alarm them. By and by they quietly browsed away and I saw them no more. Why should not the loving heart of a stranger to them make them feel their security?

Nature Study Versus Botany

Even the scientific botanist too often is more interested in collecting for his herbarium than in knowing the life habits of the plant and flower he so eagerly gathers. How much better to let things grow, where possible, and study

them as they live! What a joy to make friends with the grasses, watching them as they shoot up their tiny green lances in the spring, rising to the sun and warmth and gradually gaining strength and maturity.

Is This True Nature Love?

Some men and women look at flowers merely as something to be picked and put in vases; others think that the only real flowers are not wild flowers, but the growths of conservatories and cultivated gardens. The others are weeds. On the other hand, my friends at Tower Hill, Wis., know no weeds and never pick flowers, always leaving them for others to come and look at, Joaquin Miller used to have a sign on his gateway entreating visitors not to pick flowers and ferns, as others who came later might wish to see and enjoy them. Once for two years I was associated with Professor Lowe, who built the Mount Lowe Railway, near Pasadena, Cal. One of his achievements was to open up a ruggedly picturesque and beautiful canyon in the heart of the mountain, where millions of maidenhair ferns, brackens, and flowers grew. The very first day the canyon was open to the public, the fern beds were almost ruined by reckless people who picked them—roots and all—by the basketful. Many of these ruthless pickers cared no more for them an hour afterward than they would for any other dead weeds—wilted and faded flowers,

In De Longpre's Garden

By Margaret Hobson

*Here, amid the lush of waving grasses
Where sways the vine in languid southern grace,
The breeze of morning lingers as it passes,
To gather perfume from so sweet a place.
The butterfly in all his black and yellow,
The humming bird with green of trembling wing,
The mocker dumbly seeks its silent fellow,
All in a doubt and voiceless questioning.
And I, within the tangled wildernesses
Of wanton bloom and pathways overgrown,
Wait, while the lonely, empty calm oppresses.
For something in the garden that has flown.
Till lo! From out the sunlight's rosy flushes,
From where the stately rose stands tall and fair,
And unheard voice comes through the perfumed hushes,
And bids begone the loneliness and care.
And says: "Fear not, O bird, O lonely brother!
Look in the rose and you shall see my face,
I am still here, although perchance another
Gives you his care and takes my wonted place.
"I am the soul, dear heart, of all the roses,
I am the odor lingering far and near:
Think not on where my human dust reposes,
Come to my garden—I am always here!"*

Rose's Reason

By Ruby Baughman

THE GIRL frowned at the superintendent of construction. A slim, pink-ginghamed, pink-sun-bonneted exclamation point of protest, utterly defiant of the gigantic railway system and its immediate representative, she stood directly in the narrow track along which the small dump cars were wont to carry the yellow gravel from the cut in Big Butte to the big trestle that outlined in skeleton the road-bed-to-be. Behind her the self-important little locomotive with its string of diminutive cars puffed and fretted at the obstruction in its path. The superintendent looked about him for an inspiration to meet this new and unusual situation. Down the track the grading gang dug and scraped and curved and carried in the hot sun like ants on some queerly elongated ant hill. Beyond the trestle the steam shovels bit and chewed and swallowed their huge mouthfuls of sand and gravel from the butte-side. Only in this one spot, on the Big Butte side, everything lay in the clutches of inaction. And all because of some whim or other of this eighteen-year-old daughter of the old steam shovel foreman. Too old to be spanked, too beautiful to be beaten, too feminine to be reasoned with, to dignified to be lead away summarily, she was at present, he admitted to himself, quite in command of the blockade.

"But, Rose, you surely know you can't stop the—"

"I surely know that you are not going to cut any farther into Big Butte:

I told you that when the survey was changed."

"But, Rose, it is silly and childish to hope—" but the uptilting chin pointed out to him the error of that way.

The gently modulated chorus of guffaws and snickers warned the young superintendent of an audience of blue-and-brown-denimed workmen, most of them grinning in hearty masculine appreciation of his predicament. With the impulsiveness of the youngster that he was, he sternly commanded the lady of the pink bonnet:

"Get off the track, Rose, at once."

She only shoved her shoe tip more firmly into the sand between the loosened ties. The men laughed aloud and murmured, in what seemed to the excited ears of the young executive, an approval of the mutiny. With a conviction that his all-too-hardly won authority was in danger, with the quickness of decision which made him master of his men, youngling though he was, he cried harshly:

"Flick, hand me that hose."

The man's promptness seemed to argue no diminution in the superintendent's power of command, but the young man was too angry to draw any logical conclusions. The coil of heavy hose leaped up to Flick's eager jerk, and wriggled and writhed its way across the gray hot sand in his grip.

"Turn it on," snapped the tightly drawn lips under the stern eyes.

Under the force of the current, the long gray convolutions twisted and

squirmed till the heavy stream of water hissed from the nozzle full against the trim starchiness of the pink gingham. In the drenching flood the brave pinkness, bonnet and gown, crumpled like a prickly pear bloom in a camp fire's heat.

Startled, dismayed, but not frightened the dripping girl stood fast till the quavering voice of her old father called to her as he ran toward the now excited crowd.

"Rosy, Rosy, air ye plumb crazy?"

At the words of remonstrance she dropped in a huddled heap of surrender in the mud and water.

"Rosy, Rosy, I told ye taint no use," whined the year-worn steam shovel foreman whose slouching old body with sloping shoulders and shaking knees affirmed his own practice of his gospel of ineffectiveness. Helplessly he looked down at the dejected, sobbing heap of defeat.

"I told her 'twant no use," he reaffirmed to the scowling superintendent who was far more concerned as to the further disposal of the rebel in this her moment of defeat than he had been in her brief glow of triumph. The only obvious way out is usually and fortunately the best. So he picked up the limp, mud-stained lady and started down the track toward the tar-paper-covered shack which was her home. But she sprang from his arms tense, stiff, and straight, again the protestant.

"It isn't right. You're so strong and I've done all I could," and helpless sobs choked off further remonstrance.

Taking her two trembling brown hands in his, he asked in tone and manner not at all executive.

"Rose, sweetheart, tell me what it is all about. You said—if you do—if you don't dislike me—you surely don't want to hinder the success of my work and yet—"

She moved outside the circle of the brown corduroy arms.

"Tell me, girl," he urged quietly.

"I can't tell you," almost sullenly.

"But it is so absurd for you to think

that you can stop the work on the grade in the company's own right of way."

She only shook her head in sad assent as the sobs again throbbed and quivered in her throat. Then as if with her one last effort, she squared her shoulders and looked at him earnestly.

"I know it will be the end of—the end of your—respect for me. I know you will despise me and my father. I-I-come with me and I'll show you my reason."

Quickly she turned, stopping only for a glance to see that he followed her, she led the way up the rough path along the side of the high bank, over the edge of the cut and across the crest of Big Butte. Stepping silently ahead of his curious eyes, she followed a trail marked by many prints new and old of her own sharp heels. Where a clump of prickly pears, a glory of pink and yellow, grew above a heap of stones that marked the outline of a low mound, she stopped. The man could not lift his eyes above the tense misery of her hands pressed together till the knuckles gleamed white.

"I don't" he began.

"It is my mother's grave," she explained and she moved around till the narrow mound lay between them.

"Why, how—"

"She died here ten years ago. We were goin' through here in a covered wagon hunting a place where she could breathe. I guess she didn't care much. Dad didn't have any money; he hasn't ever had since; he never will, not enough to—and that's all."

Her eyes shut tight in the struggle for self control.

"I know it's silly. But I wish you'd go back to camp now and leave me to—"

But her eyes opened against a brown corduroy coat lapel.

"No, little girl, we'll go to camp together. If you had only told me; you couldn't hope to meet it alone. We'll take care of this thing together just as we shall meet the other sorrows of the years to come—together."

Violins, Violets *and* Valentines

By Lannie Haynes Martin

WHEN Gertrude Farnsworth took stock of her assets, after her father's death, after the bank had failed after the crash when the creditors had claimed the home, the farm, the furniture, she found she had her voice, her violin, an amazing amount of optimism and a few diamonds; these latter she easily, and without regret, converted into money. The money bought a railway ticket to Los Angeles, rented a room and bought lunches at a cafeteria.

The rooms, the restaurants, the streets to this country bred girl seemed endless, the material resources without limit. There was such an abundance of everything; the shop windows, hung with rich fabrics and glittering ornaments, suggested opulence on all sides; fruit stands like horns of plenty flaunted their prodigal display, and in the streets men's faces beamed a reflection of their bank accounts. Surely there was place and plenty here for her.

But somehow the money had a way of giving out. Instead of breakfast with the landlady, lunch at a cafeteria and dinner at a little cafe, there was just breakfast now and a carefully selected cafeteria dinner. Then there was a move, a cheaper room, a no-breakfast-plan; a cup of hot chocolate at noon, a bowl of soup at night and then! and then there was just the voice, the violin and a badly damaged stock of optimism left.

The house in which she now lived was one in a row with others, as like as peas in a pod, all opening on a common landing which had long steep steps leading down to the level. Although only on the second floor she seemed stories and stories above the street, and at night the city below, down the flight, looked like a submerged world where electric fishes darted to and fro; where old sunken galleons, glowing with phosphoric fire, swayed in an amber tide, and shook showers of pirate gold from out their bursting sides. Above the amber tide, streamers of opalescent radiance shot up like the rays of an arora borealis.

It was late in January but a balmy air blew in the window. She took her violin and played the "Spring Song." Spring was in the air. Then came a sonata, then a fantasia. As the soft, crescendo notes drew out, like some unfolding garland, there seemed to come a richer strain into the air, a deeper, fuller, rounded compass of refrain. Through her mind darted the whimsical thought that probably fasting brought clair-audience. But the melody grew more real than her own soft notes. Surely that was material sound vibration. Her bow rested on the strings. She bent her ear to listen. Muffled, through the wall, came the deep richness of a 'cello accompaniment continuing the strain. Again her bow moved. She burst into the notes with an abandon of spirit and ecstasy.

Then followed rhapsodies, fugues, snatches from operas, played only half way through in her eagerness to see if the accompaniment could follow with the next. At last the music ceased but Orpheus, usurping the realm of Morpheus, held sway on either side the boundary line of dividing wall. In the next few days her last trinkets were sold to obtain food, and she walked, breathed and ate as she had before, but to her it seemed that she only lived while under the charm of the music. For many successive evenings the perfect soul-accordance, which came with the exquisitely played accompaniment held for her all her heart desired, but it did not nourish her body. Three days now without food, the fourth morning she was almost too faint to rise.

There were many women, young, old, and middle aged rooming in the same building at 333½, and at 333 a pair of Argus eyes from a second story window had watched them come and go, but never until that morning, when a tall, slender figure in gray, carrying a violin, went down the steps, was the player's identity established.

"Pupils," said the owner of the Argus eyes, which were really very big and brown and adoring just then. But there had scarce been time for one lesson even when the same gray, graceful figure tripped up the steps much more gaily than when going down, and no violin returned.

That night there was no music, nor the next, nor the next. Then the 'cello essayed an initiative move and played a little, simple air. It reminded her of an old song her mother sang twenty or thirty years ago. She wondered if she could sing it now, and without an accompaniment. The words were half forgotten; she wasn't sure of the pitch but when the 'cello's strain had ended she began:

"Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses
Laden with fragrance, sparkling with
the dew."

Then the 'cello swung in with a soft accompanying strain and each line came back to her like words from some old faded page spelled out letter at a time. When she had finished singing there was a hush which was not silence, but hold-

ing some subtle, psychic vibration, was more than applause. Then the 'cello began a soft, swinging obligato to which accompaniment the deepest, richest baritone she had ever heard swelled into an exquisite air

"Every morn I send thee violets, which
at daybreak I have culled
Every night I bring thee roses, which
by twilight I have pulled
Know'st thou what the pretty flowers
Tender, secretly would say?
Thou shalt dream of me the night long
through

And be true to me by day."
Just that one verse. She waited in rapturous expectancy and then almost unconsciously she broke into song in reply.

There is always a certain moment when a singer reaches her highest efficiency. It is oftenest at some emotional crisis and now under the spell of his voice she was thrilled with the deepest emotion of her life. The words she sang were the lines of a poem she had read and memorized but the music was her own spontaneous improvisation and consequently held the spirit quality that no other music holds. Her other song had called forth no more compass of voice than would be heard in a soft voiced mother's lullaby, but now all the passionate soul of the woman, all the technique of the artist, flowered as she breathed out her own heart's cry.

"Across the world your voice is calling
me

I feel its throbbing cadence through the
cloud

Of deeply cherished memories that thrill
The very depths of me and soft enshroud
Each grief in peace a happiness so full
My joyous heart would cry aloud.

Across the world your voice is calling
me

And every heart-beat draws your presence
near.

The days are lonely, love, and yet so full
Of you that I am sweet companioned
here."

Again the usurping Orpheus reigned in two hemispheres, but she day-dreamed of him "the night long through" and felt that the throb of her pulses had been forever set to the rhythm of his notes. Only those who have been thrilled by

such a voice can know the ecstasy of remembering it in the stillness of the night.

The next morning very early, before the dawn, she heard a stirring in the next room beyond the wall. The door opened and closed and then she dozed off into a phantasmagoria of dreams, bordered with frills and laces, punctuated with red heart periods and Cupid arrow exclamation points; for this was the Fourteenth of February and for days she had been looking in the shop windows at the gorgeous displays of valentines.

About nine o'clock some one knocked on the door and the maid's voice said, "A package Miss." Springing up and throwing on a kimona she opened the door to find a large package the size of a big suit case but wrapped in gaily colored paper and tied with a tinsel string like a candy box. Besides her name and address it had on it "A Valentine."

With emotion-quivering fingers she untied the string, tore off the wrappings and lifted the lid.

Violets! violets! masses of them, great fragrant bunches with the dew still on them, and a card bearing a name—the most beautiful name she had ever seen—BERNARD LORRAINE—and below these lines

"Every morn I send thee violets which
at daybreak I have culled
And at night I bring thee roses which
by twilight I have pulled."

"If I may come and bring the roses
please wear a bunch of the violets when
you go out at noon."

A bunch! a bunch indeed! She would wear them all! Her big, broad-brimmed white felt hat, with only a band for trimming, was lying near and she began to pile them on this; but only the top

layer in the box was violets, beneath them—she gave a little indrawn gasp of joy—how could he have found it?—beneath them was the violin!

Shop-window gazing was one of his diversions too. Musical instruments always attracted his attention and having once seen that dainty violin in her hands he had recognized it at once. In fact he had been looking for it! For after the morning when she came back without it he had done some deductive reasoning which had ended in a stroll down the street. He knew that the three golden apples were fond of growing just such leaves and he had little difficulty in obtaining it and tracing it to its owner.

That night a tall young man with an eager look in his eyes and a bunch of very red roses in his long, slender fingers walked up the steps of 333½ and at the top of the second flight was met by a girl with cheeks a trifle redder than the roses but they shook hands like old friends and the landlady, who was craning her neck from the floor below never knew but what they had been brought up together back east.

"The birds have been singing to each other in the last few days," he said "why shouldn't we too?" Not having a reply, she remained silent and he continued:

"Today the birds that have been singing to each other select their mates. You have answered my singing with your singing, my heart with your heart, will you be as trustful as the birds and give me your heart for my love? This is Valentines day, the day of lovers, and I have special license to make all the love I want and as unconventionally as I like."

He reached out his hands to her—and then the landlady, who was still peeping, was sure they were old lovers reunited.



THEATRICAL

"The fact that one may be the possessor of a fine voice," says Miss Dorothy Jardon who is singing the role of the gypsy in the new DeKoven opera, "The Wedding Trip," "so often causes a feeling of reliance that, if not subdued, may lead to disastrous ends. Before my voice was trained I never realized until friends told me, that I might not always have my voice and even at the present time, although I have been studying for eight years, I never fail to take a lesson each day."

Miss Jardon, who in private life is the wife of Edward Madden, the song writer, is an accomplished musician and has to her credit a number of musical pieces which have brought into the little family considerable royalty. She made her first appearance on the stage, by the way, in a series of musical productions which were staged by Ned Wayburn for vaudeville. The first of these was "The Dancing Daisies," then "The Side Show" and lastly, "The Reindeer," but as soon as Miss Jordan was heard in New York, George Cohan engaged her for the prima donna role in "The Yankee Prince." Then Blanche Ring persuaded her to join "The Yankee Girl" company and finally came her engagement with "Madame Sherry." It was during this engagement that Miss Jardon wore a dress, the back of which was cut so low that one of the performers in the company testified in court in a suit which he had brought against the management of "Madame Sherry" for back salary, that he was compelled to give up his engagement because the aforesaid "back"

shocked him. Whereupon Miss Jardon retaliated by a counter suit charging the actor with slander. The case is still pending in the courts.

Some of her musical compositions are "Bombay," "Love Dreams" and "Under a Hebrew Moon," which a number of years ago was one of the popular pieces of the time. She also wrote the music for "The Dancing Daisies," "The Side Show," "The Reindeer" and "Broncho Buster."

Fritzi Sheff, who is just beginning a tour in "Night Birds" which is the revised edition of "Die Fledermaus" by Johann Strauss, recently told an intimate friend, who told another friend who is acquainted with a reporter that she intends returning to grand opera. But the story has not been confirmed.

Several plays to be brought out by Winthrop Ames will be seen in the New York houses of the Shuberts. All of the productions made by the same manager at his "Little Theater" will tour the Shubert's out-of-town theaters.

The first performance of "Bunt Pulls the Strings" in Chicago will be given on January 15. The New York company will remain at the Comedy indefinitely.

The new DeKoven opera "The Wedding Trip" has no star but there are at least four women who are trying to usurp the prerogatives which go with such a distinction. Dorothy Jardon is waging a billposting campaign against Dorothy

Morton each singer having "paper" plastered on walls and billboards all over the city. Christine Nielsen is confining her publicity to a personal press agent while Fritzi von Busing is resorting to lithographing. As the near-stars pay for the work themselves the management has not, as yet, offered any objection.

The real cause of the falling off in patronage of some theaters has at last been solved. It is not moving pictures, ownership of autos, inferior plays, politics, or fluctuating business but the passing of the stage door Johnnie. Dorothy Jardon, singing as she never did before in the new De Koven opera "The Wedding Trip," declares that she has solved the problem and her views on the subject of the callow youths are given theater managers for what they are worth.

"When I first went on the stage," says Miss Jardon, "I used to have to fight my way from the theater there was such a crowd about the door. Now it's like a graveyard. The newspapers and the jokesmiths, yes and the playwrights have wrought the change. They have wiped out an American institution. No theater can hope to do business without stage door Johnnies. Ask Lew Fields or Joe Weber. 'Six or seven years ago the change in sentiment set in. Cartoonists reviled the Johnnies, popular writers used them for the bunt of their ridicule, even the theatrical managers took a hand in cooking their own goose because they allowed the puny things to be burlesqued on their stages. No wonder that in time American fathers and mothers began to inculcate notions in the heads of their young offspring which tended to keep them from the stage door. Now no such thing exists except in the newspaper pictures. A stage door! Only a few college boys and real true friends of actresses know what a stage door looks like. 'They have the idea in England where the green room is a necessary adjunct of every theater. Men about town, artists, literary geniuses, Bohemians—all gather in the green room. But over here our managers have been too busy making money to think of keeping up the traditions.

"Too bad, too bad! Next thing they will be abolishing the bald heads. Then we may as well close the theaters and pose for moving pictures."

Maybe Dorothy is right after all.

The company selected to support Fritzi Sheff in "Night Birds," the comic opera by Johann Strauss, will include George Anderson, Jack Hazzard, Frank Rushworth, Frank Farrington, Milbury Ryder, Morgan Williams, Edith Gradford, Hazel Cox, Edith Brandels and Jean Laurence.

In moving "The Million," Henry W. Savage's farce, from the Thirty Ninth street theater to the Herald Square, Mr. Lee Schubert has consented to a reduction in the existing scale of prices. Two dollars for orchestra seats has been the invariable scale at the Herald Square ever since the house was taken over by Lew Fields, whose interest is merely proprietary as the booking is controlled by the Schuberts.

"In large theaters," says Mr. Shubert "the public is not unreasonable in expecting a reduction in prices especially where the company is small. This is the case with 'The Million.' The farce is an undisputed success and could remain at the Thirty-ninth street theater for several months to come but upon Mr. Savage's suggestion that we move it to a larger house I readily consented because by reducing the prices we can play to more business and popularize the farce.

"Slim business in the galleries and balconies must be overcome by the managers who cannot hope to 'put over' plays with only the lower floor filled. The reduction in prices for balcony seats at the Lyric where 'Little Boy Blue' is appearing has resulted in a decided increase in attendance in this part of the theater without in anyway detracting from the orchestra floor patronage."

Chicago got its first glimpse of the Scotch comedy "Buntz Pulls the Strings" when the special company organized by the Messrs. Shubert and Wm. A. Brady opened at the Princess theater January 15. The cast is headed by Miss Molly McIntyre who plays the role of "Buntz."

Judging from the reviews of the play "Buntz" will prove as popular in Chicago as it has in New York and London.

"The Bird of Paradise" which has been playing at Daly's, New York, has been transferred to Maxine Elliott's Theater where it will continue indefinitely.

The Shuberts have made arrangements whereby the company now appearing in Reginald De Koven's new comic opera "The Wedding Trip" at the Broadway Theater might be made a permanent organization, to be known as the De Koven Opera Company. The new organization will be devoted exclusively to light opera, similar to the Bostonians. Plans are now being perfected to offer special matinees of "The Tales of Hoffman" at the Broadway Theater during the run of "The Wedding Trip." A revival of Mr. De Koven's early success, "Robin Hood," is also under consideration. Mr. Lee Shubert said before sailing for Europe that it was probable that several light operas of a similar nature would be revived. The Shubert announcement is that the new organization shall include Dorothy Jardon, Christine Nielsen, Dorothy Morton, Fritz von Busing, Gwen Dubary, Grace Emmons, John McCloskey, Arthur Cunningham, Edward Martindel, Charles Angelo, and Joseph Phillips.

Lewis Waller, the famous English actor has announced his intention of becoming a producer on this side of the ocean. His determination is said to be due to the success that has befallen "A Butterfly on the Wheel" at the Thirtieth street Theater, New York in which he has an interest with the Shuberts. The reception of the piece in New York is all the more remarkable as it was tried out in Chicago early in the season by Mr. Frohman and almost immediately discarded. It was then that Mr. Waller, playing in "The Garden of Allah" at the Century came forward with the proposition to bring over the original London company including, of course, the incomparable Miss Madge Titheradge.

Louise Gunning will tour to the coast in "The Balkan Princess."

The all-star cast, which is now appearing in "Pinafore" under the management of the Shuberts and Wm. A. Brady, will, later on, make a tour of the south.

Waterlilies

By Aubonielle De Ponesey Patterson

*The lake was all aglow and glistening
With waterlilies—To my questioning
From whence they came, thus spake those lilies white,
"We are the stars the lake lured down last night."*



San Francisco Exposition

THE MEMORIAL Tower, the construction of which has been endorsed and approved by the Board of Directors of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, has become of world-wide interest, on account of the wireless possibilities. If the shaft is placed in Lincoln Park and a wireless station installed in the Tower, it will make San Francisco the highest-powered station in operation and will produce long distance results hitherto considered impossible, placing San Francisco in direct communication with Washington, Colon, Honolulu, all Alaskan stations, vessels in the Pacific, and possibly with stations on the Coast of Japan.

A letter received from George von L. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy, says:

"The Navy Department is taking steps towards erecting a high power station on the California Coast, in connection with its chain of wireless stations across the Pacific, and for communication with ships in the Eastern Pacific Ocean. Since the range of wireless depends principally upon the height of the aerial wires above the ground, and since the location of this station at San Francisco would be most advantageous to that city, it would seem that the Memorial Tower should be erected with a view to its use for supporting one end of an aerial of the most powerful wireless station in the world. The Eiffel Tower in Paris, 1,000 feet high, has produced wonderful results in long distance wireless work, and the proposed tower, 1,350 feet above sea level, would insure even more remarkable results.

"A site near the Ocean Beach at San

Francisco will give ideal wireless conditions, there being no tall building or trees in the sending direction, and I strongly recommend that, before the exact site of the Memorial Tower is selected, the Navy Department be consulted as to the needs of the proposed wireless station. Such a station would in no way interfere with the use of the Tower as an observation station for visitors, or for its use as a weather station. The small wires of the aerial could not detract in the slightest from the appearance of the Tower, while adding greatly not only to its utility, but to its attractiveness for visitors. Some wireless exhibit will doubtless be necessary for the Exposition, and no commercial company would approach the exhibit the Navy Department contemplates, with its previous experience in erecting and operating forty-four stations, in connection with the use of the wireless telegraphy on all vessels of the Navy."

THE MOST eminent architects of the world will design the buildings that will grace the site of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, which is to be held in San Francisco in 1915.

McKim, Mead and White, Henry Bacon and Thomas Hastings of New York and L. C. Mullgerdt and George W. Kelham of this city will assist the members of the Architectural Commission consisting of Messrs. Willis Polk, William A. Faville and Clarence R. Ward in planning the great International Exposition.

Under the rules adopted by the Board

of Directors, the Architectural Commission will assemble for their first consultation before the plans of the grounds and buildings are submitted for adoption. This meeting is scheduled to take place early in February, and immediately afterwards, work will be commenced upon the design of the individual buildings. In a short time, there will be another meeting, at which the architects

will submit the plans of the buildings designed by them, and, as soon thereafter as practicable, the final drawings will be prepared, contracts let, and the work of building commenced.

All these architects are well known in the profession, each having played a part in designing some of the famous structures of the world.

San Diego Exposition

San Diego is building an exposition now. Hundreds of carpenters and other workmen are busily engaged at this moment in grading and construction work in Balboa Park.

The reason for this early preparation lies in the desire of the projectors to make of the Panama-California Exposition the most beautiful and unique affair ever held in the world. Millions of plants are being propagated now in the huge nursery in the 1400 acre park for this purpose. The directors have ordered that all buildings shall be finished January 1, 1914, one year in advance, to give the landscape architects and gardeners a chance to grow the palms, ferns, vines and flowering plants over the buildings.

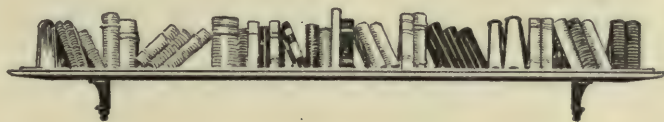
The structures immediately under way are the Administration Building, the Memorial Arch over the main entrance and the California State Building. Plans are almost ready for the Agricultural and Horticultural Building.

All architecture and all ensembles of architecture and landscape are in the beautiful Spanish-Colonial, or "mission"

style. The exposition covers the South-western United States, Mexico, Central and South America and it is in these countries that the Latin-American architecture grew to its greatest beauty. The Exposition is a mission city in white, cement construction throughout, set in a California landscape, the most beautiful that can be devised.

At the head of the Panama-California Exposition as its president is David Charles Collier, a man of national repute; Ulysses S. Grant, Jr. son of the 18th president of the United States, chairman of the board of directors and a board of 21 directors who include in their number 16 bankers, men whose aggregate fortunes amount to over \$60,000,000. These men are backing President Collier in everything he desires to do, and as their representative have Joseph W. Sefton, Jr. as Director-General, himself a trained banker and business man, who answers for the finances. The treasury contains now \$2,500,000 for building. It will handle nearly \$10,000,000 before the gates are thrown open.

Under *the* Study Lamp



Stand by the librarian's desk for half a day (perhaps you are spending four hours trying to get "How to live on Twenty-four") and you will be convinced that the fiction reading public is divided into two classes: those who are set on being supplied from the "six best seller" stand and those who are avid for Arnold Bennett.

Whether we classify Mr. Bennett's popularity as an American fad or as a discriminating public's appreciation of genius, it is interesting to know that he at least practices some of his precepts and is a ceaseless and tireless worker with a degree of concentrated purpose and system inconceivable to the average writer. Mr. Bennet was born in Burslem, England, and the "Five Towns" to which most of his stories run, as surely as a Short Line Flyer to Pasadena, are his own native hamlet and the villages adjacent thereto. These towns are known as "The Potteries" because of the many kilns and factories in and around them. They have been recently consolidated into one administrative center. Mr. Bennet was educated for the law, but he abandoned this after a short practice in London, becoming journalist, editor, novelist in rapid succession.

In glancing over the chapter headings of one of his latest books "Helen with the High Hand" (George H. Doran Co. Publishers) one might think it was a cafeteria bill of fare from the references to omelettes, tea, and various other culinary subjects, but in reading the book it rises at least to the dignity of table d'hôte, with a good strong wine

at the end. Helen Rathbone, a sagacious and sure-of-herself young person, first shows her hand by marrying off her mother, much against that lady's will, who when suddenly corralled and about to be haltered, made a final but ineffectual plea that she couldn't be married then because she only had on her "third best hat!" After disposing of the complicating presence of her mother Helen's next move is to capture her great step-uncle, a man with money, who has not been on speaking terms with the family for many years. How she tames this wild man who says "Is her here?" and who is described as never having lifted his hat except at gravesides; how she overcomes his miserly instincts and aversion to society and transforms him into a generous, tea-drinking, dressy, lady's man, makes a very clever story. Not only does she wheedle him into giving her extravagant sums to squander on Paris hats and other useless finery but she has him buy a magnificent estate and finally marries him to a rich widow who lends a willing hand herself in helping along the matter. How Helen used the widow's son as the stone with which to kill two birds shows Mr. Bennett's knowledge of fine feminine finessing, and at the end when Helen's hand is "called" and held a dramatic situation is strongly drawn.

Getting back to the "six best sellers" "The Winning of Barbara Worth" by Harold Bell Wright (Book Supply Co.) and "The Common Law" by Robert W. Chambers (D. Appleton Co.) show no

signs of lessing their popularity. The great demand in California for Mr. Wright's book can be easily accounted for. It is a California epic and celebrates the heroic deeds of men whom we may see and touch. If it has crudities of style and too much continuity of climax it will be forgiven on account of the vivid, realistic picture given of primitive conditions and elemental forces at work both in man and in nature. The reclamation of the desert, the magic springing up of the Imperial Valley is a romance in itself and when added to this, interwoven with it, is the love story of Barbara Worth, a nameless waif found on the desert, and Willard Holmes, man of the world, the human interest element brings an irresistible fascination. The book could hardly be called a psychological novel but throughout the entire story in portraying the effect of the desert on character; the relation of the bigness of Barbara's ideals to its vastness; the moralizing effect that the wrestling with it had on Holmes; the soothing benediction it brings to the rejected, heart broken lover; in all of these related reactions and many others Mr. Wright consciously psychologizes. It is perhaps not saying too much that no Board of Trade literature sent out by boosting towns is doing more to advertise this section than the story of "The Winning of Barbara Worth." For not only does it show what can be done here with the sun, the soil and the canal-carried water, it demonstrates what the resourcefulness, the faith, the optimism the eternal succeed-or-die spirit of California has actually accomplished and will still continue to do.

In the "Common Law" it is the never settled question of common interest to mankind, Convention versus Instinct, that holds the audience. If the New York Sun's accusation is true that Mr. Chambers has simply transposed Du Maurier's *Trilby* into tones of New York he has certainly given a more happy final turn to the studio romance and in that, at least, shows a thorough knowledge of the American public's mental demand. Rather than have unhappy realism they will take fairy tales.

That the adult public still loves fairy

tales, no matter how crudely told, is clearly shown in the continued demand for "Freckles" by Gene Stratton Porter. And although the story of "Molly Make Believe" by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, and "The Secret Garden" by Frances Hodgson Burnett could not be put down to the literary level of "Freckles" still they all contain the same element of miracle. There are not any visible fairies, genii or elfs, but the results brought about are through as magical and mythical powers.

There are many people striving to keep up with the times and the fashions who have not yet read "Keeping Up With Lizzie" and who might read it to good advantage. The book has an unusual combination of ingredients, real humor and a wholesome moral; and, what is still more remarkable these are so cleverly blended that the moral has no bad taste and the humor does not evaporate with one reading.

In the "Circuit Rider's Wife" Corra Harris, a Tennessean, has given one of the cleverest books of the year. While the story is being read and favorably reviewed all over the country only a Southerner knows how delightfully true is the picture she has given. Aside from the charm of the story, the piquancy of the style with its whimsical strain of humor, holds the reader from the beginning. Her descriptions of the young minister with his solemn air and long, black coat, whom she likens to "a young he-angel in mourning"; her observations on the members of the congregation, one of whom is so over-cautious that she says he must wear "cat-whiskers on his soul"; and her comparison of the different denominations in which she remarks that the Episcopalian saints will surely wear ruffles around "their redeemed necks" to distinguish them from the others, are all so full of the fresh breath of originality that the book should be recommended as a tonic and circulation stimulant.

In Jack London's "When God Laughs" a collection of short stories (Macmillan Co.) one wonders when the laugh ever comes in for man, unless it is at the

friends and lover of the girl in "A Wicked Woman" for so cleverly does the girl play the ingenue that even the sophisticated reader has a lingering suspicion that maybe she might have been as innocent as she seemed. The story that gives the book its title certainly ends in tears and tragedy but it is saturated with the same virile, forceful London who wrote "The Call of the Wild" and the "Sea Wolf." Particularly in "The Apostate" a child labor story, London shows his word wizardry and power. It is not a pleasant picture that he gives but it has touches as great as a Du Maupassant masterpiece.

Mary Roberts Rinehart believes that one should have something tangible to show for every bit of work done. She has made it a rule since she began writing, to invest a part of her earnings from every book, story and play, in something of enduring value. As a result she has a valuable art collection, a splendid library, several pieces of Pittsburgh real estate and a safe full of solid silver. Her latest novel, *The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry*, promises to be a record breaker, and Mrs. Rinehart already has a new limousine to show for it.

Is Laughter Unkind

Probably few people have thought of laughter as a corrective, and yet that is what Henri Bergson in his recently published essay "Laughter" says it is. "Always rather humiliating for the one against whom it is directed, laughter is really and truly a kind of social 'ragging,'" he declares. Even more startling than this is Mr. Bergson's assertion that the really kind man — or woman — never laughs. "Laughter would fail in its object," he says, "if it bore the stamp of sympathy or kindness." Mr. Bergson, by this statement, would seem to put himself in the class with the Puritan fathers who thought it was wicked to laugh.

When the heroine of *Secretary of Frivolous Affairs* lost her fortune she wrote on a piece of paper a list of eligi-

ble occupations by which she might earn her living, shut her eyes and stuck pins in to see what she should do. How many other girls could do better if they should suddenly be forced to support themselves?—Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Robert Hichens' New Novel

Robert Hichens' new long novel, "The Fruitful Vine," which will be published late in September by Stokes, is distinguished first by its setting in Modern Rome, the city of history and of present day brilliance, and by its human theme, the unsatisfied longing for children on the part of a mutually devoted couple. Many enthusiasts over Hichens' "The Garden of Allah" like it because of the glowing atmosphere in which it is suffused, others on account of the powerful and human story contained in it. Both of these qualities are found distinctly marked in his new novel.

Mr. Willy Pogany, whose illustrations of "The Rubaiyat" and "The Ancient Mariner" have attracted the attention of all lovers of beautiful books, has received special marks of honor from Hungary, his native country. The Government has bought the originals of several of the 'Ancient Mariner' paintings and has conferred a complimentary grant of 8000 marks on the artist. Mr. Pogany's most notable work this season is to be seen in the de luxe edition of "Tannhauser" which the Crowells will issue shortly.

When "Octave Thanet" leaves her writing desk she leaves that name behind her and puts on her real name—Alice French. The name of French has been known in her home town of Davenport, Iowa, for two generations, for Miss French's father and uncles founded one of the large plow works of the city, now conducted by her brother. Miss French has always taken a keen interest in the business, and it is through this familiarity with practical affairs that she is able to write so sanely of work and workers in her new book, *Stories That End Well*.

Twice Told Tales

"Children," said the teacher to the class "if you ever succeed at anything in becoming famous you will have to know how to do at least one thing better than any one else. Is there anything that any of you can do well?"

Johnny held up his hand.

"Well, Johnny, what is it?"

"I can read my own writin' better'n' anybody!"

"That's not a good illustration," replied the teacher "isn't there something that you can do more quickly or more accurately than any one else?"

Again Johnny's hand went up, and the teacher nodded to him.

"Yes'm I can eat my dinner quicker the day when we're goin' to the circus!"

One of the best anecdotes illustrating the greenness of the modern tourist is vouched for by Elizabeth Towne in the *Nautilus*: An old couple, who had but recently acquired the wherewithal on which to travel were in an Italian city and there met a friend who was a cultured woman and a great art enthusiast. In this city there were a great many paintings and the art enthusiast, when she met her old friends exclaimed "What do you think of the Botticellis you find here?"

The old lady hemmed and hawed, blushed and finally stammered, "Well, I'll have to confess I don't know one wine from another!"

When they got to their hotel that night the old gentleman began to expostulate with his wife for betraying her ignorance so constantly, "Just see" said he "what you said to Miss today. Why that botterchellis she asked about was not a wine it is a cheese!"

A little girl who had been brought up on a poultry ranch and was familiar

with the ranch terms, heard the older members of the family talk a great deal about the "sun setting." Now a hen only set three weeks, and the little girl could not figure out why the sun set every day until finally a bright idea came to her and she said "Oh! mama I know why it takes the sun so long to set, it has to hatch out so many little stars!"

A little boy had been with his mother as she went the rounds of the shops, trying on garments and hats. To all the pleadings and importunities of the sales women she invariably replied "Oh! Yes I know it's beautiful and artistic and all that but you see it doesn't fit me!"

That seemed to settle everything.

A few nights later the little boy was begging for roast lamb for dinner instead of the usual things small boys have. All of a sudden he startled the nurse, shocked his mother and sent his father into roars of laughter by exclaiming, in a perfect imitation of his mother's best society voice. "Oh yes I know bread and butter is beautiful and artistic and all that, but bread and butter don't fit me!"

He—Mary Smith was married this morning.

She—Who's the happy man?

He—Her father.

He—Let's take an auto ride tonight.

She—But I've nothing to wear.

He—Then we'll go in swimming.

His Limitations

"Is that man a bill collector?" said the new clerk.

"He may be in some places," replied the messenger boy, "but not in this office."—*Washington Star*.

The Mission of Israel and the Commonwealth of Nations

David Lubin in "American Hebrew"

President Taft, in his message to the great meeting held last March at the Albert Hall, London, for the celebration of the Tercentenary of the translation of the Bible into English, said:

"Our laws, our literature, and our social life owe whatever excellence they possess largely to the influence of this our chief classic, acknowledged as such equally on both sides of the sea."

Presiding at this same meeting Lord Northampton said:

"The greatness, the prosperity, and the very character of the British race have been founded on the teachings read in the Word of God".

And the London "Times" comments as follows:

"The fact that it (the Bible) came from the East and has been naturalized in the West, that the Englishman has fathered what the Jew so long ago begot, is a proof of its universal value."

If these statements be founded on fact, it follows that the Jew and his Bible were a primary cause, an essential factor in the evolutionary development of the Anglo-Saxon.

Nor does the matter rest there; this same factor has likewise been a primary cause in the evolutionary development of many other races; substantially it has been a factor in the evolutionary development of the whole world.

And now let us ask the question: Is the work of the Jew ended? Is he no longer to be an essential factor in devel-

opment? Is his mission performed?

No! by no means. The work he has so far performed has been but the laying of the foundation. The great work of the Jew, the mission of Israel, is still before him. And the full value of the service he has already rendered will only be fully appreciated when completed by the work yet to be performed.

That we may better apprehend the nature of the service Israel has yet to render, let us bear in mind the cardinal difference in the lessons conveyed by the teachings of Jeremiah and those of the prophets Isiah and Micah.

Jeremiah is the individualist; he appeals to the individual, teaching him how he may govern and direct his soul so that it may obtain immortal, spiritual beatitude. Jeremiah is, in fact, the Christian. Isiah and Micah, on the other hand, represent Israel, the collectivist. They are teachers of the nations; they are unifiers, harmonisers. Their loadstar is political, economic and social justice; equity amongst men; collective righteousness, and they teach that the mission of Israel may only be accomplished when he shall have brought forth for all the world, and for all time, what the Prophet of Galilee expressed in the words: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

And may it not have been for the very purpose of accomplishing this work that Israel was scattered among the nations of the earth? What seemed a disastrous

dispersion, a calamitous captivity, may yet prove a blessing in disguise. Chastened, sifted, and taught, Israel is to awaken from his slumber of centuries and proceed onwards in the accomplishment of his mission.

And what is this mission, this service Israel has yet to render? This: the service he is yet to render is to work towards the realization of the ideal of the prophets; he is to be a teacher of the nations; he is to be a unifier, a harmoniser. His loadstar is to be political, economic, and social justice; equity among the nations; collective righteousness; he is to lay the foundations for the ultimate Commonwealth of Nations, the United States of the World.

Nor may this ideal be dismissed with a wave of the hand, with the exclamation: Utopia! It cannot be thus dismissed if the evolutionary progress of mankind is to continue.

The maximum measure of economic benefit may no longer be attained by confining economic activity within the boundaries of any one nation; no more than it can be attained by confining it within the boundaries of any one State in the Union; and just as the general welfare demands the unhampered operation of economic laws throughout the whole world. And such unhampered operation can only be secured by a Confederation of the Nations.

Happily evidences are at hand indicating that the trend of events is towards the realization of such a Confederation of Nations. From among a number of international institutions now existing I need only point to the following in proof of this:

There is the International Peace Conference at the Hague; the Permanent Court of Arbitration also in that city; the International Bureau of the American Republics at Washington; the International Institute of Hygiene at Paris; the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome; the International Postal Union at Berne, and the International Institute of Law at Ghent.

And be it remembered that these institutions are but the logical expression of needs which development has called forth. Reviewing this phase in the historic life of mankind, it would seem

as though the illuminated minds of the Prophets had seen far ahead, right through the intervening ages which have led up to the civilization of our time, and beyond our time, to the realization of the evolutionary progress which is now working itself out, and which is yet to culminate in the great World Commonwealth.

The Government of a nation is, after all, but an organization for carrying on its business by means of a number of departments, such as the Department of Foreign Affairs of Home Affairs, of Finance, of the Treasury, Commerce and Labor, Agriculture, Education, Justice, the Post Office, the Army and the Navy. It is the union of these Departments under the direction of the Presiding Officer in the Cabinet which constitutes the executive branch of a Government.

Now, International bodies, organized to render similar services, would, when federated, constitute an international government.

On first thought it would appear that the work towards the realization of this ideal should be done by the Governments themselves. But this may not be, for governments are conservative bodies, with well defined functions, moving in limited circles within which they are confined.

The force which may realize this ideal is the will of the people, and to shape this will implies education, guidance, leadership.

Is the Jew, then, fitted for this task? Does not his obscure role in the life of the nations preclude him from leadership in this exalted work? Let us see.

His fitness for this work is not merely attested by his production of the Bible, but also by his unique experiences during the centuries after the canon of the Bible had been closed. The translation known as the Septuagint was made at least 270 years before the present era; and how much earlier than that date the canon was closed I do not know.

And what was the life of the Jew during the centuries which followed the closing of the canon? A comprehensive view of that life presents itself to us when we realize the fact that whereas during all those ages land, almost through

out the world, was "vested in the king," owned by the king and by him granted, together with the people living upon it, to the nobles, the land of Israel was vested in God, and rendered inalienable in the family. "Cursed be the hand that removeth the landmark," was a statute in Israel.

And thus we find during those centuries a nation of independent land-owners in counter-distinction to almost all the world, a world dependent, a world under feudalism, a world under slavery. Israel was, in fact, during all those ages the only independent land-owning people in the world.

It is true that the holdings were small, but this was all the better for the purpose. These small holdings, and their inalienable ownership, brought into contact independent man with independent man. This led to continual discussion, argument and debate. With the themes of the Bible as text, the whole field of spiritual and social relations was explored. And Israel became a nation of teachers, a nation of priests; teachers and priests for all the world.

And this activity has been but the prelude, the initial stage, preparing the way for the ultimate work of Israel, for the bringing forth of the great World Commonwealth.

It was during those past centuries that Israel stored up, conserved the energy which now fits him to act as an instrument in the accomplishment of the work yet to be performed. And his dispersion, and trials, and sufferings, and experiences among all the nations of the earth have

but added wonderfully to this conserved energy.

And are there not evidences indicating the efficacy of this energy and the direction towards which it trends? Is it not made manifest in the commanding field of initiative and leadership?

Does not this commanding leadership make itself felt in the field of progressive thought? Is not the Jew recognized as a leader, an initiator in the field of commerce and finance, those broad highways of international activity? Has he not been in the vanguard of the economic struggle of the proletariat?

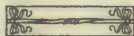
And in what other field can this conserved energy be more effectively employed than in the upbuilding of the great Commonwealth of Nations? In what other field can the Jew better manifest his right to the title "Israel," the "Fighter for God?"

And in this exalted work let no one deem himself too lowly, too obscure to engage in the battle. Faith in the greatness of the work, faith in the mission of Israel shall brush aside all obstructions, shall overcome all difficulties.

If it be the duty of the Christian to promulgate the doctrine of the Atonement, of the at-one-ment of man with God, it is also the duty of Jacob to continue the struggle with the "Malach," the Agent, the Messenger, to struggle ever onward and upward, until the great Commonwealth of Nations is established, and thus, by his work, earn the continued right to the title "Israel," to the blessing: "for as a Prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."



What Women Should Wear



What to Look for in Spring Millinery

At this early date novelties are extremely scarce and all one can do is wait for the arrival of the later goods. Some stunning flower trimmed hats are being worn and it will be seen that the medium and small effects lead so far, but there are some extremely large hats with high crown and huge, perfectly round brims, which are trimmed with poppies and roses of exaggerated size. This style of hat shows the influence of the Quaker headdress, and is so termed.

It is expected that small flowers will be made into bands, circlelets and other made effects, the flowers being applied flat to the hat or band. Small roses in the new radium shades are very good looking, as are also combinations in which forget-me-nots appear in all colors, not perhaps of the rainbow, but of the latest color card. Hydrangeas and lilies-of-the-valley are separated and used in this way, as are cowslips, French daisies and miniature pansies and violets.

Pansies, it will be remembered, were about the only flowers that were smiled upon last year, and a continuance of their reign is expected and planned. All shades of reds, pinks and purples are good in flowers. The radium shades, as its name implies, are varied, but all rather dark in tone—really a pleasing combination of soft, rather subdued tones.

Ribbons and Silks on Spring Hats

Some very wide ribbons are seen, the most prominent being nacre taffeta with fringed edges, the edges being of the two

colors that are employed in the body of the ribbon. There are also some very wide flowered brocade effects in ribbon, and satin-back velvet ribbon is shown too.

The brims of the white shapes are often trimmed with flowers, and a pompon composed of the same sort of blossoms stands up in Colonel effect toward the front or side. Garlands of flowers fit well between the brims and the Tam crowns.

Fancy Feathers

Fancy feathers are also used to give height, and the variety is considerable. Wings, quills, various aigrette effects and other standing effects give dash to the many sorts of turbans.

Turkish Towelling in the Coming Millinery

Last season the hat made of Turkish bath toweling was introduced and became popular enough to warrant the designing of more hats, galloons, fancy wings, etc., made from this material. Applied on black or brilliantly colored velvet, the effect is excellent.

There are also any number of straw ornaments and bands, combinations of tuscany and white and of colors that are stunning.

It looks as though velvet would be quite as good for Spring trimming as for Winter. Up to date not much velvet ribbon has been employed in trimming the new shapes, and what has been has been in color, but piece goods are selling

well and are being used in the manufacture of bows, which are still very large, and are prone to be embroidered or appliqued in some way. Velvets in bright shades are the leaders at present.

Wide and very beautiful silk ribbons are being used freely. Satins, single or double faced, and changeable taffetas are smart for dress hats, while the moires and gos-grains are being pleated into fans and other devices for stiffer hats.

Roman striped ribbon is being used and is very effective, if not overdone.

Among the hand-made hats with which the market abounds, none is smarter than the rakish looking tam, or student's cap. This fits very snugly, and has to be drawn forward over a closely coiffured head. A large plateau might be converted into such a tam, but it would have to be of very soft, pliable straw. The high numidi aigrette with a pasted base of warm brownish red feathers is stunning trimming.

Spring Hats of Flowers

Turbans of flowers are mixed with braid, with nacre silk and velvet; the piece goods are usually employed in the way of giving height. Flower crowns, with small nacre taffeta brims, are a feature also. The shapes of many of the turbans incline toward those employed by the Russians, Turks and Persians, as well as more snugly fitting frames on the ancient Egyptian order. All of them look soft as well as snug.

In quite some medium size hats the brims are of straw and the crowns are Tams of nacre taffeta. Some of the Tams are fuller and turned up at one side. Nacre taffeta is also used for facing. Hand sewed braid hats are a feature well liked for pliability.

Flowers Prominent

Nacre and radium colored flowers go well with the braids and silks in those colorings. There is a pleasant harmony between them that will not offend the eye and it does not look overdone. We also see the bright flowers used on very dark shapes; for instance, a fine black Milan shape, trimmed with flowers in the new primrose shade, in rather a large

effect; a large flat Milan shape of deep Amande green, with white lilacs and yellow roses. All colors and kinds of flowers are to be seen and there are some larger flowers used as well as the smaller ones, such as roses, morning glories, large bluets, poppies, etc.

Grass effects are combined with the flowers, and the variety of the branching is quite extensive, and the hat shapes admit of it.

Laces and Plumes

Some laces are trimmed in connection with flowers, and the black laces look well for veiling some of the brilliant colors. Malines are used again for draping and also for making some of the smaller shapes.

Ostrich and paradise novelties are particularly elaborate and beautiful, the new colors blending well for combinations.

The nature of many of the shapes will give good opportunity for the use of elaborate hatpins.

Straw Braids

There is a large variety of straw galloons and straw braids of both bright and dull finish. Buckle loops of glossy straw give an effective look. The braids are made in plain as well as nacre colors; also in combinations of leading shades. Rough and smooth, fine and coarse straws, all are shown; and Ramie looks well in new color schemes. Some of the braids are round, but the flat weaves prevail.

The Colors of the Spring Season

As to colors the new shade cards are well made use of. If there is any one in particular that stands out it is primrose, because this color is used in combination so frequently. Black and white, black and old gold, old gold and corbeau blue, gray and Delft blue, black and burnt orange—all look good.

Taffeta promises to hold a very important place in millinery for some time to come, and it is put to all manner of uses. Some of the velvet hats, either with the narrow or medium wide brims,

have barette crowns of taffeta supported by the buckram shape and with folds of the silk around the base. In such cases the taffeta is a glace composed of the velvet color and another rather lighter, but a black velvet hat may have a crown of bright blue silk shot with white where a white aigrette would be applicable.

Competition Between Large and Small Shapes

One hears a great deal about the favor extended to small shapes and of the likelihood of their taking the lead in next Season's models. Now, undoubtedly, the number of hats with narrow brims that are seen is considerable, probably exceeding the number of broad brimmed hats by a large majority, but for all this the latter have not lost favor. It is a matter of choice and also, to some extent, one of expediency, for in crowded thoroughfares, and above all in crowded cars, very large hats are not convenient, as Parisians who, at this time of the year, go about a great deal in town, find their cost.

It is rather soon to speculate with respect to next Season's models, but the probabilities are that at least for the first month or two the output of narrow brimmed hats will at least equal that of broad brims, although fashion may show itself equally favorable to both. This has often happened and is likely to happen again without in any way interfering with the vogue of the large hat, so particularly suitable for Summer wear.

Before dismissing future prospects to occupy one's self with present matters, we must say that the leading millinery firms that have supplied the hats for one of the latest new plays—the scene of which is laid in Springtime—have made a fair division. Four hats are worn in the course of the piece by the principal actresses. One of these is a tall toque, the second a small niche, and the two others have very wide brims. Perhaps one may accept this as an augury.

Taffeta Hats for Present Wear in Paris

The last few days have seen a large output of new hats of all sorts decidedly in advance of the Season; they are not exactly Spring hats, but there is a hint of Spring in them. Foremost amongst these stands a new toque which I think may be said to beat the record in height. It is made entirely of draped taffeta, the draping commencing at the edge of the close-brim setting around the forehead, coming over the ears and low down in the nape of the neck, and continuing to the top of the shape, which is about the same width all the way up. Although the arrangement of the folds is not the least bit formal, they set one above another, save on the left side, where they sometimes have more or less a downward inclination. Some of these toques measure nearly a foot high, but being made to slope slightly backwards; they do not quite look it.

Glaze silks are given the preference, such combinations as gray shot with blue or violet, light tortoiseshell brown with green and porcelain blue with tomato red being particularly fancied. The trimming generally takes the upright aigrette form—what is called a "drum-major aigrette"—and is more often black than otherwise. It is fastened rather forward on the left side.

Taffeta Ribbons in Parisian Millinery

Wide taffeta ribbons are as much used as piece silk. They are to be found in a violet and green glace arranged in a cluster of upright loops (encircled in a double coil of the same) on the crown of dark purple velvet hat, and in grayish blue shot with crimson made up into a big butterfly bow, on the back of one in bronze-green velvet. The first of these has a fairly wide brim and a low, flat topped crown, and the second a high crown, shelving in slightly, and extremely narrow brimmed. Moreover, the latter has the front of the crown covered with small single anemones in shaded violet tints.

Development *in the Southwest*

In the year of 1869 the Spanish Franciscan fathers planted a handful of olive clippings in the Mission garden at San Diego. Today there are estimated to be 1,200,000 bearing olive trees in California. Los Angeles County leads with 320,800 bearing trees. There are 38 counties reporting over 1000 olive trees, these counties ranging from Shasta on the north to the Mexican line on the south.

A kelp potash industry yielding 40,000,000 for the Pacific coast is an allurements held but in a message sent to congress by the president, in which he approves the report submitted to him by Secretary Wilson, covering the department of agriculture investigation of the potash situation in the United States.

The year just past has been one of the most prosperous in the history of the Golden State. The general crops have all been good, while mining oil and manufacturing industries have more than kept up the highest point ever reached by the state.

The Citizen's Water Company purchased the interests of the San Jacinto Water Company from the late R. J. Waters, and from the date of the transfer of the property has been pushing forward the work of expansion and perfection of the water system with remarkable energy. The entire system has been improved from the head of the main canal at the cienega to the end of the fathermost lateral. Besides this work the system has been extended, and now covers hundreds of acres of land in addition to that under the system of the old San Jacinto Water company.

An unusually large shipment of cotton was consigned to P. R. Gould and Company of New Orleans. It was cotton from El Centro, in the Imperial Valley, California, and came in twelve cars.

The total amount of the shipment was 584 bales, the majority of the cars carrying but fifty bales each. This is the second largest consignment of the long staple which has been sent here from the California district.

Big Yucaipa reservoir to impound 90,000,000 gallons of water will be completed within a few weeks and will cost Redlands and Yucaipa Company about \$30,000.

The San Dimas Citrus Nurseries comprise about 150 acres and are the largest in the world. Besides, the company owns a sixty-acre, full-bearing orange and lemon grove. It was at this nursery that the varieties known as the Golden Nugget and Buckeye Navel oranges were created. These oranges were produced for special qualities and represent many years' work and study, on the part of R. M. Teague. Mr. Teague is the proprietor of the nurseries and is considered an expert authority. Besides the two varieties of oranges mentioned above Mr. Teague has also created what he terms the variegated lemon. The leaves of these trees are streaked with white and green.

The aggregate value of all the agricultural products of California's soil for the year 1911 was \$76,000,000.

One county in California—Ventura—produced nearly one-half the world's supply of beans last year.

Asphalt is quite an important production of California, and the yield last year was valued at \$2,260,000.

The natural gas production in California for twelve months was valued at \$1,670,000.

Lumber was produced in California during 1911 to the value of \$24,700,000.

Taxable property in California is assessed at \$2,599,916,690.

During 1911 the production of borax in California was 35,000,000 pounds, valued at \$1,185,000.

There was a large crop of hay in California in 1911 and the total value is placed at \$10,500,000.

The wheat crop of California during 1911 was 450,000 tons and its approximate value was over \$12,000,000.

Last year's production of condensed milk in California was over 8,600,000 pounds, valued at \$765,000.

There were 2,617,000 tons of macadam produced in California during 1911, and the total value was \$1,090,000.

J. F. Lobinger, president of the Golden State Canning Company of Ontario, with the largest fruit cannery under one roof in the State, has purchased the interests in the company owned by L. E. McCann, who up to the present has acted as manager and secretary of the company. The cannery is a monster concern and during the deciduous fruit season employs between 300 and 400 hands, with a weekly pay roll of more than \$4,000. The company cans apricots, peaches, grapes, plums and tomatoes.

Figures, which have just been given out by local lima bean men, show the stock of lima beans in warehouses of Ventura county and other sections of the South to be 383,758 sacks, which is 13,758 bags more than at the corresponding time a year ago. In addition to the increase of beans on hand, the

price announced as being received now is \$5.80 to \$4.90 of the year previous.

San Diego County

Area, 4209 square miles or 2,693,842 acres.

Value of town and county real estate, \$51,199,732.

Number of miles of public roads 5200.

Miles of irrigating ditches, 133; cost, \$3,420,000.

Number of acres irrigated, 14,755.

Number of fruit trees, 1,132,300.

Nut trees, 19,080.

Value of poultry and eggs, \$618,210.

Value of dairy products, \$415,500.

Value of live stock, \$317,050.

Value of agricultural products, \$5,120,-920.

Ventura County

Area, 1,852.66 square miles, or 1,185,-704.95 acres.

Value of town and country real estate, \$22,794,671.

Number of miles of public roads, 656.

Number of miles of irrigating ditches, 59. Cost, \$344,900.

Number of acres irrigated, 14,350.

Number of fruit trees, 679,440.

Nut trees, 164,280.

Value of poultry and eggs, \$78,320.

Value of dairy products, \$25,850.

Value of live stock, \$2,204,225.

Wool, 143,500 pounds. Value, \$21,-525.

Value of agricultural products, \$6,473,-271.

Los Angeles County

Area 3880 square miles, or 2,483,200 acres.

Number of farms, 10,322.

Value of town and country property, \$522,511,544.

Number of miles of public roads, 4220.

Number of miles irrigating ditches, 1143; cost, \$587,000.

Number of acres irrigated, 97,778.

Number of fruit trees, 4,589,784.

Value of poultry and eggs, \$2,060,473.

Value of dairy products, \$1,500,000.

Value of live stock, \$6,098,480.

Wool, 322,000 pounds. Value \$8300.

Value of agricultural products, \$22,-672,008.

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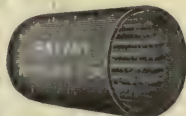
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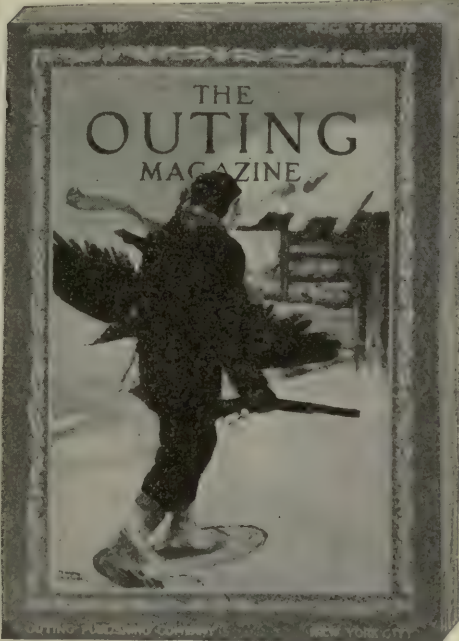
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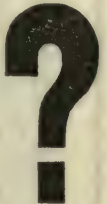
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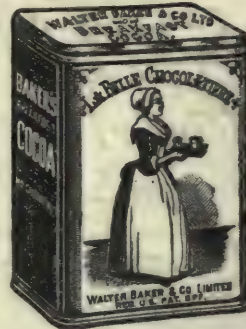
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OUT WEST

New Series Vol. 3

MARCH, 1912

Number 3

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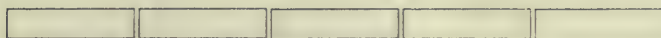
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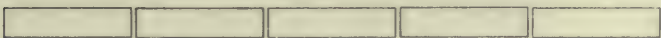
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creeds.
The rennaissant, strong re-ligioning of humanity to
God,
Breaking hideous, graven image of oblique theology;
Pointing from tradition's idol to a self-revealing Power;
Teaching Love with Love's own impulse, not with
Fear's debasing force;
Teaching joyousness in labor and in prayer, humility;
Ending sacrilegious promptings we, presumptuous, made
to God;
Ending caviling dissensions over forms, inconsequent;—
This, the coming of the spirit which makes perfect, which
sets free!
This the coming of the kingdom—works and will made
one on earth.
And "that in part shall pass away," the fulness of His
power
Shall manifest unto His own this never-changing Truth:
Love abides, abounds, forever, Love creates and Love is
God.*

—L. H. M.





Where trees conserve the water and the soil.

OUT WEST

MARCH

1912

Conservation of the Forest

By Lannie Haynes Martin

IN DEALING with that most important factor in the whole scheme of conservation, the conserving of the human race, the humaniculturist found that beneath the causes of loss from over-work, disease, war and accident there was a deeper, underlying cause at work. It was the neglect and indifference that man showed to his fellow man.

In remedying this evil it has not been the religionist only who has helped. The idealist with his dreams; the scientist with his discoveries; the statesman with his labor bills and peace policies; the journalist with his free and fearless pen; the actor with his power to present and portray; all have been weaving the threads that now hold humanity together in the strongest bond of brotherhood the world has ever seen. If into this thread some fibers of selfishness, ambition, policy have been twisted, it is still the cord of love, spun from the best material at hand, and continually improving in texture.

In educating against the waste and destruction of trees the silviculturist will likewise have to learn that man must first be taught to love the forest. It is true that most people love individual trees. Every man who spent his boyhood in the country remembers with affection some oak or pine beneath whose shade he sat and dreamed; some chestnut, beech or walnut he climbed for nuts; some "sugar tree" he tapped for sap.

But this is like loving the members of his own household but having no regard for humanity at large.

The proverb "the man I hate is the man I do not know" would suggest that love and acquaintance are synonymous. Applying this principle then to trees, to know the tree is the first essential; and probably no where in the world are conditions so favorable for studying a great variety of trees as in Southern California. Here side by side in many gardens grow the banana of the tropics and the tall pine of Norway. Along the city's streets, alternating in symbolic difference, are seen the magnolias of the south and the maples of New England. Here the palms, like royal descendants from the old days of Spanish romance, stand in stately courtesy to do honor to the land. From the slopes of the high Himalayes has been brought the cedrus deodora—that beautiful tent-like tree with the blur of blue shadows beneath its branches and its tall spire touching the sky. Perhaps beneath this tree our Aryan forefathers worshipped when "the groves were God's first temples." From Australia has come the tall, sentinel eucalyptus which stands priest-like showering benedictions from its moisture-laden leaves, a prophet of the past and of the future. Perhaps it stood like this on the shores of a prehistorical continent and whispered warnings to the lost Lemurians.

Here we have "Wan grey olive woods
which seem

The fittest foliage for a dream."

and beneath them what dreams do come
of Palestine and the "mountains 'round
about Jerusalem." Here the waving
acacias waft memories of ancient Egypt

tree, the most beautiful of all, coming
from the heart of old China, bears an
Aladdin's lamp legend in every line of
its leafy labyrinth.

But these are our foreign neighbors
who have been admitted into citizen-
ship and have brought the traditions of



Where sycamores and mater maples fringe the canyon stream

and whisper mysteries of the Nile and
Osiris. The flowering jacaranda, which
in June showers its purple blossoms on
the passerby, has come as an ambassa-
dor from the Amazon to proclaim the
magnificence of that court. The grace-
ful bamboo bows in the breeze and brings
greetings from Japan; and the pepper

their peoples with them. Our own native
indigenous live oak is symbolic of the
sturdy Saxon strain in our blood. Our
sequoias speak of an antiquity antedat-
ing all ethnological classification, and
make us believe "there were giants in
the earth in those days" for beneath them
it were fitting that a Titan race should

have lived. The chanting pine stands as a stately symbol of the aboriginal "red man of the forest;" its indescribable air of dignity, isolation, fortitude and latent power making its analogy to the Indian very striking. Our bays, that grow in Rubio, Millards Los Flores and Eaton's canyons are as green, as fragrant and as fit for chaplets as the Greek or oriental bay. The water maples and sycamores that fringe the canyon streams; the mesquite and manzanita that embower the mountain sides, all have a peculiar picturesqueness of their own, and all do their part toward conserving the soil and equalizing the water distribution. Perhaps the Scandinavian legend, that the tree Yggrasil supported the universe and held the fountain of wisdom, was not much an extravagant conception after all. Trees have formed an important part in the traditions and history of nearly all nations. In Greek and Roman mythology each god and goddess had some special tree set apart as sacred to them. In Hebrew tradition the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruit, grew in the center of the garden. Long before Shakespeare suggested there were "tongues in trees" the Arab had his fable of the talking tree. Beneath the branches of the Bodhi tree Buddha sat and meditated. From the sacred oaks of Dodona the Greeks took counsel. It was under an English oak that the Magna Charta was granted. In the shadow of an elm Washington took command of the American army. Penn's treaty with the Indians was witnessed by a tree. Trees are our brothers.

But in primitive days the forest, along with all elemental forces, was looked on by man as his natural enemy. It was something to be overcome, to be hewn down, uprooted and utterly destroyed. Men now living can remember pioneer times when the clearing of the land was as great a problem as is now the conserving of the nation's resources. Then a man who cut down a tree was thought to be doing his country a service. When he became fully civilized and realized that there were limits to all natural resources, that the supply of water, wood, coal and even the soil itself, might fail, he conceived universal

conservation for his own particular salvation. The general, modern conservation movement dates back to the influence of the American Association for the advancement of science which in 1873 began to agitate the question. In 1890 this association induced the Department of Agriculture to establish a Forestry Bureau. Another line of force which aided materially in bringing about the movement was the work and writings of Major J. W. Powell. In 1907 President Roosevelt called a conference of all the governors of the United States to meet and consider conservation. This is said to be the first time that state officials were called on to take part in the forming of national policies. This convention met in Washington, D. C. May 13, 1908 and out of it grew the Conservation Commission of which Gifford Pinchot was made chairman. But though conservation is such a modern word, the principle is not new. When Joseph interpreted Pharaoh's dream of the fat and lean kine and had the Egyptians to store their surplus grain into barns he was a conservationist. It was instinctive conservation that taught the Indian woman to hide the seed corn from the hungry hunters. The ant, the squirrel, the bee all show the inherent, elemental instinct of conservation, and man has learned many profitable lessons from them all.

In the general scheme of conservation the tree is man's best ally. On the steep slopes of granite mountains, such as we have in Southern California, it has taken the slow process of ages to form the scanty soil. When once a tree has grown from it the tangle of interlacing roots, which spread and attach themselves to the underlying rock, prevents the sliding or washing away of the slowly accumulated earth. Thus the tree, a dutiful offspring, affords protection to the mother who gives sustenance. When the roots become stronger they hold back the pebbles and larger stone fragments and serve the two-fold purpose of preventing avalanches and keeping the disintegrating material where it, too, in time, will be transmuted into soil. Every leaf that falls from the tree adds to the permanence and the productiveness of earth and in every seed or acorn dropped



The Slow Growth on Steep Slopes.

there are possibilities for more conserving power.

When at last a forest has grown up and a deep leaf mold has formed above its roots this becomes a reservoir to hold the falling rain and absorb the melting snow so that the water slowly filters into the interior of the earth and feeds the streams instead of rushing in torrents down the mountain side. But where fire has denuded the mountain districts the fierce floods pour down destroying life and property; they bring with them the precious soil of the slope and scatter it broadcast, and after the soil comes the fatal avalanche of rock. So the tree is seen at once to be the conservator of soil, of water and of man. It is only justice then that man should seek to protect the tree from its worst foes—fire and insect pests—and that he should carefully study his own absolute needs and curtail all useless waste. Since the Forestry Bureau has sent out commissioners to examine trees in detail, just as a health officer examines children for adenoids, the damages from insect pests have been found much greater than had been supposed. Speaking from a dollar stand-

point, the ravages by fire each year are said to amount to fifty million dollars loss. It is estimated that only seven billion cubic feet of new timber grows each year, and over twenty-three billion cubic feet is taken out annually, partly for use, but largely through waste. When only one-third of what is taken each year is replaced, the question of when the forest will ultimately perish is a simple mathematical calculation, much easier to solve than the fluctuating frog-in-the-well problem.

In building, in manufacturing and for fuel there are many substitutes for wood more satisfactory, more durable and less expensive in the long run; and there are many ornate effects in architecture and furniture which are an offense to the eye and an insult to the wood of which they are made; in eliminating them, both economy and esthetics would be served.

In reducing the loss from waste, the lumberman and the woodchopper will have to be educated.

There cannot always be a poet on the spot with his command of "woodman spare that tree" the woodman himself must become imbued with the spirit

of love for the tree. Women do not need to get the vote to help with conservation policies. Mothers can shape them entire, by teaching their children to love the trees and the plants. Like wise in two generations mothers could bring about universal peace the greatest of human conservation, by eliminating race prejudice from their offspring.

But it is not only with the ounce of prevention that the conservationist has to deal, he has to supply the pound of cure as well. This remedy is being locally applied right here in the San Gabriel Mountains in the Angelus Reserve by the United States government, with Mr. R. H. Charlton as Chief Forester and Mr. S. Y. Parnay as assistant. Each year they send out a force of men to the mountains to collect seed from the pines and other trees. This seed is then carefully sorted, and the best varieties planted in the government nursery located near Santa Ana, California. In from two to eight weeks, according to species, the seeds germinate and when the plants are a few inches high they are transplanted to other beds where they are allowed to remain

for nearly two years. Then they are reset in their permanent places, in the open country and on the mountain sides, many trees having already been planted on Mt. Wilson.

Besides a large variety of native pines, the forestry service has planted the Himalayan cedar (*Cedrus deodora*) the incense cedar and many species of eucalyptus; the latter being one of the most rapid growers, reaching maturity in fifteen or twenty years; while from fifty to one hundred years are required for a pine to attain full growth. The eucalyptus seed is imported direct from Australia and costs now from \$3.00 to \$12.00 per pound, but the pioneer who planted the first "blue gum" paid \$50.00 a pound for his seed.

One of the greatest difficulties with which the forester met in his replanting scheme was the destruction of the young trees by the brush rabbits. This was partly overcome by building rabbit fences and when the next planting was done a higher altitude was selected where wild cats, coyotes and other animals had already exterminated the rabbit population.



Mountains denuded by fire.



Showing fire's ravages.

Reforestration

Go plant in yonder waste a tree!
 In desert drear, on parching lea
 'Long highway, street or lane;
 Bring thus your off'ring to restore
 Jehovah's temples, plundered sore,
 Profaned by greed their altars hoar
 On mountain hill and plain;
 The hand was yours that forests slew—
 Be yours the hand their shades renew.

Go plant in yonder waste a tree!
 Let one bleak spot reclaimed be
 By you, from year to year;
 Sink deep the roots to breast the storm,
 Trim true the branch to make brave form,
 Keep moist the soil 'neath sunshine warm,
 Give growth a title clear;
 A benefactor thus you'll be
 To plant and guard the growing tree.

Go plant in yonder waste a tree:
 An Eden's bower for bird and bee:
 Arboreal em'rald hall
 From Nature's architectural hand;
 A largess to the hungered land,
 A benison to all.
 When you are gone your requiem soft
 Each sponsored bough will chant aloft.

In the Teeth of Scandal

Madeline Bernais

IN A LITTLE community, such as Brandville, containing only a few hundred souls, neither a town crier nor a printed proclamation is needed to acquaint, even the most isolated inhabitant, of the arrival of a new comer. There are routes over which news of this kind is sent by methods swift and certain; but let the newcomer wear a silk hat and clothes of the latest cut, as did Dr. Lawrence Norman, dentist, when first he arrived in Brandville and let him announce his intention of becoming a permanent resident and, it is to be doubted whether the wireless was more speedy and efficient than this aforementioned medium.

Arriving in Brandville early in the week—to be more accurate, on the 4:20 Overland on Tuesday afternoon—the advent gave time for various and interesting preparations to be made and bought before the one important event of the week took place—the assembling themselves together on Sunday, for reasons best known to each individual, but which assemblage is known, through courtesy to custom and conscience, as the “attending of Divine service.”

Taken collectively the preparations made were elaborate if not expensive. Jennie Wilson had new sleeves put in blue flowered calico; Addie Harper spent half the week “doing up” her ruffled white lawn; the milliner was kept busy retrimming hats and evolving bows and Miss Sallie Mills, aged forty, actually made for herself a whole brand new silk waist! Sky blue in color, bow-bedecked, and frilled to a marvelous degree.

As to the preparations bought, not even the drug clerk who sold them knew definitely as to their ingredients, uses and effects; but he speculated that if the amount of powder he had sold that week were of an inflammable nature

there would be a considerable explosion in Brandville soon.

Brandville has not yet ascertained to what denomination the newcomer belonged—it hoped to know soon, of course—but it really didn’t matter, for there was but one church in the town and the two ministers of different faiths held alternate services. It was not even known if he were religiously inclined, but, reasoning that where diversions were none too numerous, and church-going an almost universal custom, it was more than probable that the stranger “in their midst” would do as Rome did. And when on Sabbath morning some few late comers waited outside for the Rev. Morehous to finish his opening prayer, they found their premises, both logically and literally, well taken. There was scarcely a seat to be found in the church, and there, right up in the “amen corner” in full view of the whole congregation, sat the Expected One. The seats in that corner were so placed that the occupants faced the greater part of the assembled audience and were in position to view each comer that passed down the aisles; and whether Fate or a knowing usher had conducted the doctor hither was immaterial now—nothing could prevent him either seeing or being seen.

Miss Sallie, wearing an ecstatic look and her sky blue waist, was already there occupying a conspicuous seat. Fanny Porter was there with no perceptible cropping of her widow’s weeds, but had observers been able to read the signs of the times they could have told that her well-powdered cheeks and demurely-dropped eyes bespoke a weed-killing drought and a burning resolution in her heart to put on “second mourning.”

Just behind her the widow Wilson’s

three daughters, of assorted sizes and colors, displayed like a vendor's wares in well arranged contrasts, were spread in tempting array over the family pew. Jennie's red hair would have served equally well as a beacon light or a danger signal, and while brunette Flora, with flashing eyes and pouting lips, would have attracted some, others might have remembered that to the typical termagant belonged just such charms; but modest Maggie, brown-haired, blue-eyed and fat, looked harmless enough. There were snares enough laid in every pew of that innocent looking congregation to have entrapped a whole army, so how could one defenseless victim hope to escape?

Attendant on the fitting and furnishing of his dental parlor the doctor had to make trips to Los Angeles in the next few weeks and, making it convenient each time to be gone over Sunday, there was less thought given in Brandville on that day to the putting on of outward adornment, but it was only to go in for more strenuous warfare that the dress parade was given over.

Dr. Norman had heard there was a good opening for a dentist in Brandville and he was soon gratified to find so large a percentage of the female population at least solicitous as to the state of their teeth. Even sound and healthy ones were brought in by anxious owners, and many were the ailments in those days attributed to defective molars. And the dental business in Brandville was proving both pleasant and profitable—profitable to the dentist, because he charged such a good round sum to clean and examine teeth, and pleasant to the patient notwithstanding the thorough scraping and gouging process by which the doctor searched, vainly in many instances, for possible cavities. For all this while was he not making himself exceedingly agreeable to the patient? And to be the object of his tenderness, his sympathy, his solicitude, would have compensated even the pain of tooth-pulling? And how interesting, how delightful to be able to say: "No, I can't come to the Ladies' Aid this afternoon, I have an engagement with Dr. Norman."

An engagement with Dr. Norman!

How they hoped it would be prophetic!

In this way, half the town soon had a speaking acquaintance with him; and on the street or on leaving church his smile was pleasant, his greeting courteous but he was still formal and distant and always in a hurry. It was evident that with all their teeth combined they had gotten but slight hold upon him. Some other tactics must be tried.

One day—a day, by the way, when the family physician was out of town—Addie Harper and her sister, Mrs. Barker, who was all the more skilled in match-making from being recently wed herself, became very anxious about little Jimmie Barker, ten months old and teething. Jimmie cried a good deal and his gums were certainly swollen. The young mother and aunt had both heard that children sometimes had spasms. What if Jimmie should have? And Mr. Barker away and the doctor out of town! Mrs. Barker was sure she should have had his gums lanced sooner. He might have spasms that very night and no one there but them! What should they do? The more they thought of it the more dangerous Jimmie's condition seemed to grow, and shortly after noon when Mrs. Barker asked Addie if she thought Dr. Norman would mind coming down and lancing the baby's gums, that young lady was quite sure he would not mind and very promptly and obligingly proceeded to get ready and go for him.

"Wear your hat with the pink roses on it, Addie, and you can have my white lace collar and satin girdle to put on if you want them. And don't you want me to do your hair that new way?" asked Mrs. Barker.

It was with seemingly breathless haste that Miss Harper entered the doctor's office an hour or so later and gasped out the situation and her sister's urgent request that he come at once; but after arranging for another date with an obliging patient he was a little surprised to find that Miss Harper did not deem it necessary to return at the same rate of speed with which she had apparently arrived. And he wondered, too, why she went a couple of blocks out of the way instead of taking the more direct route home. But Addie, knowing just how

many pairs of wondering and envious eyes were watching from behind vines and curtains, and knowing too, that Jimmie's spasms would keep, did not quicken her steps. If only she could have taken him by Wilson's, who lived in the outskirts of town, in the opposite direction her triumph would have been complete. When at last they arrived Jimmie played his part to perfection, and the doctor, not being versed in the ways of infants, did not know but what he was having genuine convulsions then. He was certainly kicking and squirming and squalling and it required the combined efforts of the aunt and mother to hold him while the doctor skillfully lanced his gums.

Jimmie was a pretty baby—when he wasn't crying—pretty and plump enough to have posed as an unclad Cupid instead of being the victim offered up on the altar of that fickle god; but it seemed that poetic justice was going to be dealt after all; Jimmie was the only one to profit immediately by the episode and he was benefited very materially. But Mr. Barker, returning and learning of the impending doom from which his offspring had been snatched became an unconscious ally in the conspiracy; for in his impulsive, hearty way he went and thanked Dr. Norman in a voice that trembled just a little when he spoke of his "little kid," and the doctor, really liking warmhearted, unaffected people, became his friend; and when a week or so later he was asked by the head of the house, to dine with the Barker family he went.

Now much was the wonder and many the speculations thereof in Brandville when this was noised abroad, but when it was known that the doctor had dined there several times and had been seen a time or two on the street with Addie Harper that fixed it. There was a careful laying away (with an eye to future use) of flounces, furbelows and other fishing tackle into the old, unprospective days of waiting and resignation. But after a few weeks, when no lights had been seen in the Barker parlor on Sunday nights, when Addie Harper still continued to come unaccompanied to church, and there were no other evidences of "steady company," the fishing

season opened again in Brandville and many luring baits were then recast.

It was during this renaissance period when the doctor's every look and act were being threshed for straws to indicate the direction of the wind, that Jennie Wilson, sitting on the front porch in a kimono one Sunday afternoon saw a gentle zephyr blowing breezily her way—in other words, she saw the doctor coming leisurely up the road. There was no other house beyond and of course he could only be coming there! One would have thought it were a cyclone coming from the way she rushed into the house and shrieked to her sister Maggie, the obedient drudge of the family.

"Bring a lamp—a lamp quick," she screamed, as she kicked off slippers and frantically pulled garments from shelves and bureau drawers, glancing out the window all the while to make sure her eyes had not deceived her. Now the uninitiated might not have known why a lighted lamp was wanted in the middle of a sunny afternoon, but Maggie's degrees had taken her through both fire and water and when she had brought the lamp she obligingly adjusted the bang curler over it. All this commotion of running to and fro wakened Flora who had gone to sleep over a Sunday school book on the back piazza and with a drowsy, indolent air she came in yawning as she asked the cause of the excitement. But before it could be explained it had become infectious. Her sister's rapid evolutions, a look out the window and Flora's languid movements, in the twinkling of an eye, were changed to strenuous activity. More garments were flying through the air and another bang curler was hastily thrust in the lamp.

"Well, goodness me, whatever do you think you're going to do?" snapped Jennie, dropping the hairpins she was holding in her mouth.

"Humph," snorted Flora from the wash basin "why should he be coming to see you any more than me?"

"Why, because I'm the oldest and have known him the longest and—"

"Have got red hair" suggested Flora.

Jennie's face was now more fiery than her hair and her heart was hot within her, but not so hot as the bang curler around which she was mechanically

rolling a long side-lock all unmindful in her wrath that little curls of smoke were floating around her head and strands of crisp, singed hair falling at her feet.

"My!" sniffed Flora, whose scent was keen, "you must be having spontaneous combustion over there."

A glance in the mirror revealed a condition almost justifying Jennie's desire to "throw things" and the bang curler went whizzing through the air.

"Hateful, hateful," she screamed "if it hadn't been for you—" and she was about to punctuate the pause with a sound slap on Flora's jaws when Maggie, in her timid, hesitating way thrust her head in the door and announced: "Dr. Norman has—"

"Oh, tell him I'll be down in a few minutes, dear" cooed the suddenly transformed voice of Jennie. But Maggie, in apologetic tones, began again: "Dr. Norman has-has—"

"Well, has what, fits?" said Flora in an impatient underbreath.

"Has gone on up the road," continued Maggie in doleful accents which betrayed none of the exultation in her heart.

About this time the Ladies' Aid Society discovered that before the rainy season set in there must be a new roof on the church, and of course this meant an ice-cream supper. And that meant committees canvassing the town, the making of cakes and organdy aprons, and the gathering together of dishes and spoons. It meant begging and work and the weather was warm and the people of Brandville not rich, but the first serious difficulty, an unprecedented one, arose from the fact that though but four were needed on the soliciting committee every unmarried female in the society wanted to serve! And where, heretofore, it had been well nigh impossible to induce young ladies to assume the really onerous duties of table-waiting, now there were enough volunteer waitresses to start an employment bureau.

Of course the doctor gave liberally when the soliciting committee waited upon him—hot coffee, ice cream and sad cakes, such as young ladies usually bake are the dentist's allies. But when it came to going to the supper, to running the gauntlet of those luring damsels-

made dainties and the languishing looks of the makers the doctor passed by on the other side. And what though the supper was a success, though the church was re-roofed, and the Ladies' Aid thanked, through the columns of the newspaper, the Brandville church supper was a sore subject for some time and the hard-working young women waiters felt they had a grudge against somebody.

To the Sunday school picnic fund the Ever Liberal One contributed, but a press of business was an excellent reason to excuse his inability to attend. No amount of pleading or flattery ever induced him to lift up his voice and join the church choir, and he wrote with beautiful flourishes, little notes of regret (long cherished by the recipients) declining all socials, taffy pullings and croquet parties.

"What manner of man was he?" they puzzled, "what could be the matter with him?"

The continued mental concentration brought to bear on this question was not without results. Miss Sallie Mills, who from long practice was an adept in maiden meditation, had one day a revelation, and it was just as if a voice had said the words: "Why, he is a married man, of course he is." And so vivid was the illumination that, waiting neither for reflection or sonbonnet she immediately arose and went straightway to enlighten her more benighted neighbors. When she, with the excuse of returning a pattern, ran across lots to Mrs. Porter's, so exciting was the theme and so animated the conversation that Miss Sallie failed to state she had received her information from the occult—no reference was made even to that much maligned "little bird," and when Fanny Joe Porter found she had lost her yeast recipe and must make a sudden trip to the Wilson's she announced to them the doctor's marriage with as much assurance as if she had witnessed the ceremony. And an hour or so later when Addie Harper received the news from Flora Wilson who had to run down street for some thread, that young lady got it along with "confirmations strong as holy writ," namely, "If you don't believe ask Mrs. Porter or Miss Sallie or oh, anybody!" And though no words

were said to that effect, the whole implication of tone, manner and looks, was, "Poor Addie, you are the injured one because he did walk with you several times and everybody knows how often he came here."

When detailing the news and the manner of its arrival to her sister, Addie did not fail to elaborate on the galling insinuations made by Flora, and to her vivid picture Mrs. Barker's imaginative faculty added some realistic touches which made Addie the central figure in a very humiliating scene.

"The good for nothing rascally villain," she exclaimed and, allowing her imagination to wax with her wrath she soon fancied she had a serious grievance against this "Base Deceiver,"

"I'll just go down tomorrow," said she—it was too late to go that day—"and give him a piece of my mind"—which impulsive resolution might have vanished before morning had not aunt Betty Ryan dropped in for a few minutes' gossip and in the course of conversation remarked that "They do say that the tooth dentist has been carrying on plumb scandalous, trying to court all the gals in town and he with a livin' wife." But for once Mrs. Barker seemed more interested in the weather.

It was pretty sultry in the doctor's office next morning when Mrs. Barker with lightnings in each eye and thunder in her face, descended like a Sierra Madre cloudburst on the Innocent and Unsuspecting one, and rained torrents of vituperations on his uncomprehending head. At first he was too amazed to reply, and she, of course, construing his silence to an overwhelming sense of guilt proceeded from denunciations to moralizing, but winding up with the purely feminine touch, "Why did you not tell us you were married?" He was too much amused to contradict the allegation and only said: "I did not think it necessary to announce the fact. And besides" continued he, a mischievous twinkle coming into his eye, "I don't think my wife would object to any attentions I have paid to the young ladies of Brandville."

The fact was, that though the doctor was not then married, he hoped to be, and his frequent trips to Los Angeles

on Sunday were not for business reasons only: but having no intimates and keeping his own counsel well and wisely the purport of his visits to the city had not become known. And so a few months later when he was starting again, this time to be quietly married to a girl he had known but a short time, and met in a most unconventional way, he did not deem it necessary to say more than that he would bring his wife back with him.

He was known by this time as a skillful, competent dentist, and a dignified silent man and his social relations did not affect his practice one way or another. And the doctor had prospered there. A little four-room bungalow, all furnished and ready, was waiting for the expected wife; and of course the calling contingent were as anxious to see the interior of the cozy nest as they were to view the bird who was to inhabit it. So it came to pass that "Mrs. Dr. Norman" had quite an array of callers the first week she went to housekeeping.

The doctor had told her it was a gossip place and it would be wiser to say nothing of their recent marriage, but to let it be taken for granted that they had been married in the east and he had been waiting to establish a practice and build a home before bringing her to California. He thought thus to avoid embarrassing questions as to how and when they had met. But what guileless, happy girl, wearing her dainty trousseau and blushes and an expectant look in her eyes at every gate click, can hide her bridishness from the eyes of a half-dozen sophisticated widows, a score of observant married women, with perceptive powers sharpened by memories of days that are no more, and girls with sufficient imagination to make up for lack of experience? So they soon discovered that the "poor young thing was a dupe"—that she had been betrayed and she must be told. There was a holding up of hands in holy horror, a shaking of heads, and a seeming reluctance on the part of each to be the bearer of such woeful tidings. Of course the "villain" must be publicly denounced and run out of town, but this more exciting and strenuous diversion they generously decided should belong to

the men; their duty was to inform the unfortunate woman of her false position. And duty must be done. That the proprieties should not be violated two or three of the older married women, with great gravity and ridiculously funereal countenances, went to break the news as gently as possible. They had been there some little time when one of the women remarked quite casually, "Mrs. Norman, your husband's first wife must a died sudden."

"Why, he was never married before," gasped the astonished bride.

"Well, he told Miss Barker nigh on to six months ago that he had a wife back east som'ers. Mrs. Barker she'll tell you so herself."

Then they went on to relate how it was generally known on Brandville that the doctor had been married for years and that they all believed at first she was his real wife who had just come from the east, till they had discovered (they did not state how) that she was a bride. The narrators were somewhat surprised that she was so easily convinced. They were prepared to refute all contradictions to their statements and they rather anticipated an argument.

"Maybe you suspicioned it all along?" questioned one.

"No, I had no such suspicion" very quietly replied Mrs. Norman as she rose with a look in her face that forbade any expression of sympathy which might have been forthcoming, "and" she continued "I would like to be alone now."

Her intense love for him clouded her intuition and she was too stunned to reason. She could only remember that she knew positively nothing of his past except what he had told her, and that he had warned her not to disclose the date of their marriage. This, then, was the reason, and of course it was all so. Her first impulse was to go back home east—and she did not wait for a second one but hastily packing a few things in a suit case, called a passing boy to send a carriage which conveyed her and her baggage to the station unobserved. But the train was several hours late and she settled herself down contentedly to wait.

At five o'clock the doctor returned home. No wife—no supper—no—yes,

there was a note—it called him "villain"—he laughed—"deceiver"—he roared. What kind of a joke was Evelyn playing anyway? But was it a joke? He read down through the exclamatory denunciations—"They have told me of your other wife." "I left on the 4:20 train." He did not laugh any more. He sat as though paralyzed awhile, and then that spring—the one on the lid of Pandora's box, which lets hope just peep out but never entirely get away—that spring was touched somehow, hope stirred faintly and then the doctor stirred quite perceptibly—he was flying hatless and coatless towards the nearest telephone. Though his inquiries were too incoherent to chronicle, the station agent finally understood enough to answer:

"No, the 4:20 has not come in yet."

"It will be an hour or so yet, there's a washout below here."

"The waiting room is full of people I'll see if she is in there."

The doctor had not lived a year and a half in Brandville for nothing; he knew the location of the well-springs of gossip there and had a pretty definite idea of the channels in which the outgoing streams flowed, so four women in the town were sought that day with a haste and eagerness which would have delighted them extremely a year or so back. A boy was sent with urgent summons to Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Porter and Miss Sallie to come to Mrs. Barker's at once and as the dentist was seen hurrying in that direction they imagined the new baby was having spasms like Jimmie had and they lost no time in getting there. All arrived about the same time and the doctor did not leave them long to wonder what would be the form of entertainment. With the air of a lawyer cross-examining a witness he asked Mrs. Barker if she would tell him, in the presence of the other ladies, in just what words he had made her acquainted with the fact that he was a married man. Mrs. Barker couldn't remember the words exactly, but she was positive that he had made the statement. The doctor then repeated the conversation verbatim and Mrs. Barker had to confess it was correct.

"Now," he said "who was it told you this regarding me?"

"Why everybody, Jennie Wilson and Mrs.—"

"Wait," broke in the doctor. "I only want to know one at a time. Mrs. Wilson is here," and turning to her "will you be so kind as to inform me where your daughter learned the fact?"

"Why, Fanny Joe Porter told us all about it."

Then with a bow to Mrs. Porter he said: "Would you be so good as to state from what source your information came?"

But before Mrs. Porter could reply Miss Sallie burst into sobs and exclaimed "I didn't say it was so, I only said I believed it, and then—then when I heard you owned it—"

"I did not own it," calmly replied the doctor "and I can prove beyond a doubt that I am legally married to the woman who is at the station waiting to take the train east because your malicious and unfounded gossip to her has made her believe me a bigamist." No one made reply, and the doctor continued "What I ought to do would be to bring a libel suit against each of you, but if you can get to the station before the train comes in and will tell Mrs. Norman that this report is entirely without foundation, I will let the matter drop." And with this he strode out of the house, not had he gone far before the sound of hurrying footsteps behind him told him that the women had not debated long over a course of action.

But great was their dismay and terrible their consternation when on arriving at the station they failed to find any trace of Mrs. Norman.

The day was warm, the station stuffy and waiting for the train became intolerable. Mrs. Norman slipped her suit case under a seat, walked down the railroad away from town, scrambled through an arroyo and coming to a considerable hill crowned with a clump of live oaks, climbed the rise and sat down; securely screened from view but having an outlook over town and station and an expanse of country vast

and varied that stretched away, distinct in outline, marvelous in beauty, from the base of the Sierras to the glittering Pacific thirty miles in the distance. It was this open, this "broad daylight" country that she had learned to love. To her spirit it was as a buoyant ocean giving exhilaration, delight, freedom. Could she leave it all now? Why had not things been all right? If there were only some way to make them so. A sudden idea came to her—maybe he was divorced—and she had always been so bitter against divorce—that was why he hadn't told her.

She was running now, down the hill through the arroyo, past the station where the train had already pulled in. The women had just left and returned to the doctor. They were telling him of their search and failure. He was standing on his front porch, erect and exultant, for he saw a flying figure coming up the road and, although the women's backs were turned, humiliation and apprehension gave them an abject appearance which the Flying Figure noted, but she paid no attention to them. They did not matter. Nothing mattered—only to know. And scarcely yet in speaking distance, she cried, "You got a divorce from your wife, say you did!"

He came out to meet her, smiling. It was all right—she felt it was all right.

"No, I have not gotten a divorce from my wife," he said calmly "but I will have to if she runs off from me like this again."

She looked at the women, then at him. Why had she ever doubted him!

"These ladies," said he "would like to apologize and make some explanations."

"It is not necessary," she replied "it is I who have to beg your pardon."

And only in the changeable eyes of a woman shines that polarity of light with which, in the same instant, she turned on the women a glance of frigid disdain and dismissal and on her husband a look of love and trust. And the bungalow door closed behind them.



WHAT, indeed, is true civilization? ➤ By its fruit you shall know it. It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury—nay, not even a great literature and education widespread, good though these things be. Civilization is not a veneer; it must penetrate to the very heart and core of societies of men. ➤ Its true signs are the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color, or nation or religion; the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world; the love of ordered freedom; abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile; ceaseless devotion to the claims of JUSTICE ➤ Civilization in that, its true, its highest sense, must make for PEACE.

—Lord Russell of Killowen



The Good Angel

By Margaret Hobson

WHEN Roland reached the door of his club he paused a moment to decide whether he should stop there for lunch or go home.

He had given up his bachelor quarters down town and had taken a house to get away from people when he did not want them. Today was eminently one of the times when he was in no mood for anybody.

He went in however and made his way to a small table in the corner. It was partially screened by curtains which shut him from the view of any who might seek to join him.

He had seen Allan entering and had escaped him. He liked Allan better perhaps than anyone he knew, but he did not want him today although Allan had just returned after a month's absence.

Roland sat down, gave an indifferent order and was left alone. As he drew some papers from his pocket, a check fell upon the table. He opened it and gazed at it bitterly.

It was not the money he cared for, he had enough. It was that the check represented his quarterly royalties and it told that the sale of his new book was slow, damnably slow. To be sure the works of his earlier years had a fair sale, but his days of production were over.

For several years he had not written a line that would have been considered except for his past reputation. It was because he himself had ceased to live.

This last book had been a lot of rot about New Thought which he knew nothing about. A lot of rubbish about people living happily forever afterwards. Why, nobody did that sort of thing. There was Allan, the best fellow in the

world, he was divorced. Roland himself had everything that money and fame could purchase and what did it amount to! He had tried to write a philosophy when he was not in tune with it and the public had sense enough to see through it, that was all!

Just outside the curtains which concealed him Roland could hear the sound of Allan's voice. Peering through a rift in the drapery he saw that Bolton was with him and they were pouring over some papers. They were talking in a low tone but Roland heard now and then the words "Stocks" and "Margins". He hoped Allan wasn't going into speculation. He was too good a fellow to lose what he had.

As he sat there near enough to touch the two men outside, his mind ran back to the old days when he roomed with Allan in the dingy little boarding house, when his board and laundry bills were never paid unless he borrowed the money from Allan, when he wore Allan's clothes after the tailor had refused him further indulgence.

Those were good days even when he had come home with his MSS all dog-eared from wear after being turned down by another publisher. He had been happy because he had got home first he would don Allan's evening clothes (Allan was not so stout then) and take the rejected MSS and read it to *her*.

Oh those evenings! How lovely she was. She sometimes wore a gown of pink gauze that fell about her like a rose-colored dream. Her big dark eyes grew bigger as he read, and sometimes she would pay it the untold homage of two big tears.

It was happiness only because it was shared by her when the Doctor had be-

come interested in his work. What a glory it had been to them both when he had his first public reading in the Doctor's palatial home. The receipts were fifteen dollars, a veritable fortune.

She had been his success. Then the Doctor had furnished the money to bring out his first book. After that he spread his wings and left everything behind.

The middle west was too small for him. He had gone east and every gate in life was held open for him by a smiling world. Success, flattery, adulation came unmasked. He was toasted, wine and dined, the man of the hour.

There was so much to claim his attention that the letters became fewer and shorter. The end came for she was very proud.

Of course, he didn't care, his vanity was a little wounded.

But a fresh bottle of champagne and a spin in his motor car with the pretty little divorcee and it was all over.

He had made a phenomenal success, the greatest ever made in his peculiar vein, but the end had come. His star had set. He was down and out.

The sound of Allan's voice brought him back. Allan was always restful and he bent his ear to listen. Just now he was saying:

"Did it ever occur to you that a man's responsibility does not end with meeting an opportunity, but that he must go out and look for it?"

II

Through the rift in the curtain Roland saw Allan put down his glass of claret and push it from him. This meant that something was forthcoming.

"Well?" said Bolton settling himself to hear a story.

"You've never been to the coast? You know what travelling is about here, every fellow is rather to himself. But when we're out for a four days ride with the same people, we become one big family after we leave Chicago.

"We took it easy and didn't especially seek each other but lazily played cards or swaped lies with the man or woman next us on the observation car."

Bolton gave an encouraging smile and silence.

"It was the second day that we found a young boy among us. No one seemed to know where he got on, but an hour after his appearance he knew everybody from the engine cab to the rear observation.

"I don't know how to go about describing that boy. He was a young fellow of about eighteen I should say, with one of the finest faces I ever saw. It was strong and masculine but boyish and beautiful. At my first glance I was struck by his wonderful resemblance to someone I know and to save my life I can't think now who it is.

"The boy's whole personality was the most attractive I have ever known. He radiated everything that was happy and cheerful. He said the cleverest things in the most fascinating way. He went right to everybody's heart. There wasn't a man or woman among us that wouldn't have adopted him if we could. I believe every man on the train asked him to lunch with him every day.

"I'm waiting for the opportunity," said Bolton.

"There were two of them and the boy went out and found them. He left us for a short while and went and did the day coaches. He came back looking very serious. He quickly interviewed the conductor and then we saw the porter making down a berth in the drawing room.

"A little later the boy and the porter came in assisting an old man. He was terribly ill, so white and emaciated he could hardly stand. The boy had found him quite faint in the day coach where he had been since we left Chicago. He had lived on a lunch of stale sandwiches.

"They soon had him comfortably in bed and the boy was feeding him crushed ice and champagne. After a while he fell asleep and the boy came out. He wouldn't let us commend him. He said it was only a debt that the man had once been kind to someone very dear to him. The old fellow was a doctor, Dr. Edward Hyde."

The man behind the curtain leaned forward eagerly and listened eagerly.

"He had once lived somewhere here in the middle west and was wealthy and influential. His home had been the

center of all the art and letters of the section. He had been a first nighter at the theaters and all that sort of thing, but I never saw a man more thoroughly down and out, physically and financially.

"Where was he going?"

"He was on his way to California where he was to spend the winter with a man who had once been his coachman. The man had a small ranch and was extending his humble hospitality to his former master in his hour of adversity.

"The boy had somehow taken to me from the first and he was sitting by me when he told the Doctor's story.

"What do you think, Mr. Allan," he said. 'The doctor said just what you did, that I am so much like someone he knows. Only you mustn't speak to him about it for he said it made him very sad to think of the person I am like.'"

The man at the table behind the curtain set his lips together and his hard eyes looked steadfastly at the speaker.

"Then the kid called us all together and asked if we could suggest some delicate way of assisting the doctor financially. We promised to think it out but we never did.

"Well, what came of it?"

"Be patient. When the doctor was all settled with plenty of books and magazines, the boy went out again. After a while he came back to me in great enthusiasm.

"O, Mr. Allan," he said. 'I've found the loveliest woman in the tourist car. She's the kind you would call 'Dear lady,' and whose hand you would kiss if she'd let you. I never saw anyone so lovely, and what do you think?'

"I couldn't guess!

"She said just what you and the doctor said, that I looked so much like someone she knew. I asked her who it was and she said an old friend. And don't you know, there were tears in her eyes."

"His enthusiastic face made you interested whether you would or not. He went on.

"And she had such a fitting name, Ellen Adair! It reminds us of Tennyson's poem. It must be her Edward Gray that I am like. If it is he will come back to her!"

The man behind the curtains clutched nervously and strained his ears to hear what would come.

"Nothing would do him but that I should go back into the tourist car and meet his new protege. Instead of the vision of loveliness and style you would picture as charming to a boy of that age, I was taken to the dowdiest looking old maid you ever saw!"

"A good one on you!"

"Not at all! That is what she appeared at a glance. But she was indeed as he had said, a lovely lady! She was the lady and the gentlewoman to the core. She wore a threadbare suit of the style of several seasons back, but it was well tailored and her hat was bent to a becoming angle. Her voice was sweet and musical, her bearing patrician, her English the choicest, and her manner had all the repose of the Vere de Vere.

"The boy had already devised a plan for transplanting her to the Pullman. She had told him of nursing her aged father until his death so he plead with her to come and nurse the doctor, read to him and that sort of thing."

"Clever kid."

"Clever doesn't express it! We hadn't thought out that plan for financing the doctor when the kid appealed to us again.

"It seems almost impossible to help a lady," he said, 'But she is very poor. She is going to Los Angeles to look for employment, and she will visit for a short while.'

"This was a greater problem so we gave it up. But the boy didn't. He ran out at a station and sent a telegram. He had wired some people in Los Angeles to get long distance connection with Ogden by the time we got there as we would stop twenty minutes."

"Did he get it?"

"Sure he did, and he accomplished a lot of talking. He was in great glee.

"Oh, its all settled," he exclaimed. 'Everything has worked out wonderfully. I have arranged everything beautifully for them both.'

"We were all eager to know how he had worked out a problem which had baffled us. This is what he told us.

"You see I called up the lawyer and the president of one of the banks in Los Angeles. We do business with both. I told them to arrange with a big Sanatorium near there to offer the doctor a place to consult with the doctors there for his expenses and a small salary."

"We suggested that they might not do it as they did not know the doctor."

"Bless you, its only a bluff," he said.

"We are to pay the expenses, the salary too, but we will have to put it that way to the doctor because he would not accept money."

"And the Lovely Lady?" asked Bolton, and the man behind the curtain eagerly awaited the reply.

"He had fixed her too. The lawyer and the banker were to have a position offered her in a fashionable boarding school with little work and big pay. The work being a bluff and the salary being paid by the boy's financiers."

"Won't it be fine for her?" he said.

"Won't she be lovely when she has some new handsome gowns with long trains and just lots of lace! Just think how beautiful she would be if she could spend a month at Long Beach, drink lots of milk, lie on the sand and dream, and get a letter every day from someone who loves her!"

"We asked him who was to put up the money for all this munificence."

"Oh, my father," he said lightly.

"I asked him how he knew his father would back him in such extensive benevolence."

"How do I know?" he exclaimed, and his face had the look that St. Aloysius might have had if asked if the Blessed Virgin would stand by him."

"And did the plans carry?"

"Sure they did. The next day the doctor and the Lovely Lady each received a telegram telling them of the positions that awaited them on their arrival. Of course they were fairly overcome and never once suspected the boy."

"And it really panned out?"

"You have my word. The last day of the journey the porter gave me a note from the boy. He had left the train the night before no one knows where, not even the conductor for the kid's ticket read to Los Angeles."

"What did the note say?"

"He enclosed some money and asked me to pay for the carriages and see that his two proteges got to their destinations safely. And he said the strangest thing at the end of his note."

"What was it?"

"He said that we were very old friends, that we had met before and that we would meet again."

"And you had never seen him before! What was his name?"

Allan looked up quickly.

"His name? As I live, I don't believe he ever told us! We kidded him with the name of Sir Galahad and that was the way he signed the note."

"I get your point," said Bolton.

"Your friend Roland brought out something like that in one of his earlier books."

Allan dropped his fork and threw up his hands in a gesture of revelation.

"I've got it!"

"What the boy's name?"

"No. I just now realize who it is that boy was like. It was Roland!"

Bolton smiled ironically.

"I thought you said the boy's face was pure and beautiful!"

"So I did. He was just what Roland was at his age. Roland is all right except for his one besetting sin."

"Oh, come Allan, I like your loyalty, but you must admit that Roland is a selfish, self-centered dog. Fancy him looking up sick doctors and has-been women!"

"Roland is all right!" repeated Allan, and as he rose from the table he wondered why Providence had not thrown the boy in Roland's path instead of his.

III

When Roland left the club he dismissed his motor car and walked rapidly away. He hurried from the more frequented streets and went in the direction of his home.

Could Allan have seen him and was firing all this at him? No, he knew Allan better than that. He was candid and straight forward and he would not have paraded all this to a third party if he had known.

After all, what was it to him? He had never asked Dr. Hyde to help him. The reading at his house had cost the

doctor nothing, but was another way of entertaining his friends. As for the money he had furnished to bring out the book, it had been paid back long ago!

As for Ellen Adair, it was preposterous! The engagement had been broken at her request. Was it his fault that her father had lived up to his income and had died leaving her penniless? Was it his fault that she had not married anyone else? Several other men had wanted to marry her!

This had been the sauce for his luncheon!

His work was all he had. He had long outlived the pleasures that his money and position could buy, and now his power to think and dream was gone. It should not be so! He would die fighting.

He hurried up the steps of his house. He seldom had to ring or use his key. The door was thrown open.

"Thank you, Webster. Has anyone been here?"

"No one, sir, but the little girl from next door."

"That's all right!" said Roland handing his coat to the man. "She is to come whenever she likes. She is such a good child, never meddles with anything, No one else?"

"No sir. I heard the little girl talking with someone in the den and I thought someone must be there, but when I looked in she was alone."

"Talking to herself, I guess. Well, remember, I'm out to everybody but the child."

The den was a charming place. It had been his Mecca, his refuge from the world, and there too, he had enjoyed the people he liked best. The room was filled with trophies from a hundred lands. It had been a place where the Lotus Eaters might have dreamed away a dreamy afternoon.

But today the spirit of the den was gone. The big leather chair did not give repose, nor the cigar a solace. He rose and paced the floor.

He heard the light little footsteps without, then the gentle tap. When he had bidden her, she opened the door and looked timidly in.

"Come in girlie, I was just needing

you!"

Just now Roland felt as did Madame de Montespan, that the presence of an innocent child would ward away ill. But she stood still and looked wistfully around the room.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Where is who, sweet?"

"The big boy. He was here when I went away!"

"What big boy dear. Was it one of your friends?"

"No, it was your boy, your son?"

"My son! Why you blessed child. I haven't—"

She came close and he took her up in his arms. She was a fairy-like creature, tiny even for her five years. Her face had a pure sweet, babyish beauty that was fairly divine.

"O Mr. Roland, he hasn't gone away has he?" She put her tiny hands on his face and looked into his eyes. He was just like you, and I love him so! I want him back."

Roland sat down in the big chair and drew her to him.

"Where were you sweetheart? Were you curled up in this chair or were you lying on the couch there? You had a sweet dream!"

She looked grieved beyond measure.

"It wasn't a dream. The big boy was here! I didn't know him at first and I asked him what he was doing here. He said this was his father's room!"

"What else did he say, dear?"

"He said he was looking for the letters you had forgotten to mail, the letters to the Lovely Lady and the doctor. He said you were a good man but sometimes you forgot!"

"But I'm not a good man dearest. I'm a very bad one!"

"No, you are dear and good. He said you were always good and that you would never forget if you would send that big chest away."

She pointed to the beautiful carved liquor case that had once belonged to a Turkish Sultan.

"Was that all?"

"No, Mr. Roland. He went to your desk and began to look in there. I told him you didn't allow anyone to meddle with your desk, but he said you

loved him so you didn't mind. And what do you think?"

"What, cherie."

"You know that drawer that is always locked? He put his hand on it and it came open! And then!"

She paused to get breath, her eyes open wide.

"He pulled the drawer all the way out and back behind it was a tiny drawer that nobody could see!"

"What was in the drawer, dear?"

"Just some papers and a ribbon and a picture. He didn't find the letters you wrote, so he said perhaps you had them with you. But he said he knew you would mail them now!"

Roland drew the child to him. She started up.

"Where are the violets, Mr. Roland?"

"What violets, sweet?"

"I smell them don't you? The room is full of them! It was like this when the big boy was here!"

Roland did not say that he could not feel the perfume, but he held the child closer.

"Mr. Rowland, will you love me just the same and let me come to see you every day after that Lovely Lady and the doctor come here to live?"

"I will always love you darling. But who said they were coming here?"

"The big boy said so. He said they might not want to come at first, because they don't know how good you are!"

Roland put his face down on the shining hair and did not speak. The child raised her face to his.

"He said something I can't tell you because it will make you sorry."

"Tell me everything, dearest. I want to know all he said."

"I asked him why he didn't stay with you if he loved you so. He said he wanted to come to you a long time ago but you were busy and hadn't time to let him. Aren't you sorry you didn't?"

"Yes, dearest. I have wanted him and needed him all the time. Do you think he will come back?"

"Oh, yes, he said he was coming. And you'll send Webster to call me, won't you, when he comes."

"Yes, darling, I promise you!"

"There's Bettina coming for me. I

hear her talking to Webster. I must go!"

She kissed him and slipped from his arms. Taking the box of bonbons which she knew were meant for her, she went obediently to the maid who had tapped at the door.

Roland threw his arms across the table and dropped his head upon them in the supreme struggle of his last decisive battle.

IV

It was a month after the lunch at the club that Bolton sat in his office in close conference with his lawyer. His brows were contracted and he sat at his desk with a perplexed expression, abstractedly figuring on a piece of scratch paper.

"Is that positively all that can be done?"

"Positively," said the lawyer. "I've gone over your list of properties no less than a dozen times. Everything is covered by mortgages which cannot be increased one cent."

"And what about Allan's?"

"His finances are hopeless. It is as he told you, all his money is in the firm of which his father is president. Now if Mr. Allan's father would sign—"

"Out of the question! The elder Mr. Allan is so down on speculation I believe he would put his son out of the firm if he knew it."

"Too bad."

"It's damnable! And what is worse for me, I got Allan into this. It seemed such a fine chance to make a big sum. I meant my capital to go in and his to be margin."

"Did he go into it willingly?"

"Well, reluctantly. He told me how his father was on the subject and that he could only put in his ready money."

"And it's all gone unless you can raise a hundred thousand more for margin."

"Then it's all up now. It isn't so bad for me as I'm a bachelor but Allan has a little daughter that he worships. He had meant to put what he made in trust for her."

"What about his brother?"

"He is in the firm too. He would give all he has to Allan if he knew it, but he has a family and Allan doesn't want him to risk all he has."

"It wouldn't be such a risk the market can't get much lower."

"It's as low as hell for us now. I don't care so much for myself but I hate to see a good fellow like Allan go under. You'd better go, Morgan. We'd better put our separate brains to work to study out what miracle can save us."

When left alone, Bolton paced the floor in a frenzy of excitement. At noon he went out to a cheap lunch counter, fearing to meet Allan.

It was near two o'clock. He sat waiting for the telephone to announce another fall in stocks when the door was fairly burst open. There stood Allan, a delectable smile on his broad, genial face.

"What's the matter, old man! Cheer up, everything is all right."

"Impossible."

"I own its almost incredible. Here's a check for a hundred thousand."

"Where on earth!"

"You'd never guess! It's from Roland!"

"Roland! The closest, chinchiest—"

"The best fellow in the world."

"How did it happen? I thought you said he was in the west!"

"So he is. But a week ago his man sent around to my house that wonderful liquor case, a beautiful, hand carved thing. He used to prize it more than anything he had."

"What possessed him."

"He wrote me saying he was on the water wagon for keeps, that he only gave it to me because he could trust me to be moderate. He sent me his address in Los Angeles where he is for a trip, 'purely pleasure' he said. I wrote to thank him for the case and instead of sending it I enclosed a letter I had written to Tom about our difficulty."

"And Roland made good?"

"Good! He wired me to draw on him for a hundred thousand, and he wired the bank to pay it!"

"Who would have thought it of him?"

"I always thought it. We're all right now, but you have my word, no more speculating for me!"

"Here's my hand on it. I confess I never did Roland justice but still I can't think what possessed him."

V

Allan hung up the receiver and smiled a lingering smile. Roland had returned and had phoned him to come to dinner at his house. He had made other plans but all went for nothing when Roland was in the balance.

How strangely kind, how full of cordiality and light-hearted happiness Roland's voice was! He had asked no one else, he just wanted Allan, he had something to tell him.

He did not always feel called upon to dress when he dined alone with Roland, but tonight he donned his evening clothes with great care. His stout figure was at its best when Roland's motor car came for him.

As he sped along he laughed under his breath as he recalled how Roland used to appropriate his evening suit and go out to see some girl. He had never told who she was but always came back jubilant in spirits. What a pity he hadn't married her. But after all people didn't live happily forever afterwards.

The house was full of light as he drew up. The music he heard was strangely full of expression for the pianola in the den.

At the first honk of the machine the door was thrown open and there stood Roland, his homely face full of a light and joy that made it almost beautiful. Heavens, how like that boy he was!

"I thought you'd never get here!" and he almost broke the bones in Allan's big hand. "Give your coat to Webster and come right up!"

He gripped Allan's arm and drew him up the steps. A faint hum of voices came from the den.

"I thought you said you had no other guests."

"I haven't," said Roland, throwing open the door and standing back for his friend to enter. "No one here but the members of my own family!"

Allan had stopped to get breath from his hasty ascent of the stairs, and now it was quite taken away. He could dimly see a man lying on the couch, and there standing before him—could it be possible!"

"The Lovely Lady!" he gasped.

It was as the boy had said, rest and happiness had filled out the sunken cheeks and had given them an exquisite pink. The clinging crepe gown showed the outlines of the slender, graceful figure, and she held her head with the graceful ease of a princess of the blood.

"Yes," said Roland coming to her side and placing his arm around her shoulder. "She is the beautiful trinity, the Lovely Lady, the old sweetheart of mine, and my wife!"

To this day Allan does not remember what he said or did. It was after he had seen the happy face of the doctor and heard how he was getting well with happiness and tender care, that the little girl from next door came in.

She looked timidly from one to another. Finally she went to Roland and putting her hands in both of his she looked up into his face and said:

"Was it the big boy that made them come back?"

"Yes, darling, it was the big boy!"

Out West

By Lucien M. Lewis

*There's something strange about this here
 Bloomin' western atmosphere,
 That makes a feller hop and sing
 Just like the Birds do in the Spring.
 I can't explain or tell you why
 My spirits allus is so high,
 Or why I gain a pound or two
 Most everyday the bull year through
 Health is ketchin' here I guess,
 'Stid o' germs of laziness;
 Hook-worms here don't never hook
 Unless they tech your pocket book.
 And then, our skies are just as blue
 As violets all dipped in dew;
 While snow capped peaks from far away
 Keep noddin' to you all the day.
 Talk about your Italy—
 This here's good enough for me:
 It's good enough. I almost say—
 But this is heaven anyway.
 So when I die, write with the rest,
 "He is not dead; he's gone Out West."*

Fun in Puddin' Valley

Delphina Enjoys a "Breakdown" and
Forms an Opinion

Ethel Bostick Ritchey

WHEN Delphina Dartmore of St. Louis arrived in Puddin' Valley to visit at her uncle Howell's ranch, there was considerable commotion in this rural settlement. It is true that Mr. Howell was an alien in his own community despite his twenty-five years residence there—even prolonged environment cannot brush aside the barriers of hereditary characteristics—but he was a beloved alien and a tried if not an intimate friend of all his neighbors, so that when his niece arrived, Puddin' Valley determined to do herself proud in the matter of entertaining that to it—*rara avis*, a "city girl."

To Delphina, reared behind brown stone fronts and "finished" in a "young ladies' seminary," this first revelation of nature in the raw was quite the most interesting that her normally curious girl's mind had yet encountered. Finding that certain life-long conventions and restraints could be successfully cast aside, she, after the manner of her kind, plunged into an abandon which made even the unconventional Puddin' Valley catch its breath.

Her first public appearance was made at a break down. The invitation was delivered in this wise: she was assisting her aunt in certain necessary culinary matters in the sunny "box" kitchen when a resounding "Hello!" rang out. Mr. Howell, who had turned the kitchen into a temporary harness-repair shop in order to enjoy his wife's and niece's company, dropped a broken bit and strode to the door.

"Good Morning, Ben," he called to the man on horseback at the gate, "get down and come in."

"Naw, Mr. Howell, I ain't got time,"

was the reply, "I'm 'round corraling the gals for a break-down over to Jackson's an' I thought mebber yer town gal'd like to see how we-uns has fun."

With a "wait a minute, Ben, and I'll speak to her," Mr. Howell turned first to his wife. "What do you think of it, Faith?" he asked. "Of course, it would be a novelty to Dell, and anything at Jackson's would be conducted properly."

Delphina looked eager. "Do you wish to go, dear?" questioned her aunt.

Miss Dartmore did, very much, so the invitation was accepted.

"All right, I'll be by fer 'er bout six this evening with a wagin-load of gals an' Jackson's ol' woman'll take good keer of her," Ben announced and cantered away.

"I am glad now that I brought my pink liberty evening dress with me," said Dell complacently. Her aunt broke into a merry laugh and started to speak, but catching Mr. Howell's eye, gave her full attention to the pie in hand.

Promptly at six, suntime, the wagon containing ten or eleven girls drew up before the door. Ben occupied the driver's seat with another young man whom he had brought along he said to help him lasso "any gal that'd try to break out of the ring-up." Schooled as she was beginning to be in the unexpected, Dell could not but be a little surprised when "Mr. Hoffman" only nodded his head without removing his hat at the introduction, and calmly sat and viewed her uncle lift her into the wagon without getting down or offering any assistance. Certainly some "western ways" were decidedly unquixotic.

The girls eyed Miss Dartmore with unfeigned astonishment as she took her place among them, and were very quiet and restrained now although they had been laughing and talking hilariously when the wagon drove up. Her pink evening gown was completely hidden under a long, heavy black coat, but, noting the costumes of those about her, she was already wondering if she had not made a faux pas in Puddin' Valley society in the matter of dress and cast a wrathful glance at her aunt and uncle as the wagon bore her away. Determined to make the best of things, however, she allowed her usual good spirits to have play and, with great tact, succeeded in restoring a natural manner to the members of her party.

It was quite dark when Jackson's house was reached for they traveled slowly, but Miss Dartmore's keen eye took in a stack of furniture against the outside wall of the house and she innocently inquired if Mr. Jackson had just moved. The girls again eyed her in astonishment, but Mr. Jackson, who had come forward to assist in "unloadin' the waggin'" heard the question and answered readily.

"Oh, no; we've allus lived here. That truck's took out to give us room to shake our feet." She had not before realized how large those western appendages were, she told Mrs. Howell next day.

Mr. Jackson had lately built an addition to his house in the shape of one room; he had a big house, now, one of the girls had told Dell, and that was why they had come there to dance, consequently Dell was amazed to see only two rooms on the ground floor and a half story above. On their arrival the girls were conducted through the front room, which was perfectly bare, into the other, which proved to be the kitchen and dining room combined, then up a rickety flight of steep stairs to an attic room where Mrs. Jackson, a lank, toilworn, old-young woman in a faded black wrapper, urged them to "hurry and primp" as the boys were coming.

The toilet table at which they were to "primp" was a small, unvarnished, deal table covered with a towel and bear-

ing a horn comb minus half the teeth and a brush of decidedly past tense; above this was suspended an eight-inch square mirror that distorted one's reflection into all manner of hob-goblin shapes. Dell's dainty handbag with its silver toilet articles looked strangely out of place in such company. She tried to accept things naturally, however, although a feeling of dread possessed her every time she assayed to lay aside her coat and disclose her pink liberty evening dress. Finally, summoning her courage, she threw off the wrap and braced herself for the exclamations that followed.

"I am sorry, girls," she said rather plaintively, "Aunt Faith should have told me that evening dresses were not customary out here. I think I would better not go down."

But louder exclamations greeted this. "Not go down! Why, Miss Dartmore, it's just be-yutiful." "Ain't it though!" "May I feel of it?" and when Mrs. Jackson called, Dell obediently marched down with the other girls. They passed again into the front room and ranged themselves on one side opposite the men who were grouped together on the other and who neither came forward nor across as they entered. Indeed, few spoke; they simply sat and stared at the girls. Dell was standing with her back to the door while the girls were arranging some chairs when she heard some one enter and several girls say eagerly, "There he comes!" and by the little flutter among them she knew that "he" was coming toward them. He addressed the girls easily in a general way, then Mr. Jackson called her name and she turned.

"Miss Dartmore, let me make you 'quainted with Mr. Towner," said their host, and she looked into the face of a sturdy, sunburned but undeniably handsome youth. He acknowledged the introduction with a grace scarcely in keeping with the sombrero he held in his hand, or his cowboy boots and spurs, addressed the other girls in an easy, general way, then walked with a firm tread, quite different from the dragging cowboy step, to the group of men. Mr. Jackson's rough voice recalled Dell to herself.

"He's sort of a different chap to the rest of us, ain't he miss? Well, he haint been out here long so haint had time to fall in with we-uns' ways. These here gals is all dead crazy about him but he don't fly at 'em much. I'm sorter surprised at his coming here tonight but I calkilate you bring him. Yer see, I told him thar was goin' to be a town gal here an' he'd better come, and he said he 'bleeved he would. Mebbe you kin ketch him an' cut these other gals out," and laughing uproariously at what he conceived to be a joke, the genial host walked—or rather stamped—away.

Meanwhile, the young men continued to talk and laugh loudly in their corner of the room and the girls pursued their own conversation, though in a quieter tone, in the other. It seemed so strange to Delphina to see this peculiar separation of the sexes at an entertainment presumably for the purpose of bringing them together, that she turned to the young lady nearest her and said:

"Don't the men and girls converse together at your dances?"

"Why you see, we ain't begun to dance yit," replied the girl with some embarrassment, "by and by we'll all dance together."

All at once a squeaky fiddle began to "tune up," and the men lounged across to the girls and selected their partners. This was the formula:

"You got a pardner for this set?"
"No, sir."

"Will you dance with me?"

"Yes, sir."

Dell gazed with wondering eyes at the costumes they wore—jeans, trousers stuffed in cowboy boots, rough negligee shirts, several without coats. Those in the "store clothes" with "boiled shirt and collar" and "shined" shoes looked but little better, in fact, scarcely so well, she decided. Then Towner came up and asked her for that set. He was dressed in a manner as those about him. But right then Dell decided that "leather and purnella" did not contribute so very much after all to a real man.

The dance began. At first the couple walked through some figures derived from the old-fashioned contra dance. They were wholly unfamiliar to Miss

Dartmore, but her escort seemed versed in the intricacies and knew just which way to turn when the "caller" bellowed forth an undistinguishable lot of doggerel verses. Then the fiddler played faster and the dancing became less dignified. Faster and faster grew the music, louder and louder bellowed the caller, wilder and more furious the dancing until Dell's escort conducted her to a corner where, undisturbed, they could watch the performance.

"Makes one think of the tarantella, doesn't it," mused Mr. Towner, and Dell's eyes opened wider and she surveyed him with new interest.

Just then Mr. Jackson came over to where they were sitting.

"What, tired already, Miss Dartmore?" he asked, "I'm afeered you an' Towner ain't much at dancin'."

"Miss Dartmore was feeling rather faint so we had to stop," said Towner, fibbing glibly.

"Whut, sick? now ef that ain't too bad! Anything I can git fer ye?"

"Nothing, thank you," replied Miss Dartmore; "only"—as Towner whispered to her—"I should like some water."

"Some water? I'll fetch it at once" and Jackson turned to go, but the younger man hastily interposed.

"Never mind. Mr. Jackson, we will go. I know where the well is and I think the fresh air will do Miss Dartmore good."

"Wal, p'raps twill; yous'd better step out the winder here, though, they'll run over yoh ef you start acrost the floor."

The dancers had stopped to rest when some one, looking around, sang out, "Why where's that town gal? and durned if Towner ain't made hisself skace!" "I'll see," said the host; "they went fer some water but that was near 'bouts a hour ago."

He found them sitting quite contentedly on a pile of rocks by the well. The night had grown chilly and the girl had Towner's coat thrown over her bare shoulders.

"Wal, by grabs, ef you-uns ain't settin' out here in the cold! Tom, what on aithr do you mean? You'll kill this gal; she ain't got on mor'n half clothes no way. Ef you want to spark by

yerse'ves, yer better git in the kitchen behind the stove. I guess ye'ce got enough fresh air by now, ain't ye, Miss Dartmore?"

The couple laughed a little sheepishly and Dell said: "I am feeling much better now, Mr. Jackson, and we will go in; it is just beginning to get chilly," and she shivered slightly.

They walked back into the crowd. The girls were again grouped on one side of the room and the men on the other. After placing a chair for her with the girls, Towner joined the opposite group but afterward came back.

"Miss Dartmore," he said, "They are all very anxious to see us waltz—will you give me a round or two?"

Dell looked at him perplexedly and slightly hesitating. "Are we the only ones who will waltz?" she asked.

"Yes, most of the others have never seen a waltz. You don't object, do you?"

"Oh, no; I suppose it will be all right." And to the music of the squeaky fiddle they waltzed. He in cowboy attire; she in ball gown. It was a striking scene: the bare, rough room dimly lighted with sputtering oil lamps, the familiar strains of the "Blue Danube" waltz shrieking harshly at their murder, the eager, wondering faces above the garish dressing, and, in the center, this strangely assorted couple dancing in perfect rhythm. Not a sound was heard except that of the fiddle and the light fall of dancing feet.

When the waltz ended, a deep sigh of delight arose from all, then the ever verbose Jackson found his tongue.

"That was the most be-yutifulest sight

I ever seen," he declared emphatically.

It was quite late, so the men gathered around the sleepy fiddler and paid their pro rata to his fee, then hastened to "hitch up" the wagon for the homeward trip. Towner assisted the girls to clamber in, then mounted his little spotted broncho and drew abreast of the wagon-bed—on the same side occupied by Miss Dartmore.

"Think ye'll go along with Ben and Jo, Towner, to help scatter these gals?" queried the host in stentorian tones.

Towner thought he would.

"O, Lord, gals, there ain't no mo' showin' than a June bug fer the rest of ye, now!" chuckled Jackson and the other men gave an answering whoop.

Towner viciously kicked the off horse with his spurred heel and the wagon gave a lunge then rolled away to peals of laughter from the men and subdued giggles from the girls.

Miss Dartmore's home was the first reached. Towner assisted her to alight and escorted her to her door, then strange to say, his desire to see any more girls "scatter" departed, for he rode slowly off in a different direction from that taken by the wagon.

"Well, girlie, what of the 'breakdown'," called Mrs. Howell sleepily as Dell passed her door.

"I can't say that it was the most be-yutifulest sight I ever seen'" answered Dell laughing, "but I never had a better time in my life; and if you and Uncle Edward will only adopt me, you will see how quickly a 'town gal' can be metamorphosed into a girl of the hills and plains."



St. Patrick's Day

By Fannie Harley



*"O, the Shamrock,
The green immortal shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock."*

MARCH seventeenth will be St. Patrick's Day, Ireland's national holiday and her single distinctive religious feast. It is the only day upon which the Irish race all over the world celebrate with a full heart its undying nationality, which is fittingly symbolized by the bright green of the shamrock or of the ribbon that every true son of Erin wears upon his breast.

Not only in the Emerald Isle, but throughout the world, the Irish race will unite to honor the memory of its patron saint and the deeds of its hero that began when its history was wrapped in a fog of mythology.

The saint was born a Scot. His baptismal name was Succat, and his career, resembling in one particular that of Cervantes, was romantic, for at sixteen years of age he became a slave to a Chieftain of the sort sometimes mistakenly classed with the royal caste of kings. For six years the young captive followed the humble occupation of a sheep-herder, but he had an enterprising spirit and was ever on the watch for a chance to escape, and the opportunity presenting itself, he fled to France in a ship.

In that country he was protected by the noted Martin, Bishop of Tours, and prepared for preaching. On his return to Scotland, perhaps feeling that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, he bethought himself of Ireland, where the Keltic fancy peopled the land with fairies and other

unorthodox folk. Visions and voices, by day and by night, impelled the future saint to go back to the island where he had been a captive and a slave. First it was necessary that he should be especially prepared for his mission, and again he went to the pleasant land of France where Bishop Amator of Auxerre, consecrated him, bestowing on him the name of Patrick. Being provided with the new name and greatly stirred inwardly by his desire to convert the wild clansmen, he went to Ireland and entered on a mission which was to have the result of Christianizing the people and making his name forever dear to them.

St. Patrick landed in Ireland in A. D. 432, at the mouth of the Boyne in Meath. Hearing that King Lear was going to celebrate his birthday at Tara he resolved to go thither and comfort the Druids in the midst of the princes and magnates of the land. Taking leave of the boatmen he asked them to wait a certain number of days, when, if they did not hear from him, they might conclude that he was dead and provide for their own safety.

He and his disciples walked along the river as far as Slane, which is in sight of Tara, and there he lighted his fire in honor of the Resurrection on Easter Sunday. One of the religious ceremonies employed by the Druids, in order to enhance the solemnity of the occasion, was to order all the fires in the kingdom to be quenched on that day, and rekindled from their sacred fire, dedicated to their gods at Tara. Imagine then,

the surprise and anger of the king and his nobles at seeing Patrick's fire blazing on the hill of Slane.

"Who was the offender against the laws and gods?" they asked. An armed band was immediately dispatched to take him prisoner and bring him before the king. The royal city of Tara must have been an imposing sight when decorated in honor of the king's birthday. The building on the north was the banqueting hall, 360 feet long and 40 feet wide. On the south was the king's palace, enclosed in an arena 280 yards in diameter. On the other side were the house of Cornac, the house of the hostages, and other detached buildings.

Tara looked its best when St. Patrick first beheld it. The minions of the law soon brought him and his trembling disciples before the monarch, who demanded of him why he dared violate the laws of the country and defy its ancient gods. St. Patrick, the Christian missionary, thereupon took occasion to preach his first sermon in England, his subject being the Trinity, the one and true God. "Who were their gods? Were they true or false gods? Could the Druids maintain the divinity of their gods by argument or miracle? For his God he was ready to answer and to die. His God became man, and died for men. His name alone was sufficient to heal all diseases and to raise the dead to life. Such was the line of Patrick's arguments, according to his biographers, and when

they asked him how there could be three persons in the one God, he took up the shamrock from the sod and said, holding it aloft: "As there are three leaves on the one stem, so there are three persons in the one God."

Something of the immense activity of St. Patrick, during his life in Ireland, may be gathered from the fact that according to his biographers, he built 5,000 churches and chapels, and as many convents for men and women, ordained 6,000 priests and consecrated 350 bishops. He introduced the Roman alphabet, in which the Scriptures and laws were written, many examples of which are to be seen in Dublin today, like the book of the Kells, which means the Bible, the Brehon laws, and the Book of Rights.

One thousand, four hundred and nineteen years ago, St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, laid down his life in that country after spending sixty-one years in the island and reaching the ripe age of one hundred and twenty years. He is buried in Downkirk, near the place where, as a slave, he once tended sheep. St. Bridget and St. Columb-kill, two great Irish saints, are said to repose in the same tomb with the remains of St. Patrick, the grave being marked by a large undressed stone, with a cross rudely carved in the center of it. The fact is recorded by an old Irish couplet which says:

"In Down, three saints one grave do fill—Patrick, Bridget, and Columb-kill."



Under *the* Study Lamp



Robert Hichens, author of "The Garden of Allah," "The Call of the Blood" prophecies that the novel of the future will have many musicians as characters; hinting that the musical motif and setting will give a peculiar charm to literature. Few authors, however are as well qualified as Mr. Hichens for interweaving the two threads of music and literature and musical fiction will probably not be an over-crowded field.

Mr. Hichens besides being a talented musician himself is a professional critic as well, having succeeded George Bernard Shaw as musical critic on the London Globe. In one of his latest books "The Fruitful Vine" the musical tendencies of the heroine add much to the charm of the story; and it is not to be denied that the introduction of musical theme into the novel gives it a subtle influence and fascination.

There have been so many stories woven about the wonderful playing of Rubenstein that the imagination almost grows clairaudient to his tones. Probably we get as many thrills from the written descriptions of Jenny Lind's singing as if we could hear her voice in phonographic reproduction. The emotions brought into play by the reading of any purely musical story are identical with the emotions produced by the music described. All of which suggests how much more vividly and accurately words convey the sensation of sound than that of color. The most graphic descriptions of paintings seldom give any conception of the colorings and composition

of the picture. One notable exception to this is Ruskin's word-reprint of Turner's "Slave Ship" in which motion and color are so masterfully blended that we can feel the blackness of the ship and the red reflection from the fiery flying clouds. It is partly because people in general are more easily affected by sound than by color, and partly because of the onomatopoeic power of words, that literature will more readily combine with music than with art.

In Mrs. Barclay's book of last year "The Rosary" which is still listed among the best sellers, it was probably the already established popularity of the song which gave the book its first success.

In Zangwill's play "The Melting Pot" is the throbbing undercurrent of "David's" music, from the first pent up power pulsing within him up to the ecstasy of his successful expression that carries ones sympathies with the idealism of the drama.

"The Composer" by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Doubleday Page, Publisher) is one of the most recent novels dealing with the musical situation. The hero is a composer and though he seems to have music in his soul is still "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils," for having the belief that only those who love and suffer can sing, he conceives the fiendish idea of playing on the emotions of a young and innocent girl and thus sensitize her to a degree that will fit her to take the leading part in an opera he has written. How this human instrument was cruelly keyed, tuned and

played upon forms the plot and pathos of the story.

In "The Blind Who See" (Century Co.) Mary Louise Van Saanen also works out a musical theme. The heroine is rendered insensible to music because of her morbid jealousy. Her husband is a blind musician and because of his passion for his art she imagines that he does not care for her and on this pretext runs away with another man. By music of another kind, the lyric line of a poet, she is awakened to see things in their true light, goes home, is forgiven and the musician dramatically dropping his violin clasps her in his arms. And they lived in harmony ever afterwards.

Although Percy Mackaye's new drama "Tomorrow" is written in prose the entire play is an idealistic, poetic conception and the scenes of its action are set in California. Mr. Mackaye came to California and bought a rancho on the coast in an isolated section "far from the madding crowd" where rugged mountains run into the sea and giant red-woods stand whispering of past ages. Here from the influence of climate and scenery, from the inspiration of his companions, George Stirling, Jack London, Herman Whittaker and Harry Laffler he wrote the play which is described as the most dramatic thing he has ever produced.

"Tomorrow" was written more than a year ago and was first called "The Thoroughbreds" but Mr. Mackaye has held it back from publication in order to view it with a more coldly critical eye than is possible with the creator when the production is but fresh from his hand. The theme of the story is the building of a better human race which is partly brought about in the play through a woman choosing her life mate with the idea that he is to be the father of future generations.

The MacMillan Co., New York, has just published the first complete English edition of Nietzsche, twelve bulky volumes. *Ecce Homo*.

The Twilight of the Idols.

The Case of Wagner.

We Philologists.

Human, All-too-Human. Part II.

Early Greek Philosophy and Other Essays. Beyond Good and Evil.

The Dawn of Day.

The Future of Our Educational Institutions.

The Genealogy of Morals.

Thoughts, Out of Season, I and II.

Thus Spake Zarathustra.

The first work is an autobiography and has been withheld from publication for twenty years. From the stupendous egotism voiced in it, it would seem that at least a part of Nietzsche's one prayer to the gods had been answered. Many years ago when he was quite young and evidently not over-confident of himself he said: "Give me ye gods, give me the gift of madness, madness that I may believe in myself." Many volumes have already been written on Nietzsche's works, scores more will doubtless follow; it is quite the fad to rush into print with a magazine article either lauding him to the skies or declaring him the worst enemy to mankind, but probably a more sane and impartial estimate of him will never be made than that given by a writer in Current Literature who said: "Nietzsche is a counterpoison to sentimentalism, that worst ailment of our day. He brings a sort of ethical strychnine, which taken in large doses is fatal, but in small doses is of incomparable value."

Frederick Wilhelm Nietzsche was born October 15, 1844 near Liepzig, Germany, where later he was educated, having first taken courses at Schulpforta, Bonn and Basle. While still an undergraduate at the latter University he was given a professorship of classical philology and there began his brilliant literary career. When he was thirty-two years old acute eye-strain brought on brain trouble and he spent ten years trying to recover his physical and mental health. In 1888 he was pronounced hopelessly insane and, according to his biographers remained so till the day of his death in August 1900. Just how capable men of ordinary minds are to pass on the sanity of such a mental giant as Nietzsche is a question for future psychologists to settle. There may come a time when Socrates and John Bunyan will not be classed as paranoiacs and Nietzsche's name will be cleared of lunacy.

In "The Story of the Huguenots" (Will A. Kistler Co., Los Angeles, Publisher) Mr. Florian A. Mann of Florida has told a most interesting historical tale of the sixteenth century. In poetic language Mr. Mann graphically pictures the beauties of his native state in which the stirring scenes are laid.

Indians, French, and Spaniards mingle in the exciting narrative, with the landing of Ponce De Leon in 1513 and then follows the fortunes of the colonies sent out by Admiral Coligny under Jean Ribault and Rene Laudonniere. The cheerfulness with which these brave

people endured privations and faced danger, is told in a strong and stirring manner giving the book peculiar interest for those who love an adventure story, while the great fund of anecdote and the many threads of romantic love which are interwoven with the purely historic tale, make it equally interesting to the student and the lover of history. Giving so much accurate information on such an important religious movement as the Huguenot settlement in America it will also be of great value to all interested in the history of Protestantism.

L. H. M.

Through a Woman's Glasses

MILLINERY

The millinery key-note for the spring of 1912 is mixture, combination, conglomeration, in variegated originality. The braids are in "nacre" effects, which means an interweaving of many colored straws in one braid. The ribbons are "ombre" which is two-toned or shaded, and the taffetas, out of which many hats are made, are changeable in color.

The combination in flowers, too, are something marvelous to behold. Sometimes as many as six different kinds of flowers, all of contrasting colors are grouped on one hat, but it takes an artist to blend the shades harmoniously. In the small field flowers where the grasses are used this old English garden arrangement is particularly attractive. But the unusual color compositions are not so startling as the combinations in shape. There is one entirely new hat this season which is a cross between a Charlotte Corday bonnet and a Highlander's Tam o' Shanter; and another which has some of the lines of an East Indian cork helmet coupled with the trim primness of a rural English walking hat. There is "Le Dubar" turban which looks for all the world like a Maharaja's head dress with its plastron of jewels and high

aigrette, even with the addition of its crude American coloring. There is also still seen the inconsistent Quaker shape with its Dutch ears and flaming adornment; and the little round "torreador" instead of having its winter plumage of marabout has taken on a macceme lace band with a shaving brush "stick up" or else a tall "Aaron's rod" for height, which consists of flowers built up on a stick making a long blossoming rod.

In the big hats the Panama sombrero bids fair to hold the same favor it won last summer and there are enough large dressy shapes to please the woman who is only content with a big hat. On these hats mammoth pond lilies are a favorite trimming, and under the milliner's magic touch the lilies have become "nacre" too. Pansies are still in high favor, and the popularity of the fuschia is causing some queer combinations of red and purple. One of the most effective trimmings for the big hat is the band of appliqued flowers. A department store on Broadway noted for its dependable values shows some artistic trimming of this kind, and a variety of attractive tam o' shanter effects. An exclusive

hat shop a little further south, where quality and originality are staples, is showing some decided novelties in all flower hats in the new cerise shades, and some handsome walking hat shapes in the milan braids.

Much maline is used this season, in two-toned twists, in plaitings and in big bunchy rosettes. Toward the southern end of the shopping district at an A-number-one-value-store, whole hats of maline are seen, the material being first accordion plaited and then laid on in many thicknesses. Immense wired bows of this gauzy fabric, projecting far out at the back on many hats strongly suggest the air-ship propellor. Aeronautics, however, do not hold undisputed sway. The queer, stiff, upright loops of ribbon that trim many of the skiff shaped chapeaux bear striking resemblance to the taut canvass of a sail-boat and carry the nautical suggestion admirably.

Probably the newest innovation of the season is the material which figures in hat brims, bands, laces, braids and ornaments, and whether you call it Agira cloth, Terry cloth or just plain bath toweling you will have to have some of it in order to be "in the swim."

As to the leading colors there seems

to be a Marathon-race rivalry between primrose yellow and emerald green. Probably the green will be in the lead till after the Middle of March. Cerise and the fuschia shades are also much in favor and the black and white combinations are still as good as last season.

On account of the great quantity of Marabout bands used this winter it is prophesied that flowers will hold sway for the spring season. But the ostrich plume is a perennial bloomer and never falls in the favor of feminine fancy.

The "Gaby Deslys" hat is a quaintly draped, twisted, turban affair suggesting the Oriental. It has an aigrette on the side, which when compared with the ordinary "stick up" effect is like a giant Sequoia rising above a mushroom.

Another curiously trimmed hat has loops of ribbon about nine inches high standing upright on the middle of the crown of a helmet shaped hat, giving the effect of flames where the ribbon is of vivid scarlet, and of foliage of a carrot when green loops are used on a burnt straw shape.

Mercury wings are seen again, and many one sided wing effects also; the former are mostly made of bath toweling and the latter of lace or silk bound with straw of a contrasting color.

Stir a Smile into
the Pudding

Theatrical

Reginald De Koven, the composer, has never conducted a first night orchestra. This fact was brought out when the Messrs. Shubert asked him to conduct the orchestra upon the opening of "The Wedding Trip". "I have never conducted at a first night," said Mr. De Koven, "because of stage fright. I once enjoyed this thrilling feeling. It was during the performance of 'The Begum' in Philadelphia. I gradually lost control of my musicians, but as they were a clever lot the audience never suspected my awful state. After the act was over, I retired to the darkness of the cellar and there recovered my composure."

Margaret Illington will shortly tour the Shubert theaters in her New York success "Kindling". The piece has been played with much success at Daly's.

The dramatization of "Little Women" which has just been produced by William A. Brady and Mr. Lee Shubert was made by Marian de Forest, dramatic critic of the Buffalo Express and Miss Jessie Bonstelle, a well known actress. The idea for the dramatization came from Miss Bonstelle and it was she who selected the company and superintended the first rehearsals. Mr. Brady is said to have declared that "Little Women" will prove the greatest dramatic success of the present season.

Think of having one's heart broken six times a week!

This is the experience of Miss Madge Titheradge, the English actress who is playing the title role, that of "Peggy" in the sensational divorce play "A Butterfly on the Wheel."

In the trial scene, which is really played between Miss Titheradge and the lawyer the little actress not only makes men and women cry but she herself gives way to real tears.

"I am told the great actresses have themselves under such fine control," says Miss Titheradge "that they can play the strongest roles without feeling any emotion. I cannot. I feel mine intensely. When I played the part in London last season during the hot spell I fainted every night for over two weeks. It was dreadful. Even now I am in a state of collapse after the trial scene. It is fearfully fatiguing—more fatiguing than those in the audience imagine.

"America doesn't like my comedy," continued Miss Titheradge. "Why in London the audience would simply roar over the humorous lines but in New York there isn't a ripple. You see over here they want excitement and they come to 'The Butterfly' to be thrilled during the trial scene. If I succeed in doing this I am satisfied."

Graham Moffat, who wrote "Bunt Pulls the Strings," might have been a famous author long before had his father placed any confidence in the boy. The youngster used to "elocute" much to the disgust of his stern parent.

"After father died," said Mr. Moffat

recently in London, "I had to turn to something, and my sister and myself began giving recitals. In 1908 I hired a hall in Glasgow and presented several one-act plays in 'Braid Scots.' My idea was to institute a society in Scotland for the exploitation of national drama, similar to the Irish Players at the Abbey.

"You know it is a remarkable thing, but there had never been any Scotch plays performed in Scotland. There may have been scattered instances. At any rate I am proud of the fact that I introduced Scottish plays by Scottish actors.

"I became a playwright by force of circumstances. I often found it extremely difficult to obtain sketches for my entertainments, which I was giving with my sister in the smaller towns. So I commenced writing them myself. From that the idea grew, for I saw no reason why work written for the platform should not prove even stronger if adapted for stage purposes. I found it infinitely easier to write a piece for five or six characters backed up with all of the hundred and one theatrical artifices than to write for a concert platform where the only stage setting is usually a table and a chair and a glass of water.

"It was this way that 'Buntz' grew from a slender sketch. The finished play represents many years of work, but it was always work of pleasure because I love the characters—every one of them. I used to polish up the sketch from time to time. Finally it occurred to me to elaborate the idea and make it into a three act comedy. The result you have seen."

"Baron Trenck." the new comic opera

by Felix Albini, which F. C. Whitney secured in Leipsig received glowing notices upon the first presentation in Philadelphia. It was in the same city that Mr. Whitney produced "The Chocolate Soldier." "Baron Trenck" was to have followed "Sumurun" at the Casino but the success of the latter piece will make it necessary to find room elsewhere.

Prof. Richard Ordynski, Max Reinhardt's general stage director, recently told how "Sumurun," the wordless German plays now at the Casino, N. Y. came into existence.

"Prof. Reinhardt was rehearsing 'Othello' on the stage of the Deutsches Theater," said Prof. Ordynski. "He wanted one of the actors to do a certain bit of acting in a way to convey to the audience what the character felt and was thinking without the use of a spoken word.

"The actor objected, saying there were no lines on which to base the acting. An argument began in which Prof. Reinhardt maintained that it was possible to convey any emotion or feeling without speaking at all, merely through acting. He said he would devise a scene to prove it.

"Frederick Freska, a young dramatist, who had gained some note through his play 'Ninon del' Enos,' was asked to prepare a skeleton Arabian Nights' story. With this as a basis, Prof. Reinhardt and the author, working out the details on the stage during rehearsal, created 'Sumurun' as it now stands.

"When the plot was fully elaborated Prof. Reinhardt asked Victor Hollaender to write music which should express the emotions of the characters."

"That's the whole story."



Twice Told Tales

Once at an Inaugural Ball in Washington, D. C., Chauncey Depew was introduced to the reigning belle who was quite a wit and somewhat of a flirt. She handed him her fan and with mock seriousness exclaimed: "Of course *you* could not do anything so frivolous as to flirt a fan!"

"No," he at once retorted, "but I can fan a flirt."

A match-making man once took his friend, a widower who was anxious to marry, to see a spinster who was suspected of having like anxiety. During their call the lady left the room for a moment and the widower whispered in reproachful tones: "Why have you brought me here? She is old and ugly and has bad teeth and a squint in her eye!"

"Oh," said the friend calmly. "You can speak louder. She is deaf too."

Dr. Lorenzo Sears, in a recent biography of Wendell Phillips tells the following story of the great abolitionist.

Mr. Phillips was travelling through the north making speeches in various places and one day on the train a man came up to him in a very aggressive, offensive manner and said: "I am the Reverend ——— and I do not see why you want to come up here and preach your abolitionist doctrines. If you want to free the niggers why don't you go down south and talk to the people in Kentucky?"

Mr. Phillips was not in the slightest ruffled and in the very blindest tones replies:

"You are a preacher, sir?"

"I am," said the man.

"You are trying to save souls from Hell?" inquired Mr. Phillips.

"That is my business," said the man.

"Well why don't you go there, then?" And the preacher went in haste as far as the smoker.

Frederick the great once sent for a man who was a reputed spiritualist and of whom he had heard much.

"Can you call up spirits?" he asked the man.

"Oh, yes, your majesty," replied the man. "I can call them but they do not come!"

When the present Senator Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee was Governor of that state he was known as the Pardoning Governor because his heart was so big he could not turn a deaf ear to the women who pleaded for the liberty of their sons and husbands.

One night a half drunken mountaineer who had heard of the governor's fame dropped into a Methodist revival and took a back seat. A good sister bent on snatching a brand from the burning went back and urged him to repent, "go to the mourner's bench and be saved, saying as a final inducement: "God will surely pardon your sins."

"Yes, en ef he don't," said the half tipsy man, "Bob Taylor will!"

A small boy whose mind had a philosophical turn once asked his mother what the word "curfew" meant. She did not explain its French derivation but simply told him how the hostile Normans had instituted the fire-covering custom in England to keep the Saxons from plotting around the camp-fire. The boy thought it all over for a few minutes and then remarked: "Well, the Normans must have called the Saxons curs and only wanted a few of them out of a night!"

A client on consulting an attorney objected to the lawyer because of his diminutive size. "Why," said the man "You are so little I could put you in my pocket."

"Probably," retorted the lawyer, "and if you did you would have more brains in your pocket than you have in your head."

The city of Bristol is really half in Tennessee and half in Virginia and a few years ago there was a controversy between the two sister states as to where the state line really belonged, each state claiming the whole town. An old Negro mammy who prided herself on her F. F. V. connection was very much afraid that she was going to be thrown

into the other state and said: "I jes' tells yo' what Ise a gwine to do; ef dem dar folks up et Washington throw dis hyar town into Tennessee Ise gwine to move right back up into Virginny case I allus did heah dat dar Tennessee was a onhealthy climit."

Landlady: How did you find your steak this morning, Mr. Star?

Mr. Star—O, I just continued turning over the fried potatoes on my plate until I ran across it.

She—"Poor cousin Jack! And to be eaten by those wretched cannibals."

He—"Yes, my dear child; but he gave them their first taste in religion."

Heroes of Peace

By John Milton Teeter, Jr.

*Heroes are great; but grandeur oft doth sit
In deeds unsung, in breasts unknown to fame.
To lift a single soul up from the pit
Of blackness and despair—to cast a flame
Of light around some pathway, and commit
Some life to happiness unfelt before—
All this is greater, nobler than to sit
In Fame's drear temple gained through seas of gore.
To snatch a flag with blood of thousands bought
Is not so noble as to warm the cold.
Heroes anonymous unsung have fought
Unknown they die, their deeds are never told.
Obscure and lowly lives are by the light
Of human pity made divinely bright.*



San Francisco Exposition

AFTER MANY days of discussion and a thorough analysis of the problems before them, Messrs. Willis Polk, Chairman, Clarence R. Ward, W. B. Faville, Henry Bacon, Thos. Hastings, W. C. Richardson (representing the firm of McKim, Mead & White), L. C. Mullgardt, Robert Farquhar and George W. Kelham, members of the Architectural Commission of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, have decided on a final plan for the 1915 World's Fair.

This general plan calls for an esplanade on the waterfront; a great avenue and garden parallel with Chestnut street; a main court of honor, running north and south and facing the water, with a dome at the southern end of it, and a series of interior courts. The main feature of the plan will be an interior court, and its treatment will be of the most unique character. The courts will represent the continents of the earth. It is planned to have the court of honor, which forms the center of the group, commemorative of America. In the center of each court, it is planned to erect a statue or monument commemorative of the particular continent represented.

Before leaving for the East, the eminent architects, Messrs. Hastings, Bacon and Richardson, expressed their hearty approval of the site selected by the Exposition officials. Mr. Henry Bacon declared the site was the most beautiful that he could conceive for an Exposition. He further stated that the courts had been so arranged that the sun would pour into them all day long, and the winds that blow from the Bay would be eliminated. He also stated that the plan for the Exposition was so far advanced

that no difficulty is anticipated in arranging the designs of the individual members of the Commission and the buildings will be in harmony with the general scheme of architecture.

The architects also paid a tribute to Willis Polk, chairman of the architectural commission, for the able manner in which he handled the sessions of the commission. In speaking of Polk's work, Hastings said that the meetings were so well conducted that they brought out all the enthusiasm of those present.

Praise was also given to Edward H. Bennett, the city planning expert, under whose direction a series of plans were prepared which were used to great advantage by the architectural commission.

Clarence R. Ward expressed himself in speaking of the adoption of the final plans.

"The broad and earnest way in which the architectural commission attacked intricate problems of site, plan and distribution of the various component elements was inspiring. It is a source of gratification and pride to the local contingent that the results of our labor during the past months meet with the approval of our distinguished conferees of the South and East."

The architects are expected to return here either the latter part of June or July for further conference. It is expected that their plans for the various buildings will be ready for submission at about that time.

Edward L. Frick, one of the youngest employees of the architectural department of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company, has been awarded the \$1000 prize offered by the architec-

tural League of the Pacific coast for a design for an open-air theater and festival hall terminating the main axis of an exposition similar to the 1915 project.

The accepted plans are now on exhibition in the rooms of the San Francisco Architectural Club. They consist of three drawings, showing the plan, the elevation and section.

Although only twenty-one years of age, Frick shows great promise in his chosen profession. He is the pupil of Arthur Brown, Jr., one of the local architects who has been selected to help plan the 1915 Exposition.

In awarding the prize to Frick, the members of the Architectural Commission of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, who were selected as the

Jury of Award had to pass upon sixteen sets of plans, which were submitted by competitors from the University of California, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, San Diego and other places.

The ground plan is to cover 320x500 feet, and the open-air theater planned by Frick will seat eight thousand people.

Frick proposes to use his money to go to Paris to enter the National Ecole des Beaux Arts.

The selection of John McLaren to look after the landscape effects of the Exposition has been commended by all classes of people. The marvelous results accomplished by the well known superintendent of Golden Gate Park is ample evidence that he is the man for the great work of beautifying the Exposition.

Ambition

By Ethel Bostick Ritchey

In a castle far on a mountain high
 An ancient king holds sway.
 He summons his subjects from every clime,
 And they must, perforce, obey—
*But the road to the castle is long and drear
 And many faint by the way.*

When the summons come they blithely start
 In the morning bright and fair,
 And their hopes are high and their faith is great,
 And they know not fear nor care—
*But the noon-day sun has a blighting heat,
 And a chill's in the evening air.*

They struggle and yearn and toil and pray,
 But the nearer their journey's o'er,
 The thicker the road is strewn with the wrecks
 Of those who have gone before—
*For those who fail, in their selfish pain,
 Are paving the way for more.*

The faithful at last gain the distant heights,
 And the portals are opened wide;
 They can enter the palace of Heart's Delight,
 And sit at the great king's side—
*But the king is bowed with the weight of years,
 And the best in them has died.*

Monrovia

The Gem of the Foothills

By J. S. Leonard

MONROVIA is among the larger centers of population in the vast mountain-walled amphitheater of Protean industry dominated by Los Angeles. Relative to neighboring municipalities the city's position in the Sierra Madre foothills may be described as the apex of a triangle with short, direct lines of communication to all points East, West and South.

It is 17 miles northeast of Los Angeles; 9 miles east of Pasadena and 30 miles

oil-macadem thoroughfares traverse the city east and west and afford perfect touring routes to all points of interest in Southern California. One, the Foot-hill Boulevard, is the main trunk line from Los Angeles via Pasadena to San Bernardino and has been designated as a section of both State and National highway systems.

The city is not an over-night creation of some promoting Aladdin invoking the gennii of specious advertising, but



First National Bank, Monrovia

north, across the San Gabriel valley, from the Pacific toward which it looks from its eyrie in the hills.

Transportation lines are the Santa Fe the Southern Pacific and the Pacific Electric. The last named gives forty-minute service to and from Los Angeles, except morning and evening when special through trains every half hour accommodate commuters.

Location with reference to the county good roads system is especially fortunate. Two branches of this fine system of

the dynamic product of environment evolved as a self sustaining entity through a quarter century's test and trial. Though coming year by year into more intimate association with far expanding Los Angeles, Monrovia is individual in growth and the volume of local business increases proportionately with population. While not a mere residential annex, Monrovia ranks as one of the most generously endowed suburban complements of her great neighbor.

The fundamental causes which have



'Leven Oaks Hotel

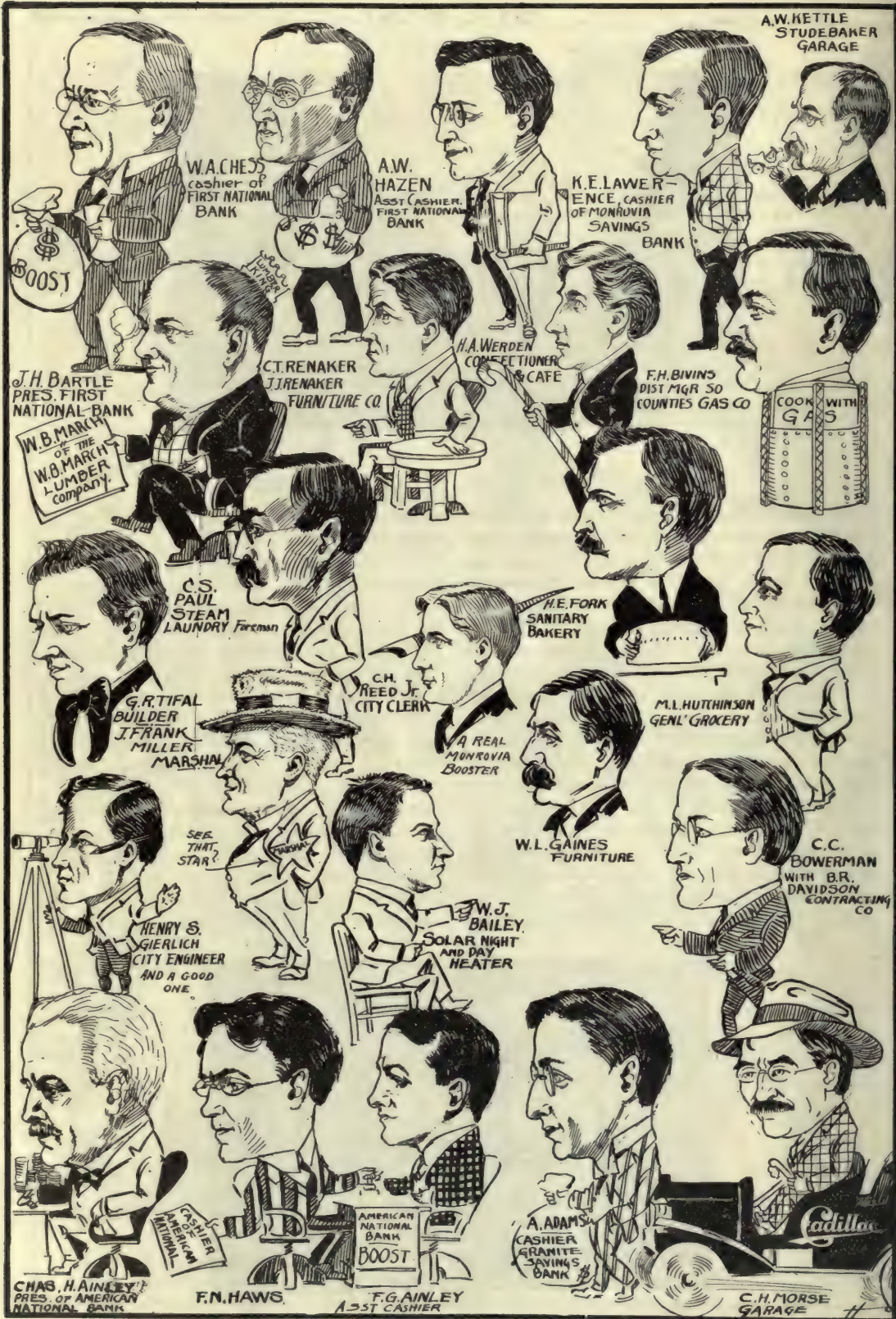
contributed most to municipal upbuilding are advantageous location and broad-gauge civic enterprise. Aspects of the former asset are the scenic charm of contrasting mountains and lowlands that never palls on residents and is ever a pleasant memory for the casual sight-seer; an equable climate that is an accepted standard of comparison and which in conjunction with a responsive soil makes possible within the city and vicinity the profitable cultivation of an amazing variety of products ranging from tropic citrus fruits to the hardier natives of the temperate zones. A direct result of these conditions is a comparatively low cost of living. Though distinguished for superior citrus fruits, Monrovia is not a "one crop district that ships all

it grows and brings in all it eats." Contiguous on the South is a vast area of open farming lands that is a perennial market garden, dairy and granary.

Witnesses to civic enterprise are found in every line of endeavor that enters into the creation of a modern city. The corporate area of three square miles is traversed by thirty miles of petrolithic paved streets which are both noiseless and dustless. The municipality owns a water system conservatively valued at \$1,000,000. It includes a mountain water-shed many square miles in extent and a well-development thoroughly equipped with duplicate power plants. Mains and laterals cover every foot of the city territory and are adequate for a population of 15,000.



Dining Room—'Leven Oaks Hotel



Some Boosters and Builders of Monrovia.



American National Bank

An equally comprehensive sewer system costing \$125,000 is practically completed. Adjuncts for the disposal of sewage are septic tanks, and basins and an orchard ranch. In building these systems liberal provision has been made for future growth within present corporate limits and for the annexation of thickly settled contiguous districts.

A corollary to the water system is a fire protection service including a combination auto engine that has few equals and keeps insurance rates at a minimum.

Other visible manifestations of communal spirit are the handsome city hall and library in Library Park, which is a centrally located tropic garden of five acres.

In no one phase of present activity is Monrovia better typified than in her schools. There are no better anywhere. The present enrollment of pupils exceeds one thousand and the teaching staff under the direction of Principal E. E. Knepper numbers thirty-five. The new school buildings completed on the last day of 1911 at a cost of \$125,000 are a generous fulfillment of the bond to the present generation and a noble pledge to meet all requirements for "passing on the torch" in future years. The new structures are built of brick and cement in the simple dignified lines of classic architecture. The university group plan was adopted by popular vote and each department will be housed in a separate

structure when occasion demands. The new buildings consist of Academic Hall, 200x125 feet in dimensions and the Hall of Manual Arts, 80x75 feet. It has been said that the modern school course is not the result of design but of accident and that its tendency is to make consumers and not producers. This cannot be said of Monrovia schools where the definite aim to foster the natural bent of each pupil and give him something of practical utility is constantly kept in the foreground. The Manual Arts is one of the most thoroughly equipped of the school departments and has a large enrollment. The same is true of Science departments. An empirical innovation is an agricultural and horticultural course that is designed to be of practical, intrinsic worth and also to serve as the foundation for advanced work in agricultural colleges. The art department is one of the largest and most notably successful in Southern California. Domestic and kindred sciences are housed in a handsome modern building and instruction in the economics of home making is continuous from the sixth grade through the twelfth.

The morals of a community is intimately revealed in the annals of its schools. Of Monrovia grammar school pupils 90% enter the high school and 75% of these entrants complete the four year course. Forty per cent of all alumni are University, Normal and Technical school graduates.

As might be inferred private enterprise is commensurate with public. During 1911 residence permits aggregate \$405,000. In the same period four business blocks, costing \$120,000 and "Leven Oaks," a handsome fifty-room hostelry, were completed. The American Bank building, the largest of the new structures, represents an investment of \$75,000.

Ground was broken New Year's day

the equable climate and the foothill setting with a perspective of 1000 square miles of mountain girdled valley which caused the pioneer of twenty-five years ago to exclaim with the psalmist, "This is my rest forever; here will I dwell," make Monrovia to-day the Mecca of homebuilders. She is the epitome of the best in modern civilization and stands with her face toward progress yet her garden gate swings into a mountain



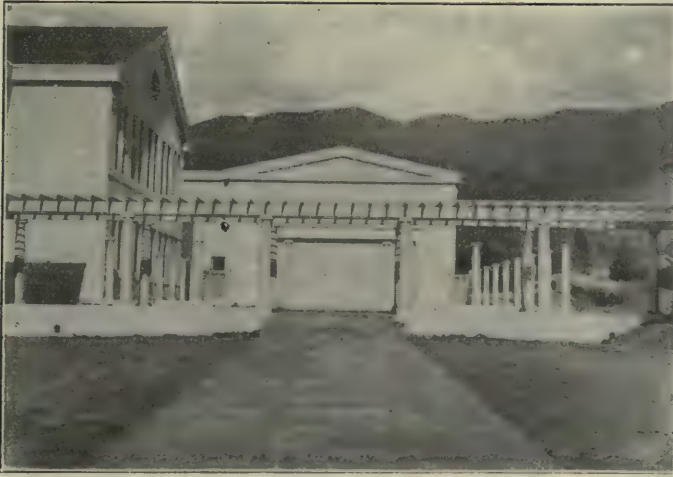
Monrovia Daisies

for a \$25,000 Baptist church adjacent to the First Methodist church which cost a like amount and is now ready for occupancy.

In conclusion it should be noted that the physical attributes which were the determinants of Monrovia's site a quarter century ago and made her famous for citrus products in the years that followed, operate today with undiminished force in the later phase of residential development. Alike in a common possession of essentials for ideal homes, Southern California cities are sharply differentiated by peculiar characteristics which ultimately decide the trend and character of progress. The intimate advantage of each draws to the homogeneous center of activity those to whom it particularly appeals. Thus it is that

wilderness of vast extent and surpassing beauty. Forty minutes from Los Angeles by either Pacific Electric or auto and the weary business man can step back a hundred generations from today and follow the shadow dappled trails straight through the portals of illusion to the Arcadian Age where the old gods rule and the nymphs and dryads dance to the Pipes O'Pan. The best of it is, that this mountain playground will be as primitive and unspoiled a century hence as it is now.

Nothing could demonstrate more forcibly Monrovia's merit as a place to dwell than its selection as the site for a model tract by the MacIntyre Building Company, one of the chief building concerns of Los Angeles. This company, desiring to establish a show place in



Greek Theatre

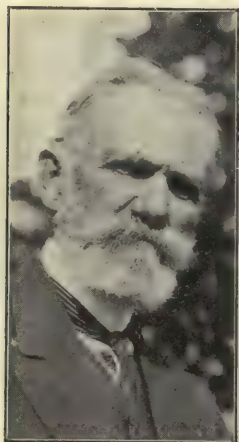
Southern California for the purpose of exhibiting its "Cozycraft" bungalow architecture, made an exhaustive study of the entire area adjacent to Los Angeles with the intention of finding the one spot possessing the greatest advantages both natural and artificial. With all Southern California to pick from. Monrovia was finally chosen as being the most typical, picturesque and suitable locality for a tract aspiring to be an absolutely model show place. Having

made its selection, this company is investing \$50,000 in land and improvement creating thereby an unique point of interest not to be found in any other suburb of Los Angeles.

To those arriving from the Frozen East, a glimpse of Monrovia will appear as a glimpse of the Garden of Eden. Instead of the desolation of snow and ice, one will find roses and other tropical flowers blooming the year 'round.



Church in Monrovia



Azusa the Canyon City

With a Future

By Alfred P. Griffith



CALIFORNIA is in the eyes of not only the tourist but those of our population who are seeking a change of location. Very many persons from all classes, the wealthy, the well to do and from among those who are so needed to do things, the laborers, are turning their eyes California-ward for homes. While many localities have been setting forth in the public print, their many advantages, the Azusa Valley has been quietly and persistently "sawing wood", raising some of the finest orange and lemon groves in Southern California. With an eye to the future development of this territory the late J. S. Slauson laid out the city of Azusa something over twenty years ago. Starting, as all things do, from a small beginning the city has now grown to be a prosperous incorporated city of the sixth class population nearing the 2,000 mark. Here are two hotels one of which is maintained at a high class for so small a place. In order to properly accomodate the better class of travel the Foothill Inn has been remodeled and refurnished till now it furnishes first class accommodations at moderate prices. Two National banks and one Savings bank accumulate \$100,000 capital stock; \$50,000 surplus and undivided profits; \$500,000 individual deposit; showing a prosperous community. Azusa carries the unique distinction of having a merchant who has held the fort since the city started, in the person of H. W. Williams the pioneer grocery man. Besides him are four others of long stand-

ing beside two recently started. Two Dry Goods stores and a full compliment of the usual mercantile establishments. Azusa is not overrun with stores but has business for all located within her borders.

Schools of the best. Few communities of much larger dimensions can show better facilities for teaching the rising generation. A fine graded school and a Union High School. Citrus Union High School stands accredited in all our Coast Colleges as well as in the East, wherever accrediting has been requested. A present pupil expects to enter University of Pennsylvania in the fall on his diploma, accrediting having been asked for and granted. So highly recognized is the grade of this school.

Of public buildings Azusa has more and better than most towns in its class. Besides those mentioned there are two modern up-to-date business blocks besides others commodious and comfortable. The Slauson Block stands as a monument to the faith of its builder for whom it was named. A handsome public library building, the gift of the Laird of Skibo—Andrew Carnegie—located in Azusa's new and handsome little park is well supplied with books which are being constantly added to.

One of the earliest communities to recognize the necessity for and value of good roads, Azusa commenced road improvement eighteen years ago. She brought the first portable rock crusher to this coast and after crushing rocks for a short piece of road in Azusa and another in Covina, it stood in the back yard of the intrepid importer, a monument to his faith in the future good roads movement, though that faith often wavered. But his inning came at last when he saw his crusher set up to crush the boulders of the San Gabriel river and from this humble start three very busy plants



The Progressive Citizens of Azusa never quit Boosting.

are crushing away at boulders rolled down from the San Gabriel Canon by the forces of many waters.

Southern California is now nearing the completion of over 300 miles of oil macadam roads, one of the principal of which, the Foothill Boulevard, runs through Azusa. It was an Azusa man who lined out this thoroughfare and gave it its name and today, approaching completion from Los Angeles to the Eastern county line, it stands as the finest, long improved thoroughfare in this part of the state. With the completion of

as good streets as can be desired. Two miles of this completes the Foothill Boulevard through the city. And be it said to the credit of this little villiage, it is the first city within our knowledge, to connect, through its environs, the system of good roads being built by the county. Besides these many of the streets have been graded and gravelled in a manner that, with very small repairs, will be lasting.

Azusa owns its own water service and by the way the water it furnishes is of superior quality, fresh from the



The Foothill Inn—Azusa

the Foothill Boulevard, Azusa will have a choice of roads for travel to Los Angeles, the Boulevard for motor or driving, interurban electric line and Santa Fe Overland Rail Road and each of these is unsurpassed in its class.

There is no better equipped trains than those that run between Los Angeles and Chicago via Azusa, than the Santa Fe. There is no more beautiful road (through the orange groves) than the Los Angeles interurban through Azusa.

Within its boundaries this little burg has, in general the best streets of any small community. By a recent bond issue she has constructed four miles of

mountains. The system being judiciously operated, water is served to the people at the lowest rate of any municipality we know of.

The city also owns the electric light distributing system giving its inhabitants a better lighting service at a lower price than is usual in a city of its size. Gas is also furnished for light or cooking and heating. So, that all in all the house-keeper has at his command most everything to be desired to make home comfortable.

The Upper San Gabriel Valley is about seven or eight miles wide, sloping from the San Gabriel mountains on the

north to the Puente Hills on the south. The upper portion of this valley, commonly known as the Azusa Valley is eminently fitted for the culture of the orange, lemon and other citrus fruits. Its fruit is celebrated in the markets to which it is shipped. Its output for 1910-11 approximated 1,200,000 boxes of oranges, 30,000 boxes of lemons, 1,002 boxes of pomelis, commonly called Grape fruit.

The cultivation of the citrus groves furnishes a very pleasant occupation. No more arduous than any other farming work but perhaps more exacting mentally. There is a fascination in living among the orange groves. Trees always a beautiful green and always carrying fruit

lemon requires greater care and expense in its production and marketing and without a high protection the market must be dependent upon foreign lemons. But many growers believe that a more steady market can be maintained by home grown fruit than depending on a foreign supply. The result of the protective tariff on oranges which lowered the price to the consuming market warrants the belief that within ten years, when new groves now being planted come into full bearing California will produce not five thousand cars per annum but fifteen resulting in a steady supply of fruit that is needed every day in the year and that the day of excessive prices for lemons will pass because



Business Block—Azusa

in some condition of growth. The holdings range from five to forty acres more under twenty than over, and the returns from well kept groves warrants one in taking first class care of his property. There is perhaps no tree that responds more quickly to good or bad care than the citrus, being a large producer of fruit it necessarily is a large feeder.

The lemon has been in the lime light for some time now because of the high protective tariff placed by the Aldrich Bill. The result of this bill has already become apparent in the increased production of the fruit so much needed in all branches of house keeping. The

of the regular abundant supply of home produced fruit. As the lemon must be shipped when ready the producer will not be able, if he wanted to, to manipulate the market but it will naturally be his aim to save his winter lemons to supply a summer market, else that market will be bare, as the heaviest production is in the winter. The grower wants a high tariff to give him the market and in return he will be able to furnish the consumer with the best lemon grown and at a regular and moderate price.

A word should be said about the San Gabriel Canyon, than which there is no more popular mountain resort in

Southern California. Here around ten thousand recreation seekers come every year. Some for trout, some for deer or other game, some for a bit of mountain scenery and some for relaxation from the usual round of everyday life and the benefit of breathing the mountain air. Here are several mountain camps for accomodation of those who wish accomodation while others prefer to bring along their camp equipage and maintain themselves. Come what way they will all find something they seek after. Heavy stages ply between the depots and the up river resorts daily on the arrival of morning trains which come laden with baggage for the Canyon, returning in the afternoon to bring those who must tear themselves away from the up country pleasures. The managers of these mountain resorts vie with each other to create amusement or entertainment for their guests and when these leave they carry with them the desire to return another season. Necessarily these caravansaries are not elegant, if they were this would detract from the spiciness of a mountain outing. But all in all the vacation spent here is enjoyable.

For much of our information concerning Azusa, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. L. Case, secretary of the Azusa Chamber of Commerce, the leading real estate man of the town and one of its most energetic boosters.

Mr. Case is a native of New York City, where he received his business education in a Wall street bank. He was later connected with the Herzog Iron Works of St. Paul, Minn., filling the office of vice-president and contracting manager some 16 years.

Since coming to California he has devoted himself to the real estate business and is now recognized as an expert in values, especially in orange groves.

EL RANCHO GRANDE



THE FASCINATION of creating beauty and profit out of wilderness and desert has been the pleasure of the proprietor of this now famous citrus growing estate. Made up of two separate tracts of land, either of which were considered worthless for

the purpose twenty years ago, this estate now covers 175 acres of fertile soil, light but producing fine juicy fruit, covered with bearing groves including Navel oranges, early Valencias, late Valencias, St. Michaels Pomilos (commonly called grape fruit), Mandarins, Tangarines, Kumquats and lemons with a few odds and ends for family use or fad.

Coming to this country in 1891, the proprietor settled on 30 acres of this property which was all then a waste so far as fruit was concerned. As he commenced to add to his acres those who noticed his activity thought they foresaw his later realization of his mistakes as he was, as they said, buying up all the sand washes and his ranch was soon dubbed "Griffith's Sand Ranch". As he commenced to plant his land he was called a fool for planting valencias but when his sand land produced valencias oranges, took first premiums wherever exhibited at the so called world's fairs, others commenced to see that his mistakes were not so serious after all. The citrus crop gathered and marketed last season amounted as a total to about 40,000 field boxes notwithstanding the fact that about one half of the trees are in partial bearing, one grove not bearing at all. Add to this the product of the separated piece we have approaching 45,000 boxes which meant some labor to pick, haul and pack and it required a small army to be maintained. From ten to twelve men are employed by the month, as steadily as this class of labor wants to be, while from ten to fifteen packers were employed by the day for the most of the year and six of them constantly. One dozen mules furnish the motive power required on the ranch proper while a three ton Alco truck is constantly employed during the navel orange season and most of the valencias season, hauling four loads of 126 boxes each day a distance of about ten miles the round trip—and two trips a day during the balance of the orange season and during lemon picking. All this with quite a fertilizer bill runs the bill of expense well on to \$25,000 per year. Yes, it costs money to raise oranges and more to raise lemons but it pays better to spend and gather than to economize

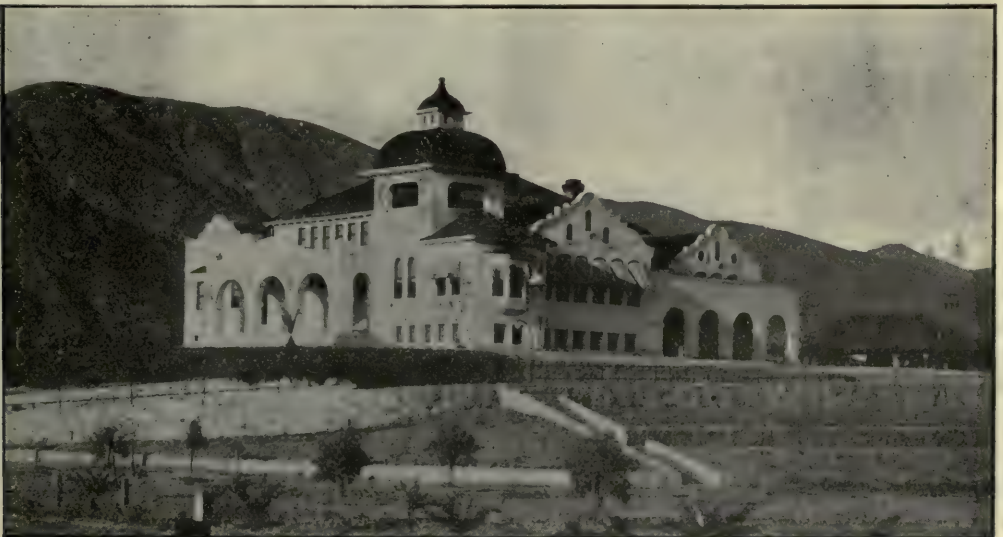


Loading oranges on truck at El Rancho Grande for shipment on trains

and reap less harvest. The proprietor has had the experience and knows whereof he affirms. As the result of judicious fertilizing together with winter cover crops the gatherings have increased between three and four fold in four years. Of course a portion of this increase has come from the growth of young trees but the increase in the old groves has been in greater proportion and in some instances over four fold. The gathering

for the present season will show a great increase all along the line which will, of course increase the expense of gathering and hauling.

Just now El Rancho Grande is expending money in betterment of plant-houses for its labor, men or mules, for both must be cared for before beautifying of the plant takes place in order to meet the approbation of the proprietor.



Citrus Union High School

Glendora

By J. A. Jones
Editor of the Glendora Gleaner



GLENDORA, the Crescent city, world renowned for its citrus fruit products, is located 25 miles east of Los Angeles on the upper rim of one of the fairest and most fertile valleys ever canopied by the ethereal skies.

The chain of mountains in the background afford protection and immunity from frost and wind damage to the teeming citrus fruit groves and semi-tropical plants spread out over the expansive valley.

The salubrious climate, varied resources and surpassing scenic splendor, carries with it the conviction that all nature conspired to make of this city a habitat fit for the elect.

Founded 26 years ago by hardy pioneers in quest of homes, comfort a competence, the way was blazed for that transition from the sage brush, cactus and chapparal to the present high state of cultivation, best evidenced in the wide expanse of citrus fruit groves and numerous berry fields.

Approximately, there are 4800 acres set solid to citrus fruit trees. One half to Washington navel oranges, one fourth to valencia oranges and one fourth to lemon trees, each of which command a premium in the market on account of the superior texture, delicacy of flavor and liciousness.

Some conception may be had of the wonderful expansion of the citrus fruit industry and the income derived from it, when it is known that the crop of 1911-12 will total, according to conser-



Harrow Canyon Falls—Glendora

JUDGE C.W. CONVERSE
LEADING PRACTITIONER



F. C. SCHIFFMAN
A SURE
LIVE
WIRE
HE ONLY
OWNS
111
ACRES
AND
7
MOUNTAINS



W.A. RIKER
GLENDDORA
DRUG CO.
LARGEST
STORE
IN THE
VALLEY



J.J. PEYTON
OF THE
FIRM OF
LEWIS
& PEYTON
AND A
BOOSTER



H.H. SELLERS
THE
WIDE AWAKE
REAL
ESTATE
MAN

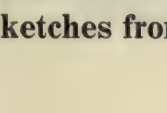
TOM MILLER
OWNER GLENDDORA
FEED STORE AND
INTERESTED IN THE
GROCERY
BUSINESS
HELPED
INCORPORATE
THE TOWN
AND IS
ALWAYS
A
BOOSTER FOR
GREATER
GLENDDORA



C.C. WARREN
PRES. OF GLENDDORA
WATER CO.
OLD TIME
RESIDENT
AND A
LIVE
ONE



DR. W.R. MCNAIR
PROPRIETOR
MCNAIR
PHARMACY
AND ONE OF
GLENDDORA'S
LEADING
LIVE
BOOSTERS



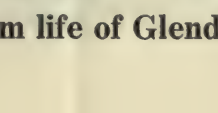
GEO. N. WEAVER
PIONEER
REAL
ESTATE
BROKER
BUY
SALE
MORTGAGES
LOANS
INSURANCE



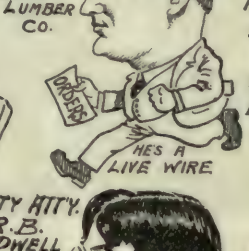
SAM RISER
PARTOWNER
BOYD
LUMBER
CO.
HES A
LIVE WIRE



CITY ATTY. R.B. BIDWELL
ALWAYS
ON THE
JOB AND
A PUBLIC
SPIRITED
CITIZEN



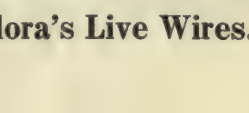
FRANK CHANCE
OWNER 21 ACRES
ORANGES AND
MANGO
CHICAGO
CUBS



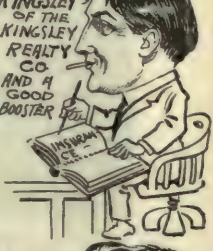
H.E. KINGSLEY
OF THE
KINGSLEY
REALTY
CO.
AND A
GOOD
BOOSTER



J.W. MALONEY
MGR. MCNAIR
DRUG CO.
AND
GLENDDORA
BASE BALL
TEAM



J.M. BAKER
OLD TIME
URSERY-
MAN. 20
YEARS A
RESIDENT



F.B. ROGERS
PIONEER
NURSERY
MAN AND
REAL
ESTATE
DEALER
35,000
TREES



E.E. GINGRICH
OF
GLENDDORA
DRUG CO.
AND A
BOOSTER
FOR THE
TOWN



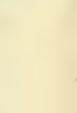
F.M. KUHR
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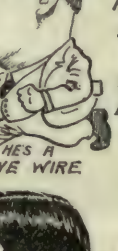
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VETERAN EDITOR
OF THE "GLEANER"



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BUSINESS
MAN



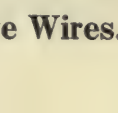
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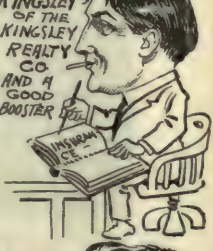
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LARGEST
STORE
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VALLEY





Mt. San Antonio (Old Baldy) from Glendora

vative estimates, well nigh 2,000 car loads for which the grower will receive more than one million dollars.

Orange and lemon groves are selling freely at \$3,000 per acre in this district at the present time which is ample verification of the facts set forth.

Glendora may be proud of the fact that her oranges from the Citrus Association took first prize at the Alaska-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, also at the world's fair at Chicago and at the Portland Exposition. Also the Citrus Association has a contract with the Southern California Fruit Exchange to furnish oranges to the White House at Washington.

This magic development, high state of cultivation and abundant crops were made possible by the discovery and development of an ample supply of water for all purposes.

While the leading industry is the citrus fruit culture, there is no place where grain, vegetables and berries grow to greater perfection.

Supported by a country of such magnificent resources the city of Glendora is destined to become one of the most populous, wealthy and important commercial centers in the great San Gabriel valley.

Glendora is possessed of transportation facilities that will meet every demand of traffic, being at the terminus of the most scenic railway that radiates from Los Angeles and on the Santa Fe Railroad, a transcontinental line.

Glendora was incorporated October 31, 1911 with a population of 1800 and an assessed valuation of one and one half million dollars. Investments by homeseekers and by investors since that time exceed three hundred thousand dollars.

The moral sentiment of the community is reflected in a city ordinance prohibiting the liquor traffic. The numerous church organizations, which four substantial edifices attests the religious proclivities of the citizens of the city.

A commodious school building equipped with facilities to accommodate the 320 school children now in attendance, in charge of a corps of ten teachers, bespeaks the culture, attainments and progressive spirit regarding the need of providing modern school facilities.

With the organization of a city government, Glendora may fairly be said to have entered upon a period of growth and prosperity seldom witnessed, and it is fair to presume that in the next three years the population will not be less than 5,000 and the wealth increased many fold.

Covina



CONCERNING MODERN WIZARDRY

By Henry L. Marshall

WE, in Covina, who may not be in the habit of saying grace at the breakfast table, look up at the mountains on the north for a few minutes instead. I believe it is the same thing. Sometimes the hills are covered with purple cloud-wracks, presaging rain. Perhaps the clouds are shot through with daggers of sunlight, telling us that the day will be fair, and that we should be thankful for the day about to be received.

An old and experienced booster once told me that a town will talk incessantly about the advantages to be had in the locality, until these advantages really become a fact. Afterwards others will talk about them, and the town boosters are out of a job.

We begin to feel that this time is arriving in Covina. A town slogan was adopted here about four years ago, which is: "boost from the inside," and since that time we have been devoting ourselves mainly to an intensive care of the citrus groves, to the laying down of the city streets in macadem and asphalt, to the erection of public buildings, to the increasement of school facilities, to the development of more water for irrigation, and lo!—we wake up to be confronted by the booster from the out-

side who has been attracted by the work going on within. The first law of successful advertising is to have something legitimate to advertise. No community is successful in attracting people to become citizens, which does not first create things that are attractive, and Covina, perhaps more than any other town in

LARK ELLEN—

Ellen Beach Yaw, like all true artists, has chosen her home amidst congenial surroundings.





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COVINA, CONDUCTING
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LEADER DEPARTMENT
STORE

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LEADING PHYSICIAN
OF COVINA.

J.D. FIELDS
LARGEST GROCERY
IN COVINA



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AND A
BOOSTER

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COVINA
VALLEY
TAILORING
Company

HENRY L. MARSHALL
JOURNALIST AND AN
EVER READY BOOSTER

Some of Covina's Live Wires and Boosters.

*Hotel Vendome*

the valley, has demonstrated that to succeed, we must first show that we are successful.

Nothing could be more futile than to attempt to launch across three thousand miles a mass of figures about the great citrus industry, these same figures to be read by people who know nothing about oranges except that they are good to eat. That we ship out nearly 2,000 carloads of oranges each year from Covina or 800,000 boxes; that citrus land in full bearing is worth and sells for from \$1500 to \$3,000 an acre; that we irrigate several thousand acres of oranges from a gravity flow of water from the San Gabriel canyon and from private pumping plants—all are facts. These facts mean something to the man or woman who comes from the east and stands actually on the ground where the evidences are plain and apparent, but I doubt if they make a lasting impression on the most intelligent or most practical people, who cannot grasp such significant facts at such a distance.

Water is the wizardry through which all this is brought about. The San Gabriel valley slept for thousands of years in a lambent bath of sunshine, but it afforded a living for merely a handful of Indians, a few cattle rovers, and small ranchers who hugged the edge of the canyon's mouth, where water trickled down a little creek. In winter the creek became a roaring river, but the water went into the sea and into

the subterranean channels. The surface of the earth lay parched and brown. The grain rancher found it profitable in some seasons, but no man would have called it a garden spot.

But a few brave souls conceived the idea that water could be conserved in the canyons, brought by a diverting canal to the dry plains, and from this sprang life, as great a transformation almost as the salvation of a guilty soul. Then they discovered that the water seepage of winter formed a vast lake beneath the surface of the plains, and they carried the water-wizardry further, and began pumping water to the surface. Now the cough and gasp of the gas engine is heard all over the land. The valley is a great mat of citrus trees. The habitations of man, his churches, his schools, his halls of entertainment, followed. The United States census speaks in cold figures of the fact that the Covina valley is the richest crop-raising district per acre in the United States.

It would be a poor thing for us to affix you by the buttonhole and sing our own praises. The latch-string is always out, and we're making hundreds of new friends every year. Just now we are rejoicing in five days of steady rain. Old Jupiter Pluvius has been helping to boost from the inside. Come around and see us when you're out this way, and we'll show you what the orange business is like.



Some of the Boys who are Doing Things in Covina.



Picking Oranges at Covina



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April

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30.
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29.
July 1, 2, 3, 15, 16, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30, 31.
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218 New High Street

Los Angeles, Cal.



OUT WEST

New Series Vol. 3

APRIL, 1912

Number 4

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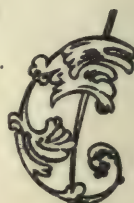
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April

Grow old, did you say? I shall never grow old,
As long as the green buds of April unfold;
As long as the stony, brown fields change to gold,
Of poppy and mustard my heart still shall hold
That the last scroll of youth is never unrolled.

This morning the meadow-lark sang as I went
To the hills, and my heart in the same rapture blent
Sent a song of its own, sent a song far and free
With the lilt of young life in its full ecstasy,
And the echoing hills sent the song back to me.

—L. H. M.





Santa Barbara Mission

OUT WEST

APRIL

1912

Mission Canyon



Santa Barbara



By A. T. Johnson

*In a land of clear colors and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories,
And a murmur of musical flowers.*
Swinburne.

its own—quite apart from the historic old church which gives it its name.

The old mission of Santa Barbara stands on an eminence about one mile from the center of the city. An electric

THERE IS a belief common to travellers in many lands, and most of all to those who are passing through the vastness of Southern California, that to see the inmost recesses of the deep country is generally impossible. They have not the time, they are not accustomed to riding, they cannot afford long stage journeys off the beaten track. Those are a few of the obstacles which are said to stand between them and the cool, fern-clad glens of the mountains and the music of rocky streams. They read descriptions of these things made by residents, or more fortunate wanderers, and feed their only half-satisfied imaginations upon the unattainable delights which lay hidden in the folds of the distant hills. Some of them, perhaps, even go so far as to emulate the sour philosophy of Aesop's fox!

But, while there is doubtless some truth in the statement that the sweet companionship of the far country's heart is forbidden to the tourist who has a time-table for his inexorable master, there are not a few places of unique natural beauty quite within easy reach of the rail-road. One of these is the Mission Canyon of Santa Barbara, which has not only its accessibility to recommend it but a peculiar fascination of



The Woodland Path



Live Oaks in Mission Canyon

street car (which starts from near the railroad depot) will carry you to within a few feet of its venerable shade for a nickle. You then pass through the turn-stile and, crossing over a hoary stone bridge under which the mountain waters rush and tumble with a merry sound, turn into a foot-path immediately to the right. Its walks and flowers and ornamental shrubs, its pretty bungalows half-hidden among the cool shade of trees, suggest the quietness and hospitality of old Spanish days. On the other hand the notices requesting passers-by not to pick the flowers, bring one back to the modern world.

However, many a time and oft have I made my way through those charming grounds where exotic garden flowers run at random with the native wildlings of the woods and from whence one can hear the bell-chimes of the mission recall the hallowed memories of centuries of ancient peace, through the old oaks and leafing sycamores. Many a time have my English sympathies been arrested by the unexpected discovery of some blossom which has become a familiar and homely object in the cottage gardens of the old country. Here, in the land of their nativity, the Califor-

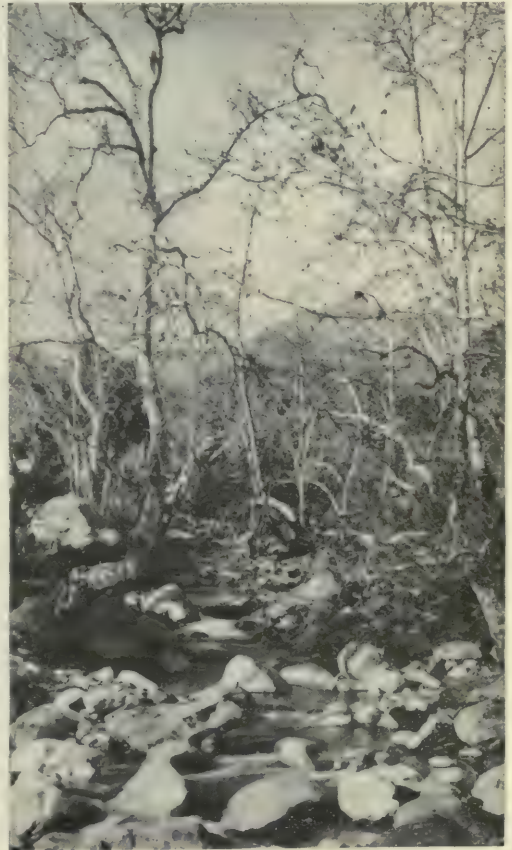
nian poppy lifts its golden chalice to the sun, violet lupines make *parterres* of brave color between the lichened boulders. Dainty little *nemophila*, fragrant with cherished reminiscences, are clustered amid the young grass of spring. Exquisite *anemonies* star the sod with their fragile grace. *Columbines* mirror their bells in the translucent waters of the brook. More gorgeous, if less endeared by sweet associations, are the other plants and trees—aliens which someone has gathered together in this favored spot. There are *acacias* from Australia, ablaze with trusses of golden bloom; *narcissi* from the colder countries of far-off Europe; *Montbretias*, scarlet *tritomas* and *geraniums* in infinite variety from Southern Africa; English ivy creeps about the stems of venerable live oaks; *agaves* and *cactus* bring back grim memories of the desert kingdom of the sun; *conifers* from Alpine heights suggest the silent dominions of the snows. Fragrant *eucalyptus* trees, so loved by the humming birds, afford a touch of tropical lassitude with their drooping tired boughs. The wondrous, flower gardens of the Orient have here, as elsewhere, decked an already sumptuous earth with their inexhaustible treasures.

And this peculiar adaptability for the establishment of exotic flora is not only one of California's greatest charms but the most substantial proof that her wonderful climate is as nearly perfect as an equable climate can be.

From here the wanderer may make his way by a woodland path far into the green depths of the mountain. From the companionship of the rushing stream, which thunders in silver foam over some obstructing rock, the land rises high on either side. Great alders and dappled sycamores stand with their roots in the water, wild cucumber and clematis and bramble climb up their branches to reach the light. Amid the soft green of unfolding brake, giant ferns, whose fronds are often six feet in height, o'er shadow the way; dainty maiden-hair clothe the banks and moss-clad stones with their cool tapestry of emerald. Humming birds flash through the spokes of sunlight which pierce the foliage like animated jewels; blue jays shriek in the dark, fragrant bay-trees; finches of gorgeous color sing their lullabies of love and happiness amid the tender greenery of spring. On, on, on, the winding pathway leads one, higher grow the mountain sides until the throb of the city tunnel water-works. Here, half way up one of the highest peaks of the Santa Ynez, the great mountain whose pines stand like sentinels against the blue, is being pierced to the heart. But one marvels that such a stupendous undertaking should so little disturb the prevailing quiet. Already is nature hastening to heal the scar and covering the tilted rock and soil, which all but fills the canyon, with her mantle of green. It takes more than the pulsations of an electrical generator to break the spell which the old mountains have held for so many centuries of sun-kissed peace. Still the blue myrtle stains the hill sides with the azure of heaven, and the wild white lilac sheets the chaparral with its snowy clusters. The tree-poppy still hangs its cups of burnished gold among the glaucous leaves to seduce an idle butterfly. Leaning oaks, which cast a grateful shade over the trail beyond—the trail which winds up to the pines—hear not the ominous rumble of shattered rock. And the grim old

mountain itself has not a less splendid indifference to the ephemeral efforts of man.

It is with thoughts such as these that one turns his face towards Santa Barbara, the sea and the islands and makes his way down an easy road which skirts the right bank of the Canyon to the Mission. In the deep folds of the green hills the music of the stream is hushed, the glow of the lowering sun sheds a



The Rushing Stream which thunders in silver foam over some obstructing rock

ruddy warmth upon the little ranches of the slopes, with their orange orchards; the meadow-lark, which loves the road side as much as it does the meadow, cheers us on our way with the sweetest of all wild music, and a day up Mission Canyon, of whose charms one half has not been written, is cloistered as a cherished memory in the pigeon-hole of undying reminiscences.

Dana Bartlett

THE MODERN MISSION FATHER

By Mary E. Stilson

*
* "America is God's crucible, the
* great melting pot where all the races
* of Europe are melting Here
* you stand good folk with your fifty
* groups and your fifty languages and
* your fifty blood hatreds and rivalries.
* But you won't be long like that, brothers,
* for these are the fires of God
* you've come to. . . . A fig for your
* feuds and vendettas, Germans and
* Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen,
* Jews and Russians. Into the
* crucible with you all! God is making
* the American! Celt and Latin, Slav
* and Teuton, Greek and Syrian, Jew
* and Gentile, here shall they all unite
* to build the Republic of Mankind
* and the Kingdom of God. . . . Ah,
* what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem
* where all nations and races
* come to worship and look back, compared
* with the glory of America
* where all races come to labor and
* look forward!—Zangwill.
*

what has been done, along with the history of the Padres there will be added the name of another Mission Father. It will be Dana Bartlett.

Bethlehem Mission "The House of Bread" on Vignes street, Los Angeles, may not be as picturesque as the Mission of San Gabriel; it may not have clustering about it as many legends as has the San Juan Capistrano or the Santa Barbara Mission but it is a place where men, women and children are being taught to labor with joy and to look forward with hope; a place where great ideals are being made manifest in the flesh.



Satisfying the inner man

As fitting complement to Zangwill's assertion that God is making the American comes that quaint old saying of Emerson's: "God himself cannot do without great men," for the assistance that great men and women are giving toward making the super-citizen is something that cannot be done without.

In Los Angeles to-day the American is being created. Plans for his continued construction and perfection are being born here now from the heart and brain of one of God's great men, and when the true chronicle of California is written in some distant time when people can look back with proper perspective on

Dana Bartlett, the founder of this "House of Bread" was born fifty years ago in New England. He was educated at the Yale Divinity School and at other eastern colleges, but just before finishing his education, at Grinnel College, Iowa, he was literally blown out of school by a cyclone and beginning then to give aid to the injured he has never found time to go back there to get his degree. Of late, Mr. Bartlett has been turning his mind to preventive measures as well as curative



The helpers and the helped

ones. He says he realizes the futility of forever standing, waiting, below a cliff to pick up the injured and dress their wounds, that the more sensible thing would be to go to the top of the cliff, and build a fence at the danger line. With this purpose in view he wrote "The Better City" and "The Better

Country", books which not only give a sociologic education but a new conception of brotherhood as well, and still better, a dynamic impetus to make the conception a reality.

One of the plans for the making of a better humanity is the building of "garden cities" and the first one of these



Some of the ore that goes into the Melting Pot



Dana Bartlett



Manual Training Class



model municipalities has already begun to take shape at Dominguez, California, where a tract of ground has been set apart for the scheme. Attractive houses with the most modern sanitation will be built and these will be placed around a court or patio, conserving space, and yet giving all the light and air possible. Each householder will have his own little plot of ground, and it is hoped that by thus appealing to the home instinct and the agricultural propensities of the immigrants who will come here that all congested districts of the city will be eliminated and all slums prevented. In fact the slogan of Bethlehem is "Los Angeles, 1920, a million population and a city without a slum."

In telling of the inpour of immigrants that will come with the opening of the Panama Canal, Mr. Bartlett is not urging an issue, he is simply prophesying a condition. He says that now in Central Europe tickets for California by way of the Panama Canal are being sold on the installment plan. There are hundreds and thousands in Europe today who like Zangwill's "David" have spent all their lives dreaming of the time when America would gather them to her breast. All that has prevented them coming to her arms has been the lack of money; and now that the rates to California will be so much reduced by the direct steamer route many will realize their dreams.

Though Mr. Bartlett does not advocate unrestricted immigration he contends that these peasants who will come to our shores are not a menace to the country, but that on the contrary they will bring a strain of thrift, sobriety and sturdiness into the land. For nearly twenty years he has been living and working among them and the estimate that he puts upon them is not the visionary idealism of an impractical dreamer. But he knows a man for a man when he sees him—Bethlehem's motto is "a man's a man for a' that"—and he does not call these people the "scum of Europe" or aliens or even foreigners but "brothers." It is not only the newly arrived immigrant, however, who has cause to be grateful for the hospitality of the Bethlehem Mission. Many well born Americans could tell hard luck stories of days

when the bottom had dropped out of everything and when they would have been without help of any kind had not the hand of Bethlehem been held out to them. Few of us can understand what the sensations of a man would be who had neither home, money, friends, work, food or lodging, but since January 1, 1912, 147 men in this condition have been fed, clothed, housed and given employment. Just how many have been cared for in the sixteen years before this only the recording angel has kept note of, for Mr. Bartlett has been too busy trying to make the bread go round to count the slices handed out and it is only in the last few months that he has had an assistant who has kept record of what has been done. During last year they estimate that 30,000 baths were given at the bath house, which is one of Bethlehem's chief civilizing agencies, and the "first aid" to the industrially injured. Each man who comes for assistance is given a bath, and clothes, if he needs them, and he generally does, and he is fed and housed in "The Men's Hotel" while the free employment bureau is finding him work. None of this assistance is offered to him as charity—so called—. He is made to understand that it is simply an advance loan, and that as soon as he is earning a regular amount he is expected to pay it back. And he does pay it too, and with a big per cent of genuine gratitude as the interest on the loan. Besides the bath house, employment agency and hotel there is a free medical dispensary through which the ailing are cared for. The city furnishes medicine and a nurse and various big hearted physicians donate their services, performing minor operations at the Mission when necessary. There is also a free library where the daily papers and books, both for instruction and entertainment, can be read by the men in their leisure hours.

A few weeks ago when addressing the State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mr. Bartlett said: "This is the happiest day of my life." On that day he had gotten the promise from the city authorities that Los Angeles should have a Citizenship Day, a day set apart for celebrating the admission to citizenship of the var-

ious newly naturalized Americans. This event was celebrated at Bethlehem Mission only a few days ago with appropriate ceremonies and great rejoicing and marks an epoch in the history of Los Angeles.

Another one of the many educational activities, in which Mr. Bartlett is engaged, is the Institute of Social Study of which he is the founder. Every year for nine years young men from the various colleges of Southern California come to Bethlehem and study sociology, both in theory and as an applied science. It is a kind of sociologic clinic in which the students are taken to visit the public playgrounds the City Jail, the Police Department, the Juvenile Court, the hospitals, social centers and various charitable institutions where they can see conditions as they are. Lectures are also given on civic and industrial problems, and while no creed or religious dogma is taught the teacher makes the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man the basis of all the teaching.

For sixteen years Mr. Bartlett has lived with his family in the most squalid section of Los Angeles. A section of illy-lighted, unpaved, uncleaned streets, where there

is no room, no time and no money for lawns and flowers; where the fumes of the brewery make the atmosphere, and the smoke of the gas plant paints the sky; where his only neighbors are the very poorest of Japanese, Russians, Mexicans. And why has he done this? Not because he could not have afforded to live elsewhere. Not because the most exclusive residence districts would not have welcomed him and his cultured family. But because he could more effectually help "the little brother" by living closer to him. To those of us who have green lawns and rose embowered homes, who depend so much on beautiful surroundings and pleasant environment for our happiness, this seems one of the most heroic deeds.

Although the victory of an army depends on the skill and wisdom of its general, the general cannot fight the battle alone. There are many things that all of us can do to aid this great humanitarian movement of which Mr. Bartlett is the leader. We can best show our appreciation of him by the help we give him and his work.

The Black Forest

By Florence Scripps Kellogg

*The slender shafts of sunlight bright
Gleam golden through the trees,
Till dusky shadows sent by night
The glowing sunbeams seize.*

*The fine fresh fragrance of the firs.
With sweetness fills the air;
In all the silence nothing stirs,
A hush is everywhere.*

*Save where a purling stream flows by
O'er deep and rocky bed,
Where ghastly mists rise toward the sky
Like shadowy, silver threads.*

*O, wild, wierd forest, dense and vast,
Whose stately pines reach high,
What countless legends of the past,
You breathe in murmuring sigh.*

The Peace Forum

(In this department each month will appear articles by men and women prominent in their own line of thought. All contributions will be solicited and nothing of a controversial nature will be admitted—Editor.)

THE TIME is rapidly coming when war will cease and we will have an organized army of peace to do the great things worth doing; dredging the harbors and water-ways; digging the canals, draining the swamps; reclaiming the desert; cleansing the tropics and bearing the white man's burden in many lands where the people are struggling upwards toward the light. This will come about through the awakening of the laboring man to what war means and to his refusal to fight his fellow men.—DANA W. BARTLETT.



We, the Rising Generations, want a World Agreement for Universal Peace.

We want our war vessels and battleships disarmed and turned into a Public University of Travel, a White Fleet of Peace that will tour the world every year.

We want these ships manned by the best instructors in Foreign Art, Literature, Travel, History, Live Languages, Sociology, Human Nature and Universal Brotherhood.

We want the students selected by all-around merit from the graduates of Public High Schools and Industrial High Schools of all States.

We want this postgraduate year of travel given at the expense of the nation, the students co-operating systematically in all the work done aboard ship.

We believe in these things.

We pray for them.

We talk them.

We work for them.

We vote to this end.

—ELIZABETH TOWNE.



THERE is nothing more in keeping with the spirit of Christ than that there should be peace among men, whether as individuals or as nations. Christ came, the Prince of Peace, and one of the great purposes of his religion was to bring peace to men of good will. We should all unite in praying that wars may cease and peace may rule the nations.

RT. REV. THOMAS JAMES CONATY, D. D.

Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles



CONSIDER the question of international peace as the one of paramount importance to the world to-day. The greatest and wisest and best of the president's policies, are those which embody his efforts to frame and secure a system of international arbitration, as a long stride toward universal peace. There is nothing else in all this world so great as teaching and developing the spirit of good-will among men, and justice to all men; not alone the square deal but the fair deal which has more dimensions than the square, and by and by the generous deal, which gives the little brother the bigger half, thus making him stronger and the big brother greater.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

"Sunnycrest."



DO NOT wonder that Dr. Franklin called war "the maddest human folly;" that William G. Hubbard declared it to be insanity, and that General Sherman named it hell.

We will never have universal peace until men realize that war is immoral. By its fruit—deceit, treachery, revenge, murder, gambling, robbery, intemperance, licentiousness, oppressive taxation, poverty, ill health, lost manhood and lost souls—we shall judge it. And this fruit is so abundant in war time that there seems to be no end to the harvesting. War breaks every commandment in the decalogue. It even makes men forget how to be decent. What shall we do? Awaken humanity to a sense of justice and right, and arouse men to a deeper appreciation of manhood, instilling into their hearts and minds God's conception of the brotherhood of the race.

REV. L. POTTER HITCHCOCK

President Pasadena Minister's Union.



WAR has its place in the scheme of human development, like pain, disease and sorrow; it is a factor in the system of discipline which tends to lift man from the childhood of savagery to the perfection of human manhood. These are forces on the shadow side of life, these the phases of experience which awaken in man the qualities of resistance, stability, alertness and physical courage. These faculties, essential to the development of the race, are born in times of pain and travail and not in hours of ease.

In this age, however, as a means of adjusting differences, as a factor in national development, as a mode of expression of the consciousness and will of a people, war is the greatest anacronism made by the modern mind.

With humanity as a whole, as with the individual, we most easily withdraw the life forces from an undesirable ideal by presenting in its place a more attractive and a higher one, and to replace war we must offer an ideal which embodies no thought of strife. There is but one human conception which fulfills this condition that is a realization of the divine brotherhood of man, founded securely on the Fatherhood of God. More than one attempt has been made to reconstruct an old, or to found a new social order on this theory. The fact that in all cases only a partial or temporary success has been achieved is due to the imperfections in the conception of brotherhood used as a basis of action.

That we may understand brotherhood we must know man as he is, a being whose feet are upon the stairway of life, a stairway which recedes below him, dark and earthstained; deep into the dimmest recesses of matter; a stairway which lifts above him the successive stages of human development and leads all who tread it up to the gateway that opens upon divinity. Consideration of this thought makes apparent the error of those who couple with brotherhood the idea of equality and seek to build upon a falacy which finds no support in nature. Brotherhood connotes a common origin, an identity in life or spirit, but an inequality in attainment, or in the unfold-

ment of that spirit. Herein lies the potency of this truth, that characteristic of it which makes of enlightened and spiritually awakened brotherhood the mightiest power in the world. This regenerating principle is that sense of responsibility which the older members of a family naturally feel toward the younger, and in those younger ones, its corollary, the reliance upon, the expectation of protection and assistance from those who are strong and wise.

To teach equality is to deprive the stronger, the wise, the heroic of their divinest heritage, the right and the duty to protect the weak—and it is also to deny the needs of infant humanity.

This then is the answer to the question, How shall we make an end of war? Teach brotherhood. Teach it to all nations, all casts and all creeds, and then in a world embracing social system based upon knowledge from which shall spring tolerance and sympathy, we shall see a new standard of life and a new measure of value and then may the Elder Brothers of humanity lead us into the peace that endures.

HELEN M. STARK
Theosophist.



THE TIME has come for all churches, women's organizations and fraternities to take a radical stand in favor of peace by peaceful methods. There has been too much shallow sentimentality and cowardly timidity about the peace movement. We are all familiar with the devilish horror of war and the frightful loss of money occasioned by war. We are also familiar with the temporizing and equivocation of diplomacy. The time has come when an awakened public intelligence and aroused public conscience shall demand that war-like preparations shall cease and that a sincere and definite effort be made to establish peace.

We must have a militant peace movement. It is not enough to meet in conventions and wax tearfully sentimental about the sufferings of warfare. It is not enough to read papers setting forth the economic losses of war. It is not enough to solemnly discuss details of arbitration treaties, and it is certainly not enough to rhapsodize over Hague conferences. These things are all very well, but they do not go far enough.

The question is, "To what extent does America believe in the principle of universal peace? Is she ready to take the initiative, to make a declaration to the world that henceforth she will never ask anything of the rest of the world save what is hers in honor and justice? Is she sufficiently in earnest to stake her national life on the principle of righteousness? Is she willing to send a challenge of faith to her sister nations and say, in effect, our intentions are honorable and we believe your intentions are honorable also! Is she ready to submit all international differences to the arbitrament of justice and of reason? Is she big enough, brave enough, optimistic enough, religious enough, to make this tremendous appeal to the conscience of the world?

It would be the most tremendous event of history. It would destroy at one stroke war. It would prove the sincerity of her purpose and the integrity of her national ambitions.

Some nation must lead the way, and what nation can do it so readily, so splendidly as America? Break up your war ships, disband your armies, raze your forts, cease our stupendous military expenditures and let the order of our lakes and seaboard be maintained by a naval police force! It would be the most audacious declaration and experiment of history and would stir the world's heart as it never has been stirred before. The clock of history would be put on five hundred years. It would be a clarion call to the nations to rally to the standard of universal brotherhood. It would be the most significant event this world has seen, except the coming of the Prince of Peace.

Let us start the cry and not rest until every city and hamlet resounds with the mighty slogan—we demand immediate disarmament.

REYNOLD E. BLIGHT, Minister of The Los Angeles Fellowship



IN responding to your request for an expression as to what I think would hasten Universal Peace, I can possibly best preface my remarks by quoting the reply of Jesus to the lawyer who asked him this question: "Master, which is the great commandment in the law," to which Jesus replied: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Peace is obviously an effect rather than a cause, hence the first step in our desire for peace is to seek that cause. The reign of Peace means the reign of God, the establishment of the kingdom of God in the hearts of men. Christian Science teaches us that heaven is not a place afar off, but it is within us, a state of consciousness attainable here and now. In that beautiful eleventh Chapter of Isaiah, this condition is foretold when "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

For centuries mankind has been seeking and longing for this peace, but has found it not, because it has been sought through the material rather than the spiritual. Of late years many gatherings have been held having for their object, the establishment of peace among the nations of this world, but, we ask, how can we reconcile these arguments for peace with the activity of these same nations in building mightier dreadnoughts, more destructive and maintaining and equipping greater armies? It is because of the greed, avarice, love of self and above all, the fear that exists in the hearts of men to-day; fear of the future, fear of each other, fear of lack and fear of loss. It would appear then, that the unhappy conditions with which we are confronted, are the result of a lack of the knowledge of God and of obedience to His laws. Let us, therefore, turn away from our worship of the material and learn how to destroy this fear which is the root of all evil. Job tells us: "acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace," and as we begin our upward journey and become acquainted with God, we learn that He is Love, and Jesus said that "perfect love casteth out fear."

As the individual awakens to the reality of his existence as a child of God, our Heavenly Father, the unfoldment of the true brotherhood of man has begun in human consciousness, and it will follow as surely as the night follows day that "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever."

In Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures by Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, on page 340, we find these words: "One infinite God, good, unifies men and nations; constitutes the brotherhood of man; ends wars; fulfils the Scriptures, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself;' annihilates pagan and Christian idolatry,—whatever is wrong in social, civil, criminal, political and religious codes; equalizes the sexes, annuls the curse on man, and leaves nothing that can sin, suffer, be punished or destroyed."

CHARLES E. JARVIS

Christian Science Committee on Publication for Southern Cal.



THE AGITATION for Universal Peace, in which some of the best and brightest men and women, throughout civilization, are seriously and energetically engaged, is not a new one, nor one for which modern time may justly claim credit. For long, long ago, so long ago indeed, as to make it impossible to fix the date with accuracy, the Hebrew Prophets mentally foresaw, and spiritedly foretold a time of universal peace. The man, who more than twenty-five centuries ago uttered those remarkable words, now so familiar to every truly progressive mind, "They (the nations) shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-knives; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" was not a dreamer, and realized that such a time could not, would not come as a result of his prediction; that agitation, a well-directed campaign, was the indispensable requirement for "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Nor did he, or any of the others, animated by the desire for peace on earth among men and nations, believe that even the most energetic, and enthusiastic agitation would be

followed by an immediate fruition. And if we, after so long a period of hope deferred, and expectation unrealized, incline to doubt or deny the possibility of international peace, and to pronounce the prophet's words as unreliable mouthings of a dreamer, we should pause before pronouncing judgment on either the substance or the form of prophecy, remembering that they did not expect the universal disarmament and the pursuit of the arts of peace to come in their life-time, or in the life-time of their immediate successors, that they wisely and practically deferred that realization of their hopes to some future day, to the "fullness of time."

And the question, confronting us to-day, is naturally this: "Have we reached that 'fullness of time,' in which we might reasonably look for the beginning of that era?"

The answer, I suggest, is not my *ipse dixit*, either affirmative or negative, but one, again derived from those ancient masters, who characterized the time favorable to universal peace, and consequent happiness, as a time in which the knowledge of goodness and truth, of justice and equity shall have become common property, and when such knowledge would be translated into practical application thereof.

We realize to-day that rivers of precious human blood have been made to flow uselessly, that the bone and sinew of nations has been sacrificed to the Molooch of low ambition, that *imaginary* wrongs have been righted at the price of *real* wrongs, and that of many a victory thus won on the bloody field of battle, it might have been justly said in imitation of the utterance of that king of antiquity, Phyrrius, "one more such victory, and we are utterly lost."

I am always trying to be on my guard against joining the extremist in word or deed; I acknowledge that there may arise questions in international relations, questions involving honor, questions of principle, questions that might be considered to be solvable only by the arbitrament of the sword; but I feel convinced that there are very few, if any, difficulties that could not be honorably and peacefully adjusted, if the heat of passion could be made to yield to calm and cool reason.

"Isreal's Mission is Peace," and to that mission, I as one of that people, would cheerfully offer my humble services, and my unswerving fealty.

The time is ripe for the introduction of the reign of peace among the nations. The futility of wars is recognized in these days, as it has never been recognized before. The possible gains of the most glorious victory on the battlefield, can never balance the enormous losses, the misery and desolation that follow in the wake of such victory. Knowledge, education, moral sense is in the ascendancy; let individuals and nations apply them in their practices, and the day will soon be at hand when the words of the prophet will become true, when "they shall not learn war any more."

DR. S. HECHT.



WAR is a relic of barbarism and whatever savors of war or the spirit of war should be discountenanced in this "the blossom of the ages," by all right thinking people.

The presence of great standing armies, and life-destroying navies among the nations far from promoting peace, serves only to perpetuate race hatred in the hearts of men who should be brothers.

Let each one of us who believe in universal peace use our influence with neighbors and friends from this point of view.

Since women are the greatest sufferers from war they should be found in the very foreront in the world-movement for peace.

Let the women of America lead.

Let us join forces to secure a great peace statue at the entrance of the Panama Canal, symbolic of the real spirit of our time, instead of frowning forts suggesting death and destruction.

Let us think peace, talk peace, pray peace and last but not least, *vote peace*. And surely as day follows the night, peace will reign in all the land.

ELEANOR M. REESBURG, Librarian
Metaphysical Library.



Easter

By Fannie Harley



EASTER! What is Easter?—To a great portion of the world a display of gorgeous gowns and millinery, for which we are, perhaps indebted to Paris, as we are for many other customs, especially our fashions. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday of Passion Week, in Paris, a long procession of carriages, automobiles, and cabs, filled with elegantly and smartly dressed men and women may be seen going to Longchamps near the Bois de Boulogne, forming what is known as the "Fashion Parade" or Easter Parade. But whence came this custom? In years gone by a nunnery at Longchamps famed for its singers attracted during Passion week, vast numbers eager to hear these religious women sing the Tenebrae. Alas! now the nuns are forgotten; the prigin of the procession is known to only a few; but still the road to Longchamps, before Easter, is one gay cavalcade, its only significance now to the world and the participants being—Fashion.

Easter! What is in a name? Under this name with slight variations were celebrated feasts as far back as history chronicles, up to our Christian Festival in honor of the Resurrection. In ancient Norse mythology we find a festival celebrated in honor of Easter, the Goddess of light spring. This festival was always celebrated in April and thus among the Anglo Saxons April was called Eastermona. Creeping from northern Germany to England the Spring Festival was there called Easter.

Another version of the origin is that the Teutonic feast of the goddess Ostera, a personification of morning or the east is responsible for it. This feast was celebrated by the ancient Saxons in the spring and in its place the "Fathers of the Church" substituted a Christian festival.

Some philogists maintain that both

the German and English words come from the old Saxon *oster* or *osten* which means "rising," because nature arises anew in spring. These feasts were celebrated in song and dance; bonfires blazed; and the young people draped themselves in airy robes festooned with flowers.

Whatever the origin of the word the fact stands out boldly that Easter was not originated by the Christians, but is adapted from a very old Pagan custom.

Fourteen hundred and ninety one years before Christ the feast of the Passover, or Pascha, also called the feast of Easter, was instituted in commemoration of (Ex. X11-1, 27) the "Lord's passover who passed the houses of the children of Isreal in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians and delivered (their) houses." It is the yearly memorial of the dedication of the people to Him who saved their first born from the destroyer, in order that they might be made holy unto Himself.

At this ceremony the altar was decorated with pasque flowers, a purple anemone; and the paschal lamb was sacrificed—its blood sprinkled upon the altar—its fat burned upon the fire. Paschal eggs were also presented to each other. At the present time Easter is called Paschal Sunday, the feast of the Passover is called Easter.

According to Mosaic law the feast of the Passover among the Jews fell on the fourteenth day of the month of Abib (being the month of the "delivery") which was afterwards called Nisan, and was within a day or two of the vernal equinox, which falls on the twenty-first day of March Gregorian calendar.

According to the Christian religion Easter has resolved itself into the following:

In commemoration of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, a

festival corresponding to the Easter of the ancient Saxons, and the Passover of the Jews, has been instituted to occur on Sunday the second day after Good Friday, or "Long" Friday, so called from the long suffering of our Lord on that day.

For a number of years the exact day was disputed between the Eastern and Western Churches. In the Eastern churches St. John and the Jewish calendar set the fourteenth day of Nisan as the day of the crucifixion and celebrated the third day after that, regardless of what day of the week it was, as Easter or Resurrection Day. In the Western Churches St. Phillip and St. Paul celebrated the nearest Sunday to the full moon of Nisan without counting the day on which the Passover was honored. The day was divided until 325 A. D. when Constantine brought it before the Council of Nice and Easter was declared for the whole church to be always the first Sunday after the full moon which occurs on or next after March twenty-first, unless the full moon happen on a Sunday when it would be the Sunday following.

Quinquagesima Sunday, fifty days before Easter, is included in Lent which begins the following Wednesday and continues forty days, including the intervening Sundays which are not regarded as fast days. The Lenten season commemorates the forty days fast of our Saviour.

Among the early Germans the Monday after quinquagesima obtained the name of "Blue Monday." In anticipation of the long abstinence which they must suffer during Lent, Monday was spent in dissipation, and according to them dissipation gives everything a blue tinge, hence the term "der blaue Montag."

The Tuesday following quinquasima is known as Shrove Tuesday for on this day it was and is customary to go to confession so that the soul may be shriven of its sins before beginning the Lenten feast. In England, after the confession, a feast of pancakes was indulged in and the name was changed from Shrove Tuesday to "Pancake" Tuesday and the bells rung on that day were called "Pancake Bells."

Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent received its name from a ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church, in which ashes were strewn upon the head as a sign of penitence. This custom was introduced by Gregory the Great in the sixth century, and in 1191, being sanctioned by Pope Celestine III it became universal. Before mass the ashes were consecrated on the altar, sprinkled with holy water, and signed three times with the cross.

But did this custom originate with the Christians? Let us see. In the Edda of the old Scandinavians we find a story that tells of the first man being an Ash and the first woman an Elm. The court of the gods was always held under an ash, called Yggdrasil. Later ash twigs were used as charms against witchcraft and magic, and the ashes from the burnt twigs, kept in urns or sprinkled upon the heads of the members of the family, were supposed to protect them from "the thousand natural ills the human flesh is heir to."

On Easter Sunday we celebrate the resurrection of Christ. The churches on that day, if no other, are full. Why? Because the Lord is risen? or because the Parisians are going to the nunnery at Longchamps? Let each one answer that unto himself. Children rejoice in the coming of Easter for none of the reasons named, but because some bunny, the central figure of one of our prettiest old German folk lore stories, is going to bring hats full of gorgeously colored eggs to them. How many people, young or old know why eggs are given on Easter?

Eggs symboize the revivication of nature, the bourgeoning of life in spring. The Persians have a festival of the solar new year in March when they mutually present each other with eggs colored with dye-woods and herbs. Jews and Christians alike, observe this custom.

Easter is as old as the sun. The giving of colored eggs nearly so old as the precession of equinoxes.

The Sunday following Easter is called Low Sunday and after that ye may "eat, drink and be merry" for it is the last day of fasting for a long time.



The Road Runner

By R. R. R.

*Low hangs the mists, and chill the wintry air,
Rain-swept the pines, and sodden everything.
And into these the weary travelers fare
For shelter from the night's approaching sting.
The woodman's axe to pitch-wood bark applied—
Then red flames leap and light a circle wide!*

*A desert waste, white, and hot, and bone strewn!
Here giant cacti eke a living death;
And there beside, a man with face plain-bewn—
No water left to stay his waning breath!
But see! a miner's pick, in cacti driven,
A fount of life the desert there has given!*

*Resourceful bird, Road-runner of the South,
Grey as the desert road he runs along.
What chance for food and drink where withering drouth
Holds awful sway and robs all life of song!
There vicious rattlers add their venom-bate
But choya armed the bird has mastered fate.*

*With instinct given to start a fire in rain,
Instinct to drink were sparkling springs unheard,
And horn of plenty moved beyond the plain,
Give me the wisdom of this desert bird.
Then I can go with right good cheer and will
Where life's great desert meets the verdant bill.*



The Reformation of John Lockwood

By Lannie Haynes Martin

JOHN Lockwood rode a galloping horse. The road was treeless, oilless, endless. Not even a straggling strand of lane raveled from out its length. No "keep out" placarded driveway stole from out its coil. Like a sinuous, elastic, tawny serpent it seemed to lengthen itself as he went. In the saddle an hour before the sun, that swift-climbing, June-early-riser was now five hours high, and he had not yet slackened speed.

The flood of heat from above, the flood of dust from below, the big empty flask in his left hind pocket, made a three cornered thirst with a ragged edge that stuck in his throat like a barb. If he cursed, it was only to swallow more sand. There was no one to kick, he loved a horse. His gritting teeth grated the sand, and on and on he went snarling, sweltering, swearing a swear inside. Then a turn in the road, ahead to the right, a hill, a tree, a house and a dog! And that meant water!

The dog had a lonely, self-centered bark. The house door was shut, tall weeds filled the yard, a battered rag doll-baby lay on the porch. John Lockwood jumped from his horse, followed the path to the back of the house and there a leaky hydrant made a spot on the ground the color of the taste in his mouth. But the turn of the faucet brought a crystal stream that quenched his thirst and drowned the devil in his temper. He was hurrying away when a child, a baby almost, in a slim, white night gown, came down the back steps waving a wobbly little hand at him, prattling something as she came. The man smiled at her, he would like to stop; the child was pretty and its little, fluttering hands stirred something

in him, but he only called out "thank you for the water" and was gone.

Dully on the dust-cushioned road thudded the horse's hoofs again. Dully on his drink-dazed brain echoed the child's strange prattle. What did it mean? "Mepor lilmuver sawful sik"—"Me poor lil muver's awful sick!"—"My poor little mother is awful sick!" That was it! A woman sick. Alone maybe. One, two, three miles of gallop and Lockwoods horse knew somehow that it need not go so fast. A woman sick! God!—That pretty prattling, helpless baby all alone?—Something stronger than an iron cable jerked the horse straight around in the road. No spur was needed to put him to the top of his speed, as they counted the hot miles backward. The dog's bark still had the same neurotic whine. The child, on the front porch now, sat disconsolately hugging its big rag baby. At sight of him she dropped the doll, put her hands on the floor and scrambled up.

"Ou tum back," she said "me porlil-muver sawful sik."

"Is there nobody here but you?" Lockwood asked.

"Des me en muver."

"Where is your father?" he asked as he stretched out his hand to the child.

"Me daddy gone—gone—nev'r tum back gen—me porlil muver khy en khy."

What had he gotten himself into? Curse it! He could not help it if men went away and women cried. Probably there had been a family row and the woman was in hysterics. Why had he been such a fool as to listen to a child's meaningless prattle?"

She was pushing the front door open now with one hand, while her other hand

held his, and from inside he could hear incoherent mutterings and groans. He did not hesitate longer but followed the child inside. A woman with a mass of disheveled hair, burning cheeks and staring eyes lay on a couch. Fever and delirium—he saw at a glance. A towel lay on the table near. He picked it up as he went for water and under it an open letter in a big bold scrawl thrust its opening sentences before his vision.

"Dear Madalaine," it said, "I've gone I'm not coming back. I've taken her with me," but Lockwood went on for the water. He bathed the woman's hands, put the wet towel on her head and opened a window. Presently she lay quieter, the mutterings ceased and she slept. Then he turned to the child who had been following his every movement with her eyes.

"Have you had anything to eat honey-bird," he said.

"I'se not honey-bud—I'se baby-child, en I havn't had nuffin' t' eat. Dam full of nasty anties," replied the child in a grieved tone.

Lockwood caught his breath in pain. This pretty piece of prattling innocence profane? An oath had never sounded like that before. But the child was leading him to the cupboard and there on the lowest shelf, the only one to which she could reach, there a much-besmeared jar of blackberry jam was making an eldorado for a million ants! The child wondered why the man suddenly took her in his arms and hugged her, and then laughed. From the shelves above he took canned things, bread and butter and soon the baby was reveling in the forbidden luxuries of potted-ham sandwiches, pickles, cheese and French sardines.

All the time the question was pounding itself in his brain, what is to be done with the woman? He could not leave her there alone in that condition with the child, he could not carry them to Los Angeles on his horse. Mechanically he picked up the remnants of the baby's feast, carried them to the front yard and fed the famished dog. He scanned the visible length of road from end to end. Far to the east a little cloud of dust seemed to rise, then it lengthened and then

came a faint frog-like sound! Somebody was coming in a machine! He stood in the middle of the road waving his arms and shouting frantically. The machine swerved to one side and shot past him in a fifty-mile an hour spurt, the shouting occupants speeding on their way rehonking. "A bold highwayman," they cried as they passed, "but Johnny get your gun if you want to get us!" That gave him an idea. He did have a pistol in his belt beneath his Norfolk khaki. He had seen a man's big Mexican sombrero hanging on a peg in the kitchen, and a long, sharp bread-knife lay on the table; these he confiscated for military purposes and as he went back through the house, tearing off collar and tie, he saw a little red calico dress hanging on the back of a chair—that was just the thing for a scarlet bandana—he grabbed it and knotted it round his neck.

An hour or so later two men in a big machine coming at a moderate speed down the road, suddenly saw in front of them a desperate highwayman. He wore a big rakish hat on the back of his head, a flaming neckerchief, and high boots. In one hand was a murderous looking knife, in the other a steadily held weapon that meant business for the undertakers. They were not undertakers. There was nothing to do but stop. Lockwood had seen them coming a long way off and as they neared him two big orange pennants on the front of the machine made him yell with joy. It was some of the A. M. A.! Doctors! There was such a thing as Providence after all! It was like praying for rain and going out and finding a full grown water-melon patch.

As they came to a sudden stop, Lockwood threw off the wide sun hat, untied the flashy neckerchief and shook out a child's little red mother-hubbard. He laughed a funny little laugh and the two men looked at each other in terror. Horrors! Worse than a highwayman! A madman!

He saw that they looked frightened, but he had not expected such serious consequences. They began to speak in tongues!

"Typical megalomaniac," said one.

"Paranoia," replied the other.

Lockwood started to speak but seeing

their peculiar looks he did not finish the sentence.

"Aha! acataphasia," said the first one.

"Agraphobia," contested the other looking at the vast stretch of country round them "episodic syndromata of"—

But Lockwood broke in, he was not interested in apostolic gifts.

"Cut it out," he said, "I had to stop you somehow. There's a woman sick in there, dying maybe. I had to have help."

The man spoke sanely enough. His voice did not shake with brain-storm. Maybe he was telling the truth. The doctors went in then and looked at the woman. They did not disagree in their diagnosis. She must be taken to the hospital at once.

"Yes, we will take her in the machine, and the child?"

She must go too, Lockwood said, there was nobody to take care of her. He put the little red calico dress on over her long white night gown, kissed her and handed her to one of the doctors. She clung to Lockwood and her lower lip drew down in a comical little pucker.

"Never mind baby-child," he said.

"I'll come to see you in a few days."

"Burton Hospital best?," said one of the doctors to the other as they carried the woman to the machine.

"Think so," replied the other. "What is your name my man?"

"John Lockwood."

That was all. They had gone.

Lockwood went back into the disordered house, put a few things to rights and found the note again. It told, without any evidence of shame, of infatuation for another woman, of voluntary, intentional desertion. "Best of evidence for divorce," he said, and he put the note in his pocket. Then he went out and banged the door after him, feeling he had done all he could—but confound it, there was the dog! He couldn't leave it there to starve. The dog had no intention that he should. At sound of that banged door he bounded to the road and stood waiting. Lockwood mounted his horse, still undecided what to do. The dog swung into a steady trot, there was no indecision in his mind.

"Well, well," mused Lockwood, "a horse yesterday and a dog to-day. I'm fast accumulating a family—pretty soon—I wish to God I owned that baby!"

Three weeks later Lockwood was reading his Sunday morning Times. He did not as a regular thing divert himself with the obituary notices, but a name caught his eye: "Died at the Burton Hospital on Wednesday, Mrs. John Lockwood, aged 34."

"Great God! could it be possible that those doctors thought I—"

Mechanically, excitedly, he was running through the other sections of the paper when a big headlined, illustrated, human interest story, the pride of some reporter's heart, stared at him:

PATHETIC DESERTION CASE

WIFE DIES AT BURTON HOSPITAL

Happy When Told Husband Had Returned. Man Again disappears. Child Sent to Orphan's Home.

And there on that ink blotted page was baby-child's picture! The adjacent air was filled with the shattered fragments of John Lockwood's profanity pledge which he made to himself the day the baby said "Dam." He pulled his hat down with a jerk as he strode through the door. He would show those doctors and hospital people how they could use his name in such a manner! He would tell those newspaper idiots a thing or two—he would eternally lick the stuffing out of that _____ reporter! He got on a car. There was a breeze blowing. It cooled off his head a little. A thought struggled its way through his emotions. If he told them he was not the baby's father maybe they wouldn't give him the child. That he was going to have the child was not a matter for discussion. He was in fact, with only a few slight digressions intervening, on his way to get her now. But what if he would have to go to law? What if the good-for-nothing father would turn up and claim her just for spite? What if he would have to wait and wait? Pshaw! what did a rotten newspaper story amount to any way! And he could not wallop those doctors. They were back in Piny

Flats, Texas or Jonesville, Indiana by now. And the hospital people were women perhaps and didn't know any better besides. What he wanted was the baby.

He jumped off the car at the first stop and boarded one going in the opposite direction. It was a long ride to the orphanage and his temper had time to pack itself off to the sub-cellar before he reached the place. He called for the matron and when she came he unblushingly said: "I am John Lockwood, the father of the baby. I've come for it."

When the child was brought and ran to him with a smile the matron did not doubt the relationship, and thought to herself the man must have some good in him if the child loved him.

"Want to go with me baby-child?" asked Lockwood.

"Yef," answered the child "me don't like bread en mik, me like sahdeens en pick-kels en cheese en—"

"Mercy" screamed the Matron, "he doesn't feed you such things as that?"

"Yef he do en I like him," persisted the child."

"Not but just once in all her life," said the man truthfully enough "and there wasn't anything else." He felt the baby was weakening his chances. But the matron's time was already taxed to its utmost limit. The institution did not usually take children so young and its going would relieve her of much care. She was shrewd enough to see too that there was at least the making of a man in this father and that the child would probably accomplish the task. So the man got his baby, but not until he had listened to a baccalaureate sermon on the care and culture of infants, including every imaginable thing from baby food to influence—little baby hands pointing Heavenward and all that sort of business. The first of it Lockwood remembered. He even jotted down some notes about what babies ought to eat and when they ought to go to bed. But the last of the sermon—well like many sermons perhaps it was more of

a prophecy than an inspiration. And the facts were too thickly veiled in phraseology.

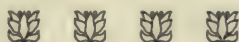
The baby did not have sardines for supper that night, she compromised on taking the bread and milk with a bonus of orange marmalade, two cookies, a piece of pie and a sausage. After supper she climbed on Lockwood's knee and began an investigation tour. First she pulled out his watch. With a little bird like twist of her head on one side she bent her ear to listen to the tick-tick-tock. She had seen watches before. Then she explored his pencil pocket. Their use was not new to her. She began to "wite a lettah" on his high white collar. Then she leaned back and put her hand behind him and felt in the hip pocket region. Her eyes grew big. She jumped down off his knee and walked behind him. He had not counted on this but awaited developments with amused curiosity. It took two hands and the child tugged and pulled with all her might. After several vigorous jerks her efforts were rewarded with a half pint whiskey flask, nearly full. It was not the first time she had seen these articles either. Their back hall closet was filled with the same kind of bric-a-brac.

"Ugh," she said. "nasty mean old licka—makes mans bad—me daddy dwink licka en—"

"What," roared Lockwood so fiercely that her under lip was taking on its funny little down-drawn pucker, but she continued her stacato story.

"Me daddy dwink licka en hurted me porlil muver." Lockwood took the bottle away from her and walked to the window.

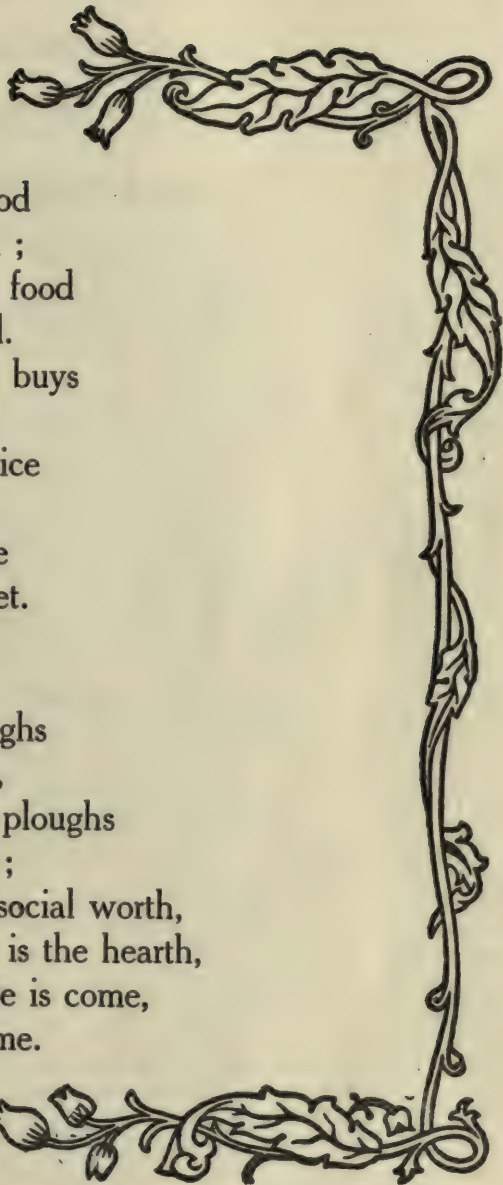
An upright, inoffensive real estate sign in a vacant lot adjoining was hit squarely in the face by the bursting mass of splinterd glass and the neighbors heard such a sharp report that they thought a pistol had been fired, but it was only John Lockwood climbing on the water-wagon and as he carried the baby along with him he never found a convenient place to get off.



Politics

Gold and Iron are good
To buy iron and gold ;
All earth's fleece and food
For their like are sold.
Nor kind nor coinage buys
Aught above its rate.
Fear, Craft and Avarice
Cannot rear a State.
When the Muses nine
With the Virtues meet.
Find to their design
An Atlantic seat,
By green orchard boughs
Fended from the heat,
Where the statesman ploughs
Furrow for the wheat ;
When the Church is social worth,
When the state-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect State is come,
The republican at home.

—Emerson



Stories of Southern California

THE GOLDEN POPPY

By Kate H. Gantrell

ONCE upon a time, in the long, long ago, four beautiful maidens lived in the high tower of a lonely castle. Behind the castle was a deep, dark wood, and in front was the shining sea. How they longed to go out into the big, beautiful world, but a tireless soldier guarded the stairway night and day and they could not escape. But when the wind sighed, or sang through the trees, they stretched out their white arms pleadingly, and begged it to take them away, for they had nothing to do but to sit all day at the four windows of the tower, and comb their long hair.

Now this tower was a revolving tower, and as each one combed her long tresses when the sun shone on them, they grew stronger and more beautiful day by day. The pretty hair of the youngest maiden was a pale lemon color, of the next, the color of new gold, of the third, a beautiful amber, while the fourth one had hair of a gleaming, golden orange.

But one bright, breezy day, the wind whisked through the tower and said, "Come," and it spread their pretty locks like the petals of a flower, and away they sailed over the deep, dark wood.

On and on they went, over cities,

lakes and mountains, till they reached a fertile country on the shores of a mighty ocean. Flowers were blooming everywhere, and luscious fruit filled the trees.

"Let us stay here!" cried the maidens joyfully, but the wind shook their tresses very roughly, and carried them on till they reached an enchanted island far out in the ocean. There they catch the rays of the setting sun, and bury them deep down in the earth, where men will dig and delve for them in the ages to come, where the invisible veil that shrouds it, has been lifted from the island.

But, as the maidens had lingered longingly on the beautiful shore, some of their locks were scattered by the willful wind, and everywhere one touched the ground, up sprang a dainty flower, and the veins in the satiny petals were like the silken hair of the beautiful maidens, some a pale yellow, others a rich gold.

And always these flowers smiled in the sunshine, and grew and spread over the country till everyone loved their cheerful faces; and when the people wanted a state flower, they said: "We will choose the golden poppy, that always carries the sunshine in its heart."



The Singing Birds

By Ellen Hosmer Campbell

IT WAS a bright January day in the Rio Grande Valley at the foot of the "Great Divide." The mesas seemed to glow with the changing hues of green, in cactus, pine, and more subdued sage brush, while in the distance were "purple" and snow-crowned peaks set against a turquoise sky.

Little Singing Bird was humming gaily as she ran down the ladder of her pueblo home in New Mexico, hurrying to meet the Santa Fe train from the West with her basket of pottery which she hoped to sell to the tourists on board. She had donned her newest dress of squaw cloth woven in the bright shades of cochineal dyes, red, orange and violet, while around her neck and braided in her hair were strands of beads, the whole costume, with buckskin moccasins, an inheritance from a squaw kinswoman of another tribe, and not worn until her sixteenth birthday, a short time before.

She was an attractive sight to the weary passengers as the train stopped at Isleta to take water, ten miles from Albuquerque, where they would arrive for the noon lunch. Such a contrast to the dirty calico garbed hags who had appeared to them occasionally on the dreary journey over the desolate plains the day before.

There were only three passengers on the through drawing room from Southern California, and one of the two ladies had just remarked:

"How I would love to purchase some pottery from a real live Indian instead of a Harvey curio store and in the short time given me, select and pay two prices for something I don't want."

"Well, you will be able to gratify your wish," said the other lady on the opposite side of the car, "look out of the window over here."

She did so, and was delighted with the vision of the little Indian maid, so picturesque in her bright costume, and holding up a basket filled with tinted wares. The window was raised. "How much?" she asked, and the price being satisfactory, the would-be buyer hurried out to the platform, only to find that the vestibule door had not been opened, as this was not an important station, and to her disappointment, the train began to move.

But she had not done justice to the intelligence of the little merchant, and hearing the porter screaming out terms of abuse, she looked back. There at the door was the Indian girl, who had boarded the more open baggage car and walked through the long train to the the drawing room. She rescued her from the irate porter, and by the time they had reached the popular dining station, the pottery was in her possession. But what to do with the little maiden, so far away from her village, was another problem. She could only commend her to the care of the keeper of the Indian store, and so passed out of the story.

The man showed little interest in his business rival, and Singing Bird was left to her own resources. She was a little dazed at first by the situation, but felt so rich with the coins in her possession that she did not worry, and sat down in a sunny spot outside the building to count them over, and went to sleep.

When she awoke she was startled at seeing herself surrounded by a group of strange faces, squaws and chiefs from the Navajo tribe some distance away, who had come with a lot of blankets to be delivered to the merchant. She had never seen any of this tribe of the desert, but had heard of them, so she soon re-

covered from her fright, though they crowded around her and asked many questions. But when one of the ugliest braves snatched her wampum containing the coins, she gave a cry which brought to her relief another one of the band who had been too busy inside negotiating with the storekeeper, to pay any attention to her.

Soon she found herself the object of controversy in a regular Indian duel or knockdown fight. To her great joy the second brave was victor. The squaws had all fled at sight of the brawl, and as she looked her gratitude to her defender, he asked her to walk with him to the patio of the eating station, making some inquiries on the way. The first was in regard to her costume.

"Why have I never seen you before, when you have on the holiday dress of my people?"

She told him of her adventure, and that the dress had been sent to her mother by an old squaw of another tribe, and there was a story in connection which he might hear if he would come to her pueblo home. He promised to do so, telling her he was Big Eagle, a chief of the Navajos, and would like to take her back with him to rule over his hogan.

"But," said she, "I am of the Pueblos, and can only make pottery. I cannot weave as your women do."

"You can learn," said he, "and can teach them the pottery."

"But I must go back to my people near Isleta and tell them," she said, "as they will wonder where I have gone; and when you hear the story of my dress you may not want me."

"We will see," he said, and putting her on the train going West, he promised to follow her when he had finished with the consignment of blankets.

A happy squaw dropped off the train at Isleta that evening. Over her shoulders, to protect her from the night air, was a beautiful pink bayeta blanket, which her lover told her had belonged to his branch of the tribe for generations, and could not be replaced. With her pottery money, she had also gained more than she had ever hoped from its sale. She was therefore disappointed when she saw the grave look on her mother's

face as she told about her Navajo wooer.

"Oh my little Singing Bird, you cannot nest with the Big Eagle, he belongs to the ancient enemies of our tribe.

"But mother, does not his reverence at the mission school say that we must forgive our enemies? When you see and hear him you will forget what the old, fierce chiefs in the wartime have done when provoked by the wicked ones in our tribe."

"Wait, my child," said the mother, "till he hears the story of your dress, which I will tell as you promised."

Next day Singing Bird bright and early donned her costume of the day before, and was rewarded on seeing the approach of Big Eagle. He was different from the common type of Indian, evidently having Spanish blood in his veins, and he looked very handsome as he had arrayed himself for wooing. His snowy white shirt and buckskin breeches almost rivalled Singing Bird's costume in color, with the addition of a blanket having the "head chief's emblem" in yellow, red and blue, which took the place of a saddle, while around his waist he wore a belt of coins, the handiwork of a silversmith tribesman.

"Are you ready?" he cried, and she shook her head as her mother approached, who as she sat down, motioned him to alight and listen as she told the story which came between him and his bride.

"Oh chief of the Nanahaws," she said in a singing tone, "before your people came to the Mother Land the Apaches and the Pueblos were a great people though not friends, for the latter lived close to the Spaniards and were subject to their rule. And from these my little Bird is come and is the living picture, so my chief's dead father has said, of a beautiful princess of the same name. The other Singing Bird was a daughter of a Spaniard who fell in love with her squaw mother and married her but was killed before the birth of their child, and she remained with her tribe."

"The little princess was betrothed to Red Bear, a brother of my child's grandfather. Everything was prepared for the ceremony but when the morning dawned the bride had disappeared. And though a search was made, all that could

be found were the tracks of a band of Apaches who with fast horses had made such an advance that the pursuers could not catch up with them before they reached one of the deep canyons in the Navajo country."

"Red Bear made many expeditions to rescue her, but never succeeded and it was thought that she was concealed in one of the ruins of cliff dwellings. Her poor lover was shortly after killed in an attack on our tribe by your fierce ancestors and their Apache allies, but not until he had sworn our kinsmen to wreak vengeance on her abductors."

"As you know, the Pueblos are not of a warlike nature. We are a pastoral people, but easily aroused by an outrage, and this oath has descended to my chief. Just before his father's death, at the time of the birth of our little one, the old man returned from a hunting trip near your reservation and was much excited, saying he had found a trace of the lost princess. He had followed his game till night overtook him, in a wonderful canyon in the heart of the Navajo land. The walls were twenty feet in height at the mouth, and for the whole length there were ruins of cliff dwellings. They looked uninhabited but he was cautious and was forced to do without fire to cook his food and make out with what dried meat he had left, and water from the purling streams, before camping for the night in a crevasse of rocks."

"He was awakened by singing and recognized one of the familiar airs, sung by the Pueblo women with the men at their ceremonies. He dared not make any sign, but kept a close watch, and early in the morning saw moving figures, and once there peeped out a woman's face. He marked the aperture and before he left the vicinity took his bow and shot one of the arrows near it, trusting that it would be found and recognized by the right one."

"A week later he returned and was rewarded by a talk with the kidnapped woman, old and worn like himself, who asked and answered many questions. She had suffered much at first but had

become reconciled to her lot as the squaw of Mamelita, a great chief who had rescued her from her abductors, and true to her tribal instincts and Spanish blood had always chosen a dwelling in the cliffs, to the hogan on the ground. Her apparent satisfaction only increased the bitterness we feel to her adopted tribe, and we do not think it an honor for our little Bird to nest there. Her father is out with the sheep and knows nothing of her adventure and the meeting with you."

"But the dress," said Big Eagle, "you have not spoken of it."

"Oh the other Singing Bird sent her that, on learning of her birth, and asked that she be named for her for the sake of our kinsman who loved the name."

The young brave brightened at this, the first gleam of hope and exclaimed:

"I see now why I recognized the costume and loved the wearer. There was something familiar in her face, and as my grandmother, the princess of your story, had told me of her namesake in the Pueblos, I might as well confess that I had planned to seek her on this expedition; so imagine my joy when I met her at the trading station and was able to do her a service. Surely your chief, who like us, has been under the influence of the Mission Fathers, will not continue to hold a feud against us for adopting one of your tribe, having saved her from the Apaches. She was too old and feeble to come, but is anxious to see her namesake before she dies, and sent the blanket as another peace offering."

This was related to the father on his return that night, who, like most twentieth century fathers of a more civilized race, was not reluctant at gaining so promising a son-in-law. And on the next day the lovers walked into the parlor of the nearest Mission station to Navajo land, with its tapestries of curtains stamped with the likeness of the presidents of the United States, and his reverence performed the marriage ceremony of the whites, which was followed by the Indian rites later.



Fame

By John Martin Newkirk

FAME DID not seek for fame, neither did he care for her. And when Fame found that of a truth he sought her not, neither cared for her like the wilful maiden that she is, she came to him.

But he repelled her.

"Your kisses are sweet," he said, "yet not so sweet as the wild honey I find in the hollows of the trees, where the bees have hidden it away when the clover was in blossom."

And he went away into the fastnesses of the forest. But Fame followed him. She is a forward Miss, is Fame, and her ways are more subtle than the ways of the blue-eyed, red-lipped lassies who tease the lads of the village on the green in the early twilight of Indian summer.

Yet he would have none of her. "I am wedded to my Art," he said, "and

it is not lawful for a man to have two mistresses. Neither is it wise. So leave me. For there are many who seek after thee."

But Fame clung to him, and would not leave him. Then he fled into the desert, and there alone with his Art, he lived and died. And when he was dead and could not drive her away, Fame came, the immortal one, with all the throng who ever follow in her train, hoping that they perchance may sometime touch the hem of her garment. But because they seek her, she spurns them away. And she laid a wreath upon his tomb and said, "I shall never forget you, and those to come hereafter shall hear of you from my lips, because you never sought me, neither worked for me, but you were *always true to your Art.*"

The First Sunset

By Helen M. Stark

*"Spirit of Light," the radiant Sun God said,
"Speed to that new-born world still pale and gray,
Take from thy spectrum every glowing hue,
Paint on its pallid face my opalescent day."*

*Swift as the sunbeams ply their magic art
The crimson deepened in the rose's heart—
Seasbell, seawave and gleaming coral strand;
Wet mosses heaped upon the shining sand;
Far mountain-peaks in rose and violet veiled;
Soft purple shadows o'er the valleys trailed—
Each in day's symphony of color takes its part,
Lighted or shaded by the Master's hand,
While bathed in floods of living, pulsing light
The fields grow green and flower-pied 'neath His sight.*

*'Tis done—upon the world's most western rim,
His palatte dripping with the splendid dye,
He leans, and smiling contemplates His work
And lo! an Arizona sunset fills the sky.*

The Passing of the Old Chinese New Year

By Kyle Dulaney Palmer

ON FEBRUARY 16, A. D., 1912, the Chinese residents of Los Angeles began the two thousand, four hundred and sixty-second celebration of the birthday of their great teacher and leader, Confucius.

At times a note of sadness or regret might have been detected even among the most joyous of the merrymakers, for this was the last real celebration of the real "Chinese New Year," for Dr. Sun Yat Sun, in keeping with his other ideas of development and progress, has proclaimed a new calendar for the Chinese the same as our own, to start on January 1st, 1913.

Chinatown here is in, but not of, Los Angeles, the Chinese inhabitants have the same customs, homes, language and pursuits as their forefathers of five hundred years ago, or five thousand for that matter.

Next year most of us will be too busy celebrating our own New Year to take any particular notice of that of the Chinese.

Chinatown is always fascinating to the visitor—one may walk up and down the narrow streets, gazing into the queer little shops, peering apprehensively into the dark, sinister alleyways, one may even venture up one of the narrow, illy lighted stairways that lead, nowhere, but you never find anything and you never hear anything.

When one steps into Chinatown a

different world is encountered, a different atmosphere is felt. Gaily colored lanterns swing from doorways and balconies, gorgeous buntings of all descriptions are draped over the streets, weird, hair-raising music floats out from some mysterious dwelling, gleeful little Chinese children in native garb run shouting through the alleys, burning incense and shooting firecrackers; lazy, indifferent Chinamen gaze stolidly at you, or move grudgingly to one side to let you pass; faint odors of unfamiliar cooking greets you, and in front of some of the shops you stumble over the most outlandish looking vegetables and fruits.

In celebrating his New Year the Chinaman does not forget his God, the Joss House is full of offerings of all descriptions. Before one altar larger than the rest, there is a table with bowls of rice and grain, and on the altar itself, reverent hands have placed flowers and strange cakes and tall pyramids of paper lilies and chrysanthemums. Just behind the altar is a picture of the deity, so that the worshiper's faith is aided in believing that his God does see and appreciate the gifts set before Him.

You come away no wiser, but a gladder person, perhaps with a pocketful of Ly-Chee nuts or some candied watermelon rind or some preserved ginger—something to remind you of an hour or two spent in Chinatown, the most mysterious, vague and alluring spot in Los Angeles.



Yesterday's Hero

By Kenneth Carlyle Beatson

THE inhabitants of Dry Creek had ceased to stare with wide-open eyes, and, wonder of wonders, had even grown tired of gossiping at seeing Zeke Parsons, the grizzled old store-keeper, trudging up, cane in hand, to the Widow Lannigan's house at supper time. It became monotonous, he did it so often.

But if the townspeople found it monotonous, it was certainly anything but that for Zeke. And who could blame him, for the Widow was in truth, a very desirable article, being an excellent cook and extremely good-looking. If he found an incumbance in her over-grown, sixteen year-old twins, he could easily afford to pass over that.

At least every other evening he would come in, lay his cane against the wall and take his place at the table quite as if he belonged there. The meal itself was usually a rather quiet affair, because of the twins. But, the meal over, they did not linger long, but betook themselves to regions remote.

Then the two lovers would turn the oil lamp low and move over to the double seat in the corner. The Widow would cuddle up against his manly shoulder, and listen while he told her of many deeds of heroism in early days.

"Back in Seventy-six," he would begin, "Eli Boggs an' me was a-bringin' a party o' travelers 'cross th' Mojave, an'—" etc. etc.

And when he had finished, hours later, (the twins seldom would return in time to interrupt them) the Widow would give him a loving, trusting, proud look, and softly murmur, "Ah, Zeke, dear, an' ye're a ter bein' s'ch a da-arin' an' bra-ave mahn."

But error will creep in, and in some unaccountable and mysterious manner the twins learned of these autobiographical tales of heroic deeds.

One morning Twin One found time to say between the mouthfuls of hot-cakes, "Say, mum, Zeke is a orful bra-ave man, ain't he!"

"A bra-ave mahn, indade!" burst out the Widow impulsively, and then, recovering herself, she hastily added, "Faith, an' how am I to know? Do be after tellin' me what makes ye think thot."

"Why," answered Twin one, enthusiastically, "th' sheriff was after tellin' me thot when he was in Coconino onct after some outlaws, Zeke exposed his loife t' terrible dangers an' caught th' outlaws."

"Yes," burst in Twin Two, "an' Ol' Timer Bannerin' was a tellin' me thot onct there was two mountain lions here in town, an' iveryone was 'fraid t' come outa their houses but Zeke. He come out, and catchin' th' two lions by their tails, threw them over a close-line, so t' they killed themselves."

"Go wan wid youse," cried the Widow incredulously, although she was secretly delighted at this idealizing of her hero, and privately resolved that "Old Timer" should have one of her best mince pies the next day.

"Thot's as true as I live," assured Twin Two, "Th' good Saint be after picklin' me bones, if it ain't."

That night, as soon as the couple, confident that the twins had gone, were seated in a corner, the Widow turned to Zeke with her most winning smile.

"Zeke, dear," she said, "tell me about th' toime whin you did thot brave deed

wit th' loins. Th' Ol' Timer was after tellin' th' twins about it yesterday."

"H'm," he coughed nervously, "yo' see, I don't rec'lect thet perticlar incident. Did I ever tell yuh 'bout th' time when Ezra Perkins saved the money fer th' Bank in Phoenix from th' burgler?"

"No. Please do."

"Wall," he commenced, "'twas back in th' seventies, an' me an' Ezra was in Phoenix by accident. Wall, we was jest 'bout ready t' go t' bed, when up comes th' bank president t' ask us ef we ud stay in th' bank fer him, as th' reg'lar watchman was sick.

"Course we told him we would, an' dressed an' went down. Wall, 'bout mid-night we heard some sounds in th' room next t' ours, but when we went t' invest'gate, we cuddent find nothin.' 'Bout mid-night I heard th' sounds agin, and 's I didn't wake Ezra cause he hed a sorta sickness an' shocks wan't good fer him, I went by myself t' see what th' sounds was. I hedn't mor'n stepped in th' room when I sees two thieves. They sees me at th' same time, an' one 'f them holds up a gun an' says, 'Hands up.'"

"Wall, I was taken sorta sudden like, an' wasn't sure jest what t' do. But it jest happened that I hed one of my hands in my pocket, an' so when I holds 'em up I takes my pocket knife up in one 'f them. Waiten' till I sees thet they wa'n't lookin' real close, I gives thet knife a little throw t' th' other end uv th' room. This surprises 'em an' they turns real quick. Then I lets out a whoop, an' jumps real suddent on one of their backs.

"I knocks th' gun outa his hands, an' picks him up. Holdin' him in front uv me fer a shield, I says t' th' other,"—

Zeke suddenly stopped in his narration and sat up straight. The door had been quietly opened, and now two masked men entered, each holding a heavy revolver leveled at Zeke's head.

"Hands up!" cried one of them in a deep, unnatural voice.

The Widow gave a little startled cry, and fell over in a heap by the side of Zeke.

"Hands up!" came the command again, and this time it was obeyed.

"Zeke Parsons," one of them commenced in melodramatic tones, "We've been lookin' fer you fer a long time—ever since that night in Phoenix. Remember when you tried to spoil thet little burglar game of our's in the bank? We've been tryin' to get even ever since, an' the time's come now. You won't meddle in any more o' our affairs."

"Oh!" a faint little cry came from the huddled heap.

"Prepare-to-die!" the words came out slowly, terribly.

"Die, hey?" muttered Zeke, "I reckon not."

With a sudden leap he reached his cane, and a moment later it came down on the back of the first masked man with terrific force. Then it fell on the other. For the next few minutes the old fellow lived up, in full, to the reputation he had given of himself to the Widow. (Strange enough, she had suddenly recovered.)

Finally, the two intruders, beaten, bruised, humiliated, fled precipitately from the room.

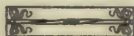
"Th' Gol-Darned long-ears," muttered the wrathful Zeke.

"Oh, Zeke, an' ye're after bein' sich a da-arin' an' bra-ave mahn," softly cooed his fiancée.

Outside, the two "burglars" had recovered themselves and came back to the house. Into the kitchen they crept, and found the hot-water faucet. Taking off their masks, they commenced to bathe their bruised and battered faces.

"Thot ol' Divil," muttered Twin One. "Who ud a thot it o' him?"

"An' t' think," replied Twin Two. "He's t' be our fa-ather—an' wid thot cane."



The Pointing Pencil

By Martha Martin Newkirk

Before me are two pictures of Hope. One is by Watts, and represents a beautiful woman sitting on the top of the round world. Her eyes are bandaged,

but she leans her head upon her arm in an attitude of childlike sleep. She is doing nothing, just contentedly waiting. She looks as if she

believed in the philosophy of Mrs. Wiggs, who said, "It ain't never no use puttin' up yer umbrell till it rains." Or it may be she has read, "Count your mercies and keep a blind eye to your miseries." Perhaps she isn't asleep, but just keeping two blind eyes to misery.

This is not a picture that appeals to me. It might represent endurance, or patience, but not Hope.

The conception is not even optimistic. Hope looks upward. She believes that, "Fortune will call at the smiling gate." Or, better yet her pure spirit feels surety expressed so fully by Whittier:

*"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."*

That is the "hope that is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast."

The other picture is a long, narrow panel. Through a heavily barred grating one sees dimly the outline of ancient buildings. Before these bars a beautiful maiden is chained. Her

Burne-Jones bare feet are upon the cold flagged pavement. Her drapery is blown by the wind,

but she heeds neither the cold nor the wind. Her face is uplifted, while with one hand she lifts a heavy curtain that is above her. In the other hand she holds a long branch of pure Easter lilies, emblem of resurrection.

There is sublimity in this picture. Chained to her past, but lifting her face to the future, she carries the lilies of faith. This is the true spirit for Easter tide.

"We gae oor ain gait" so steadily along our own familiar runways, that it quite startles us to find some very pleasant paths of which we never dreamed, parallel with or intersecting our own. We who are fond of outdoor life, in

Fish and Game. walk or drive or camp, in season or out of season, feel strongly drawn to others of "our persuasion." But I, personally, could never quite feel a fellowship with those who kill any kind of game for the mere "joy of the doing." When I have been in the deep woods and have heard the bay of hounds, the stirring call of hunters, and have seen the excitement of the chase, my sympathies were always with the animal pursued. Once as I stood alone in the silent forest I saw galloping horsemen sweep round a curve on ground below me. I saw the red-mouthed, baying, ugly hounds in hot chase, while I looked and listened, almost at my side leaped the doe which they were pursuing. She paused an instant in her wild flight and looked into my face. Her eyes were wide and full of fear. Her face was like a frightened child's. Her look of appeal to me touched me to the heart. I would have shielded her. I could have stood at bay with her, and slung hot words like bullets at those who sought her life. But she sped onward. I never knew whether she was left to roam the beautiful woods, with her children, or if men and dogs together gloated over her dead body. I think I could hunt the tiger and other dangerous beasts, for there one feels it but just

to do so. I have no maudlin sentiment against killing game for man's needs. But it is the tiger instinct to kill, that I deplore. I have had much the same feeling at resorts like Avalon, when I have seen monster fishes drawn ashore, and hung to rot in the sun.

But there is another side to the sport of fishing. Mr. Holder writes: "The angler is a true lover of nature; were he not, the gentle art would flag and die . . .

Another Side When the fish refuse to bite he finds solace in
to This. a thousand and one ob-

jects; the soft sighing of the leaves along some favorite stream: the gurgle of the water as it flows from pool to pool; the call of the locust, which 'stabs the air with its shrill alarm,' are all understood. If a sea angler, he can call 'spirits from the vasty deep;' the deep blue of the ocean, its many

moods, the shadow of clouds upon its surface, the delicate glass-like shapes that drift across his line; the sounds of the sea which come from far away, . . . at first low murmurs, bursting into thundering crash . . . All these the true angler loves and understands."

These quotations indicate the spirit of the writer. They remind me of Sam Walter Foss's poem in which he says: "*The woods were made for the hunter of dreams,*

The brooks for the fishers of song."

I have hunted that kind of game myself, and if sportsmen like Mr. Holder adds to the equipment of hook and line the dreams and fancies and pure joy of the nature student, some time when I stand on the shores of Avalon and some kindred spirit says, "I go a-fishing," I shall answer, as the disciple answered Peter, "I also go with thee."

A Thought in the Sierras

Ethel Bostick Ritchey

*Mountains majestic;
Firm in the face of the tempest,
Velvety soft in your verdure,
Reaching up to the heavens—
Mountains magnetic;
Drawing me into your bosom,
Lifting me far from earth's dross
And out of myself;
Filling and thrilling my soul
With an aspiration infinite.*

*Wonderful mountains of God!
May I not in you learn life's lesson?
Lend me somewhat of yourself:
Strength to withstand temptation;
Purity, like as your streamlets;
A purpose as deep as your canyons;
The trust of your birds in God's goodness.
Then would my heart
Be all-embracing as you are.*

*Then would my life
Reach ever upward toward Heaven.*

Music and Musicians

ON inquiring of the culture of a city one of the first questions asked is: "What kind of a musical atmosphere have you?" Of course it would only be a rank new comer who would betray his ignorance by such a query, here, for to the typical Angeleno the music of the city furnishes not only the ozone of his atmosphere but the oxygen as well. When he takes deep draughts of this compound there is nothing that he so likes to breathe in to his aesthetic respiratory system as the rich, liquid melody conjured from the keys by the touch of Julius V. Seyler.

Mr. Seyler studied in Germany for several years, being a pupil of a number of celebrated Berlin composers, from whom he acquired a deep insight into the meaning of musical creation. A composer himself, some of Mr. Seyler's productions show great originality and interpretative ability.

Probably there is no better authority on theory in the whole country than Mr. Seyler. Possessing to a marked degree this combination of knowledge and skill he has established an enviable reputation here among musicians and music lovers.

As a concert pianist Mr. Seyler has appeared recently at the Gamut Club where his brilliant touch and felicitous phrasing won him many new admirers.

Two musical stars have appeared almost simultaneously on the harmonic horizon in the past few months and the rapidity with which they are mounting toward the zenith augurs that they will be fixed luminaries in the firmament of fame. From the fact that both are

young, attractive, ambitious, that both were born in Los Angeles near the same time, they might have an astronomical rating as twin stars, but their talents describe different circles so that their orbits do not intersect.

The first of these to appear was Miss Irene Wadey who made her debut about six months ago in concert with Ellen Beach Yaw. The liquid quality and richness of her voice had caught the discriminating ear of "Lark Ellen" some time before and after a few months study with Miss Yaw a tonal strength and sweetness was acquired so that of her pupil Miss Yaw said: "Miss Wadey certainly has exceptional talents and a brilliant future is assured her. She has a remarkably high, clear sweet, soprano voice and more than ordinary skill as a reader."

Miss Wadey is doubly gifted, having talent as a dramatic reader as well as her musical ability and sometimes combines the two in the interesting programs which she gives.

At a recent concert given by Mrs. E. W. Martindale of Los Angeles, Miss Wadey delighted a cultured and critical audience with her singing and many competent critics pronounced her voice one of rare sweetness, compass and charm.

The other star is Miss Hilda Nolte, a pianist, just back from Germany where she graduated from the Brunswick Conservatory of Music, with the celebrated Martin Krause for her teacher. Besides the finished technique and power of Miss Nolte's playing her passages have a quality of spirit spontaneity translated

only by musical tones and impossible to describe in words.

Of her playing Estelle Lawton Lindsay says: "When you hear Hilda Nolte play you forget the player, the instrument, the time and the place—even the composer. You live for the time just in the

spirit of the music; you see the mountains, the sea, the dark, waving pines of the Hungarian mountains, the filtering moonlight through a tangle of vines, or whatever else the musician had in mind, when he sat weaving his impressions into tone pictures.

Vox Maris

By Lannie Haynes Martin

*I stood upon the shore and gazed out on
The Heaven-horizoned surface of the sea.
And never unto man will symbol speak
More perfectly of God's infinity.
There I sought, but vainly as before,
From finite parts to build infinite whole
And there I heard the deep and vocal roar
Of many waters speaking to my soul.*

*"Thou see'st but surface can'st thy mind conceive
My depth and breadth and power, three in one?
Or canst thine Arabic compute the drops
Drawn from me by the kisses of the sun?
Or hast thou sound or gauge to measure me
If all Time's length and all of Space were thine?
How separate the known from the unknown?
In what couldst thou the measured part confine?
First yield to me the tribute from the cloud
The dew from flower, the sap from plant and tree;
E'en from Sabara's breast the moisture wring;
Let man his fluid body render back to me.
For these are mine. The life in veins of earth
To me pulsates with unreceding flow;
The gift of fertile field is mine;
The granite mountains from my womb did go;
And dust heap left would once again dissolve
Unto my breast, its primal resting place;
Here in solution first earth's atoms slept
Ere spirit movings wooed from my embrace.
Think'st thou by searching then to find out God?
Can drop be circumambient to the sea?
Or dost thou doubt thine immortality?
From Him thou came'st and to Him shall return
His love shall sweep thy soul to Him as sure
As now I draw all waters from earth's urn."*

Theatrical

"The plays the thing!" Ask the Los Angeles business man. He will tell you that he gets more enjoyment, more diversion, more all round education from one evening of "The Fourth Estate," "The Bird of Paradise" or "The Dollar Mark" than from a whole library of books or a week at his club.

Ask the tired, discouraged woman whose disgust at the superficialities of society can not wholly be counteracted by the idealism of books. She will tell you that plays like "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," restore her own wholesome ideals and her faith in the humanity of others.

Ask the social reformer and he will tell you that plays treating problems in the way that "Kindling," "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "The Landslide" treat them will do more to produce results than all the lectures, pamphlets, committees and magazine articles in the world.

Ask the idealist. He will tell you that more and better sermons are being preached across the foot-lights than across the chancel rail. That Maeterlinck is preaching toleration and the impotence of evil in his "Sister Beatrice," That in his "Blue Bird" he is giving new values to life and beauty to the everydayness of things. That Zangwill in his "Melting Pot" is preaching peace, love, brotherhood of man. But it is not only the Jew who is dealing with the Jewish race problem. In J. Hartley Manners' "The House Next Door" it is the Jew who is the peace-maker, the one who is big and broad, gentle and generous. In Augustus Thomas' "As A Man Thinks" the Jew is not only the idealist but the practical man of affairs as well.

Prof. William Lyon Phelps in a recent article says: "That at this moment the

most promising form of literature all over the world is the drama." The men who are producing results in literature are writing plays. And the men who are writing plays are not only producing literature, but they are producing results in sociology, in economics, in eugenics, in ethics.

In England there is Bernard Shaw, Stephen Phillips, John Galsworthy, Barrie and Jones all preaching. In Sweden, Strindberg's dramatic pen is stirring men to think and to act. In Germany, Brieux and Karl Schoenheer are giving the ethical tonic which Nietzsche gave in another form. The Belgian Maeterlinck has been making the emotional French think sober, serious thoughts for a great many years. The host of playwrights in our own section show the trend of thought and they also prophesy the coming of a great dramatist, just as the Marlows, Beaumonts and Fletchers of the transition period, the Elizabethan Age presaged Shakespeare.

Probably it is the prophetic instinct of California women that is leading them to prepare for this coming genius in the building of the Greek Theater which is soon to be undertaken by a new club calling itself "The Amatuer Players." This club is composed of some of the most prominent women of Los Angeles and Santa Monica and they propose to assist and encourage budding genius by reading some play of literary merit at each of their meetings. Pending the building of the playhouse they are meeting in the gardens of the various officers and members. The first meeting was held less than a month ago with their president, Mrs. John Jones, of Santa Monica. Others to follow will be held in the gardens of Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, and

Mrs. Dean Mason. Special attention will be given by the club to German and Russian plays and the members expect to do some original translating. The directors of the club include Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mrs. G. H. McKinstry, Mrs. West Hughes, Madame C. Erskine Ross, Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson and Mrs. Horace Wing.

Mrs. R. H. Miner, Mrs. E. T. Earle and Mrs. Roy Jones are the vice-presidents; Mrs. Michael Connell, treasurer and Mrs. Grace Porter, secretary.

In a recent talk before the Friday Morning Club of Los Angeles, Miss Julie Opp urged the women to study not only the drama but the writer of the play and pointed out how the drama could not become of permanent literary value until the public gives as much attention to the playwright as to the actor. Heretofore the playwright has been an almost universally anonymous factor.

L. H. M.

In Mlle. Dolly Dalnert, one of the latest arrivals at the Winter Garden, New York, from Paris, Mr. Lee Shubert has discovered a promising prima donna. Just at present she is singing in French. But she is studying English and, by and by, she will be assigned a role which will give her opportunity to show just how good her language teacher is.

It was at a hotel in Paris that Mr. Shubert heard Mlle. Dalnert sing. She had asked for an interview which the manager could not arrange on account of business. One evening, however, the singer visited Mr. Shubert's hotel and began singing in the salon. Her sweet voice attracted possibly a hundred people among them being Mr. Shubert. The little French woman was soon placed under contract and she is now here, as she says "to stay."

The "flowery path," an Oriental theatrical expediency whereby the actors enter and leave the stage by means of a bridge which extends over the seats in the auditorium, has been utilized at the Winter Garden with telling effect. There is a runway two feet in width

extending from the rear of the auditorium to the stage. It is directly in the center of the theater and on the level with the shoulders of the auditors when seated.

In the first part, which is designated as "A Night With The Pierotts," Al Jolson marches half way down the path and begins singing "My Sumurun Girl" and at the refrain the entire company of 125 persons follow him down the bridge to the stage. At the finale the exit is made in the same manner. The novelty of short-skirted girls and the array of beauteous principals tripping over the flowery path was soon recognized and is the most talked of feature of the new Winter Garden show. The use of the run puts the audience on terms of intimacy with the performers and raises that barrier between spectator and player which the footlights are supposed to constitute.

Lewis Waller, the English actor, who with the Shuberts recently produced "A Butterfly On the Wheel," is meeting with merited success at Daly's in a revival of "Monsieur Beaucaire." The cast includes Catherine Calhoun, Essex Cane, Alice May, Gertrude Barrett, Violetta Kimball, Mlle. Corday, Edith Charteris, Frank Woolfe, Henry Stanford, Henry Carvill, Reginald Dane, Malcolm Dunn, Lewis Broughton, Rupert Julian, Herbert Ayling and Edwin Eaton.

Lewis Waller now starring in "Monsieur Beaucaire" at Daly's Theater, New York will shortly give a single performance of "The Explorer," a comedy by W. Sommerset Maughan in which Mr. Waller played three years ago in London. The present production will be for a matinee performance only with the view of a permanent production next season.

Leading roles will be played by Mr. Waller himself; Miss Madge Titheradge who is appearing in "A Butterfly on the Wheel," Miss Grace Lane, who is Mr. Waller's leading woman in "Monsieur Beaucaire;" Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm, who is playing the comedy role in "A Butterfly on the Wheels," and Mr. Sanderson Moffat, who inter pretes one of the leading characters in "Bunt Pulls the Strings."

Under *the* Study Lamp



It has been proven quite conclusively that the unknown author has just as much chance to succeed in literature as has the writer who has been in the public eye for years. This is, of course, provided the unknown has the ability to tell an interesting tale in an interesting manner. *He Comes Up Smiling*, published a few weeks ago, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, is enjoying a phenomenal run of popularity. It's author is entirely unknown, and the name on the title page means absolutely nothing to the reader. But those who first read the book were delighted and told their friends. It's the charm of the story, the unusualness of the plot, and the vividness of the character drawing in which the reader is really interested, and not the author's name.

Just a year ago Jeffrey Farnol leaped into the literary limelight with his first successful book "*The Broad Highway*" (Little Brown & Co., Publishers.) On the anniversary of its publication his publishers announce that 130,000 copies have already been sold, and that it promises to be one of the popular novels of 1912.

The ten best sellers for the past three months are said to be:

"*The Winning of Barbara Worth*" by Harold Bell Wright, "*The Harvester*" by Gene Stratton Porter, "*The Iron Woman*," by Margaret Deland, "*Peter Ruff and the Double-Four*" by E. Phillips Oppenheim, "*The Falling Star*" by Florence L. Barclay, "*Queed*" by

Henry S. Harrison, "*The Money Moon*" by Jeffrey Farnol, "*The Rosary*" by Florence L. Barclay, "*The Broad Highway*" by Jeffrey Farnol and "*A Weaver of Dreams*" by Myrtle Reed.

Apropos of the successful dramatization of Louisa M. Alcott's "*Little Women*" it is stated that over 3,000,000 copies of Miss Alcott's books have been sold in the United States alone and that the sale of "*Little Women*" throughout the English speaking world exceeds 1,000,000.

Little, Brown and Company, opened the 1912 publishing season with E. Phillips Oppenheimer's "*Peter Ruff and the Double Four*" in which this popular author has created in his detective hero, one of his most appealing characters, for the book is now one of the six best sellers. Other fiction already issued includes Anna Chapin Ray's "*The Brentons*" which deals with the career of a minister who forsook the pulpit for the laboratory; "*The Szintsburg Affair*" a mystery story with a new plot by Roman Doubleday, who wrote "*The Hemlock Avenue Mystery*;" "*Lonesome Land*," an unusual story of ranch life in Montana by B. M. Bower, author of "*Chip of the Flying U*," etc.—a book that went into three printings before publication; "*Young Beck*," the story of a University man in the role of a Sherlock Holmes, by McDonnell Bodkin, the creator of "*Paul Beck*;" and Henryk Sienkiewicz's "*In Desert and Wilderness*," which deals with two kidnapped children

in the desert and wilderness of Africa.

In March, Payne Erskin's romance of the Blue Ridge "The Mountain Girl" which has been running in the Ladies Home Journal appeared while in April, Louis Joseph Vance's novel "The Band-box" with Keller pictures promises to be this firm's big seller. On the same date will appear H. B. Marriott Watson's adventure story "The Big Fish," a re-issue of Mary E. Waller's "Sanna" which Little, Brown & Co. have taken over from Harper. In April Anna Alice Chapin's Virginia mountain story "The Under Trail" and Edith Macvane's romance of a vivacious French girl "Her Word of Honor" will be ready. Captain Danritt's thrilling story "The Sunken Submarine" and a new book of humor by George Fitch called "My Demon Motor Boat" will be published in May.

John Rawn (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Publishers) the latest novel written by Emerson Hough, completes the trilogy of which *The Purchase Price* and *54-40 or Fight* formed the first parts. Like these other books, it is concerned with American life and progress, the problem taken up being human liberty of the present day. Mr. Hough has dedicated this book to Woodrow Wilson, whom he calls "one of the leaders in the third war of American independence. The

Although Vaughan Kester, author of *The Prodigal Judge*, was primarily a romanticist, he was also a man who took great interest in the affairs and problems of life. He was above all a humanitarian, and it is said that in his forthcoming novel, which was written partly before and partly after *The Prodigal Judge*, he has touched upon a problem which has been agitating the minds of people interested along humanitarian lines. The announcement that a new Kester novel is to appear has aroused great enthusiasm among the thousands who read *The Prodigal Judge*.

The Browning Centenary

Lilian Whiting, author of the "The Brownings: Their Life and Art," has been honored by an invitation from the Browning Centenary Celebration of some fifty representative men and women

"who understand the greatness of the world's debt to the genius of Browning," for the meeting to be held in London in Westminster Abbey on the centenary day, May 7. Lord Crewe will preside and among the speakers expected are the Archbishop of Canterbury, Prof. Edward Dowden, Sir Oliver Lodge, Arthur C. Benson, William Watson, and the Bishop of Ripon.

All Southern California should feel proud of such an honor conferred upon one of its residents.

Lilian Whiting lives in South Pasadena and is the author of a number of books among which are "The Life Beautiful," "The Life Radiant."

It is now 19 years since Henry Sienkiewicz took the reading world by storm with his famous novel "Quo Vadis" of which nearly a million copies have been sold. While "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael" brought this Polish author greater literary fame it was not until "Quo Vadis" appeared in 1895 that he leaped into popularity. A dozen other novels followed his "best seller" and in 1905 he was awarded the Nobel literary prize of \$40,000, but of late Mr. Sienkiewicz has written less frequently. In his newest novel "In Desert and Wilderness" translated from the original Polish by Max A. Drezmal, Sienkiewicz conducts the reader on a real journey through Africa in company with two kidnapped children. The author's extraordinary power of observation and faculty of description make the book glow with the atmosphere and color of the desert.

"Sienkiewicz," says William Lyons Phelps, Professor of English Literature at Yale University, "is undoubtedly one of the great masters of the realistic novel. He takes all human nature for his province. He has the very exuberance of power, and an endless wealth of material . . . and also the stimulating influence of a great moral force."

The English speaking world owes a great debt of gratitude to Jeremiah Curtin for the translations of Sienkiewicz's earlier works. Mrs. Curtin, the widow of the great linguist is now a resident of Southern California.

Twice Told Tales

Poet—"You don't seem to like my verse. Is there any kind of flavor I can give it that will make it—well—er especially adapted to your needs?"

Editor—"Yes you might 'cheese it' for awhile!"

Bobby—Why do you suppose Reggie went so wild over that vaudeville dancer?

Mabel—He inherited the trust instinct from his father I guess.

Bobby—How's that?

Mabel—Well, Reggie had the headlight and the dancer had the footlight and he simply made a combine.

A small boy in Pasadena was very much exercised over the question as to whether he would go to Heaven or not, and he repeatedly asked his mother if she thought he would go. She, wishing to develop original opinions as well as stimulate good conduct told him the various things that good little boys were expected to do and be. He thought it all over for awhile and then a happy thought occurred to him and he said: "Mother I wish they wouldn't call it that other thing. I wish they would say 'high Heving and low Heving' but you just come along and go to Hell with me and then it couldn't be half as bad a place as they say it is."

First Editor—Why people send verse in here written in two or three different hands and claim it as their own!"

Second Editor—"Ugh! my greatest trouble is that they send it in in about seventeen different kinds of feet!"

Intensive Farming

They used to have a farming rule
Of forty acres and a mule.
Results were won by later men
With forty square feet and a hen.
And nowadays success we see
With forty inches and a bee.

—The Wasp.

A kid-gloved, silk-hatted colored gentleman who had spent many years in the city went to pay a visit to the little, benighted, backwoods in which he was born. He did not receive the ovation he anticipated nor create the sensation which he had hoped. As he was being driven over the rough muddy road back to the railway station he was dilating at great length on the ignorance and ingratitude of his native hamlet. The little yellow darkey, who was driving, listened in silence.

In fact, he got no opportunity to speak so continuous was the flow of vituperations. "I'm jes' a shakin' de dust of de place offen my feet," said the big, pompous Negro. Just then the old brown mare kicked up a big chunk of red clay which landed in the red gullet of the swaggering darkey, effectually stopping for a moment his flow of eloquence. Then the little yellow pickaninny who had been watching his chance said: "I reckon Bro' Jones 'fore yo' do dat dustin' business y'd better get dem chunks o' mud outen yo' insides."

A cattleman had an enemy who stole into his ranch under cover of night and chopped off the tails of a number of his finest steers. He was deploring the situation to a neighboring ranchman and asked what he should do about it.

"Well," said the neighbor, "I think you'd better sell them at wholesale. One thing's certain; you can never retail them!"

A small boy in Altadena came in the other day with a very wrathful countenance and evident signs of a recent combat. His mother called him to her and said: "How, now, what does this mean?"

He was sullenly silent for a time and then sputtered out:

"Well, Robert, began the fight and I didn't do nothing to stop it!"

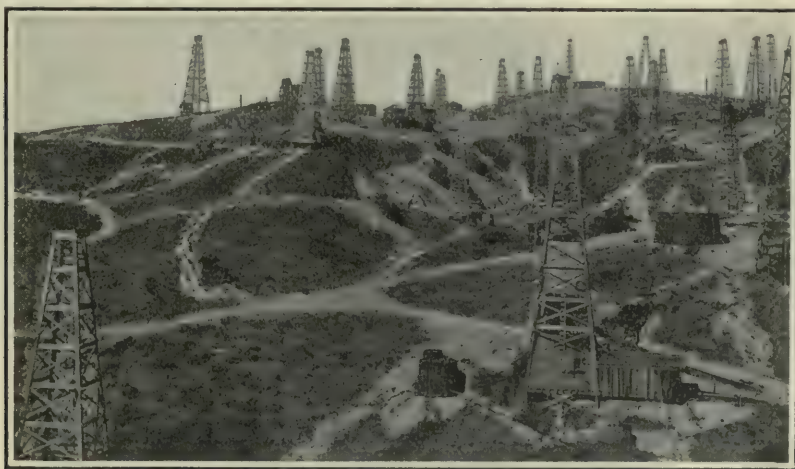
Whittier

The City of Opportunities

By Lannie Haynes Martin

THIS year, 1912, is Whittier's twenty-first birthday. It would require the entire year for it to celebrate so important an event as the reaching of its majority, for that majority is not counted in years alone, as is often the case of the callow youth who comes of age, but is summed up in a series of excellencies that would make proud the heart of any fond mother-state. In industry, in the accumulation of wealth, in maintaining a high standard of citizenship, in growth and in self-government, few of California's children can point to such substantial achievements, and a

water, excellent soil and no frosts what more could be wanted for citrus fruit growing? Twenty years ago one man could have easily picked in a couple of days, all the citrus fruit grown in and around Whittier, but now the orchards are not reckoned by the number of trees but by the hundred acres. It is estimated that in the immediate vicinity around Whittier there are 4000 acres in citrus fruits. On the Leffingwell ranch is the largest lemon grove in the world, its 500 acres being set almost entirely to this fruit. The Leffingwell lemons are known all over the world for their size and quality



Oil Fields

few of them are so richly dowered with an inheritance of soil, scenery and climate.

Twenty-one years ago Whittier did not have six hundred inhabitants, there was not a sidewalk or a paved street or an electric light in the entire town. There were scarcely fifty orange trees in the whole section and citrus fruit growing for commercial purposes had hardly been thought of. But between those infant days and now mark the difference; Whittier today has a population well on towards 6,000 it has 18 miles of paved streets and 24 miles of sidewalks, most of which are bordered with ornamental shade trees and green parkings. Whittier has a municipal water system which would serve as a model for any community. Besides netting the city a profit of \$10,000 the past year, it gives the citizens the cheapest water rate of any municipality in the state. With cheap

and bring fancy prices in eastern and foreign markets. The Whittier fruit growers have found that the Valencia orange is a much better paying proposition than the navel and for this reason they are no longer planting the latter variety. 400 carloads of Valencias were shipped to eastern markets last year which was more than twice the amount of the output for the preceding year and as so many new trees are beginning now to yield for the first time it is thought that the next crop will probably double last year's yield. It has been estimated that Whittier Valencias will yield on an average of 600 boxes to the acre which is about twice the yield of other districts. This is partly due to the wonderful fertility of the soil, a rich sandy loam that contains all the chemical ingredients necessary to rapid and substantial growth, but largely to the fact that Whittier is in an absolutely frost-



City Park at Whittier

less belt and is set in the center of encircling hills which protect the orchards from winds and sudden chill.

Another one of Whittier's natural assets is its oil wells. Oil was only discovered in this region a few years ago but the industry has been steadily growing in importance and last year statistics show that more than 1,500,000 barrels of oil were produced. The oil is of excellent quality and of high gravity flow, a gusher flowing over 2,000 barrels a day was opened about the first of the year and many other wells of large output are in operation making the oil industry one of the greatest in the section.

Whittier enjoys the unique distinction of being the largest walnut growing district in the world. It is estimated that more than a million dollars were paid for the walnut crop of

the people of such a community, for there are no better samples of resolute, thinking Americans anywhere. It is a God-fearing honest community—a place with splendid opportunity for the man of means, be that means large or moderate."

The city has an excellent fire department, with 112 fire hydrants and high water pressure. The electric light service is good and the rate below the average, the company having just made a reduction to 9 cents per k. w. h. The gas rate is also very moderate and there is a fine telephone system. It has good schools, churches, beautiful homes, substantial banks and a surprising number of excellent stores. There are several large department stores, many hardware establishments, four banks, a number of up-to-date drug stores, bakeries, barbershops,



Whittier College

this section last year. Walnut producing land is said to be very limited both in this country and abroad, the trees requiring a peculiar soil and climate in order to thrive; but when they do begin to bear they need much less attention and care than the citrus fruits and are much freer from insect pests. Many new groves are being planted in the Whittier district because of the wonderful adaptability of the soil.

Besides its oil, its walnuts and its citrus growing industries, Whittier has an extensive vegetable growing business and sends large shipments of local products to northern states on the coast. Tomatoes are one of the principal products shipped and the output of one packing house is famous for its choice quality. Only the largest and most perfect ones are shipped and these are wrapped separately in white tissue paper and packed in baskets and then crated, each crate being labeled "Fancy Whittier Foothill Tomatoes."

A man who has recently become a citizen of Whittier says; "When you come to Whittier to live you will be proud to be numbered with

bicycle stores; it has twenty-five grocery stores, candy shops, fuel dealers, laundries, livery stables, carriage works, five lumber yards, photograph studios, piano houses, a dozen real estate dealers, plumbers, undertakers, a score of nurseries, jewelry stores, meat markets, millinery shops and dental parlors. But there is one thing that Whittier has'n't got. In the entire town there is not a single saloon and what is more there are not going to be any. When the man of to-day goes to settle his family in a community he considers the social soil quite as carefully as he would the land on which he intended to plant his crops for he knows that the associates and environment of his children will largely determine their success and development in life. For inducements along this line Whittier makes first claim. Her citizens are substantial, educated, broad-minded people. A community of interests makes them a banded, loyal, harmonious family. The public spirit of the town is contagious and progressive ideas are in the air.

Another claim Whittier has on the man seek-



Whittier National Bank

ing a location is its superior health conditions. Whether considered from the standpoint of air, water, drainage, or climate there is no place that can surpass this locality in its healthful conditions. Being on a slightly sloping plateau the natural drainage is perfect, supplementing this is a model sewer system conducted along the most modern lines of sanitation. No better drinking water can be found in all California than the crystal stream which supplies Whittier with this most important life essential. The water comes from an underground branch of the San Gabriel River which percolates through a sub-strata of gravel, making a natural filter so that it comes to the consumer in the purest condition possible. There is a well lighted, sanitary power house equipped with the most modern machinery which forces the water to a great height giving fine pressure and ample fire protection. The altitude insures fine air and the sheltering hills make an equable climate. High winds are almost unknown and fogs which are so prevalent in other sections seldom visit this more favored spot.

To the lover of beauty few localities could offer such inducements. Looking out over the

valley a panorama of variegated greenery greets the eye, the deeper green of orange groves mingling with the pastel shades of grain fields and the yellow tints of the lemon orchards. The view of mountains and hills is an inspiration to artist who comes often to this section to study the wonderful atmospheric effects which sometimes dye the landscape with a rosy splendor and sometimes give the soft blue tones of old tapestry.

Whittier has a population of prosperous, public-spirited, peace-loving, progressive people. Its death rate is low, its moral standards high; its schools are listed among the best in the state. It has live newspapers that are doing their part toward the development of the section, and that have a tone and news value that would do credit to a much larger city.

More than fifty electric trains daily keep Whittier in close touch with the heart of Los Angeles, the seventeen mile run being made in about three quarters of an hour. The Southern Pacific, Salt Lake and Santa Fe routes all touch its borders; there are several auto truck lines, the splendid roads around the city making transportation facilities ideal. There is an oil-macadam boulevard direct to Los Angeles. Whittier is on the main county road leading to San Diego and also on the branch road that runs to Long Beach, all of these highways are in excellent condition making the section a favorite travel-way for the autoist.

Whittier is a town of churches and church goers, almost every denomination being represented. Great harmony of feeling is manifested between the denominations, union services being frequently held. Two handsome new churches were built during 1911 making the number now an even dozen. In point of membership the Friends Church is the largest, Whittier having been founded by people of this denomination. Much of the peace, good will and sterling sturdiness of these substantial citizens have become a part of life and upbuilding of the town which takes its name from Whittier, the Quaker Poet. No greater monument to his name could have been built than this prosperous, peaceful, high idealed community.



One of Whittier's Polytechnic High School Buildings

What S. W. Barton thinks of California

When I came to Southern California twenty-five years ago I heard a great many things said in praise and in favor of the various sections of the state. I looked about a little, the mining fever was still in the air at that time and most people were anxious to make a big thing in a little time. But when I saw that field of yellow mustard, on which the town of Whittier now stands I thought "that is the gold mine for me" and the wonderful productiveness of that soil which grew the mustard has made the "pay dirt" "pan out" pretty well for me.

The soil of Whittier has some wonderful qualities that only an old resident and observer of conditions can fully appreciate. I think it is safe to say that Whittier land will produce more oranges to the square foot than any land in Southern California. It is a well known fact that in the recent cold snap the Whittier citrus orchards were the only ones in the surrounding country that were not injured to some extent by the frosts. This is probably due to the fact that much of the land is a sandy loam and

holds the heat to a wonderful degree during the night. The land is particularly valuable too because it will produce such a variety of crops. Oranges, English walnuts, apricots, and grapes all grow equally well. The trees mature rapidly and the yield is unusually heavy. Because of the number and variety of trees Whittier is a sightly home town, and every one knows how growing trees will purify the atmosphere and make a healthy community.

Any young man who invests in Whittier land whether it is a city lot on which he will grow a few table vegetables, or in a fifty acre ranch on which he will become a large fruit grower, will find that the per cent of its productiveness is so much greater than that of other sections that this alone would be sufficient inducement to him to locate here. Whittier has a cultured, intelligent population of about 6,000; a delightful climate and its health record is something unsurpassed. Good schools, good people, good air and a beautiful country surrounding it, make it an ideal place to make a home.

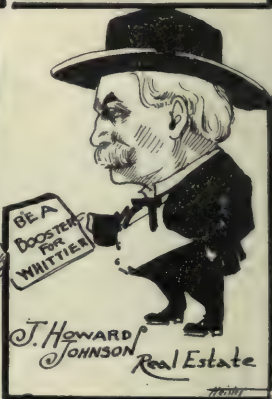
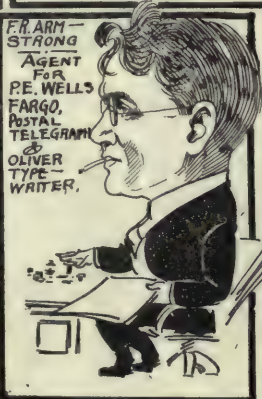
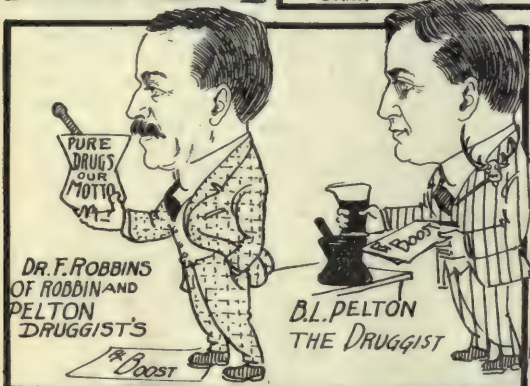
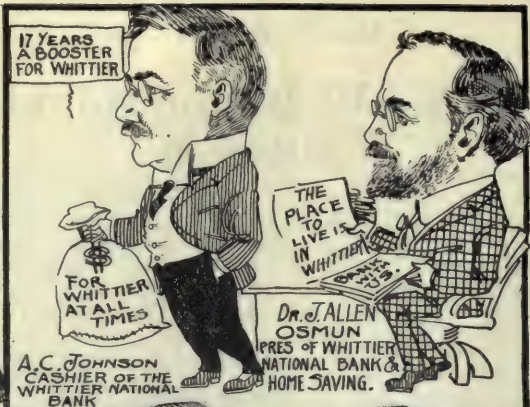
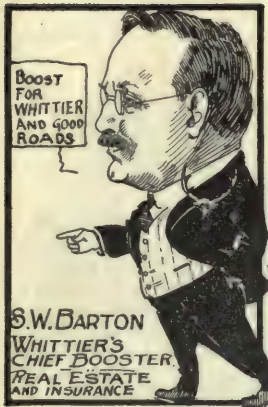


Mr. S. W. Barton of Whittier

Although Mr. Barton gives all the credit of his success to the wonderful productiveness of California it is a well known fact that the soil does not always produce such wonderful results for all those who plant orange orchards and attempt to grow English walnuts for commercial purposes. There would be some who would look on a field of wild mustard and call it a mass of yellow weeds. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Barton had the prophetic vision to see the magic possibilities in that mustard field. Besides prophetic vision it took energy, purpose, skill, patience and faith to bring a wild mustard patch into such a state of cultivation that eighteen acres of it, now in English walnuts, will

bring an income of \$350 per acre each year, and twelve acres to such a degree of prolific abundance that the oranges grown on them bring \$1200 an acre annually.

Mr. Barton was born in Richmond, Indiana and came to California in 1886. His wife's uncle, Mr. Aquilla Pickering had founded the town of Whittier and it was here that Mr. Barton settled and invested in land. Besides his large orange and walnut interests Mr. Barton has an active real estate business and when not engaged in looking after these various activities he is enjoying life with his family, sight seeing in their big touring car, throughout the state which Mr. Barton loves so much.—G. D. Heisley.



Pen Sketches from Life of Some of Whittier's Live Wires

PROF. MILO HUNT
THE POPULAR
SECRETARY
BOARD OF TRADE
AND
HIGH SCHOOL
PROFESSOR



C.F. BALDWIN
FOR 5 YEARS
POSTMASTER
HELPED SUR-
VEY WHITTIER
24 YEARS
AGO.

MY MOTTO
BOOST FOR
WHITTIER
ALWAYS



PROF. R.E. SMITH
7 YEARS SUPT.
SO. CALIFORNIA
PATHOLOGICAL
LABORATORY
HE IS THE "BUG
EXPERT" OF THE
SOUTHLAND



I.L. BLINN
THE BOOSTING
SECTY AND MGR.
WHITTIER
LUMBER
AND MILL CO.
ALSO A JOLLY
GOOD SCOUT



CHAS. SAUNDERS
VICE PRES.
WHITTIER
GARAGE
AND GEN'L.
SAUNDERS
BROS.



PROF. THOS. NEWLIN
FOR FIVE YEARS
PRES. WHITTIER
COLLEGE AND
BOARD OF TRADE



DR. G.H. FLANDERS
CITY TRUSTEE
HE IS THE
BOSS OF CITY
PARK COMM.



L.D. JOHNSON
WHITTIER'S
OLDEST
PHYSICIAN &
SURGEON



A. WARDMAN
SECTY AND
GEN'L. MGR.
WHITTIER
HOME PHONE
CO. AND



IF IT'S AN
OVERLAND
IT CAN'T BE
BEAT
OVERLAND
MODEL 60



O.H. BARR
PRES. & MGR.
BARR LUMBER
CO. DIRECTOR
1ST NAT. BANK
AND MEMBER
BOARD OF
TRADE



R.S. BATTERSBY
THE BOOSTING
PROP. WHITTIER
PHARMACY—
13 YEARS A
DRUGGIST



Cartoon Sketches of Some of Whittier's Public Spirited Citizens

SUPT. STATE SCHOOL
FRED C. NELLES
WHOS MODERN
METHODS ARE
WORKING
WONDERS WITH
HIS PUPILS

O.C. ALBERTSON
PRIN. UNION
HIGH SCHOOL
HE GROWS ORANGES
CLIMBS MOUNTAINS,
AND IS
A PROGRESSIVE
CITIZEN

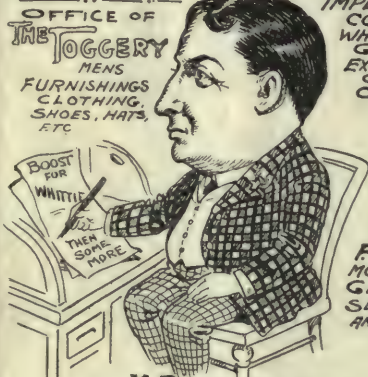
DR. W. V. COFFIN
ASST. SUPT. AND
PHYSICIAN OF THE
STATE SCHOOL.
EX. PRES. WHITTIER
COLLEGE.
DIRECTOR OF
TWO BANKS, AND
A LOYAL
CITIZEN



DR. O.E. GREENE THE
"THE TOOTH
SAVER OF
WHITTIER"
MEMBER SO. CAL.
DENTAL SOCIETY

L. SCOFIELD
10 YEARS MGR.
SAN PEDRO LUMBER CO.

F.E. FRANTZ
PRES. AND MGR.
WHITTIER
IMPLEMENT
CO. PRES
WHITTIER
GARAGE AND
EX. PRES.
CITY COUNCIL



R.M. CRENSHAW
GENL. MGR.
FORD
GARAGE
AND A LIVE
ONE

F. ABELL
MGR. CENTRAL
GARAGE - HE
SELLS BUICKS
AND MAXWELLS

CITY
ENGINEER
A.W. TRYCE
ALWAYS
BOOSTING
FOR
WHITTIER'S
WELFARE



M. ROSENBAUM, PROP.
PROMINENT MASON, AND KOPF
AND TRUSTEE **B.P.O.E. 1258**



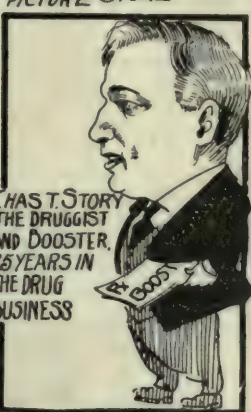
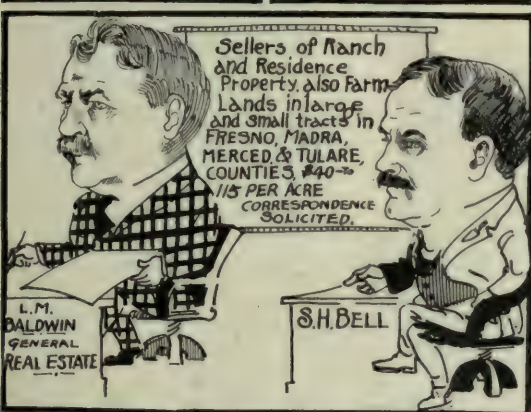
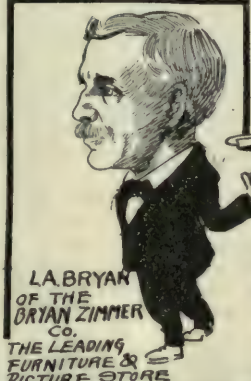
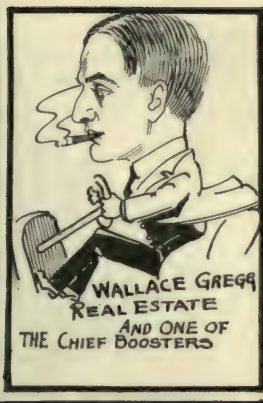
DR. D.E. DANIELS THE
POPULAR "STATE
SCHOOL DENTIST"
WHO ALWAYS
BOOSTS.

ATTY. ALPHONSO MOORE
DIRECTOR BOARD OF TRADE AND
AN EARNEST BOOSTER

L. HOYT DENNEY OF
CADWELL & DENNEY
REALTY BROKERS, AND
EXALTED RULER
WHITTIER LODGE **B.P.O.E.**

W.H. COULTHURST, RESIDENT
AND DIST. AGT. FOR THE
BUICK, AND A WIDE
AWAKE BOOSTER

A Group of Whittier's Live Boosters



Some More of Whittier's Boosters

Alhambra



A CITY OF HOMES IN ORANGE GROVES

Interviews with Prominent Residents

Edited by Dr. G. P. Waring,
Secretary Alhambra Board of Trade

H GLAMOUR attaches to the name Alhambra. It was the renowned name by which was known the famous palace and citadel of the Moorish kings of Spain, and later made still more famous by Irving's classic novel, "The Alhambra," which endeared the name and historic palace to the whole world. It links the medieval with the modern, recalling the fierce and ever-recurring wars between the Moors and the Christians, the Moorish architecture in its best period, and the final triumph of the Christian

the pioneers already saw in the mind's eye the modern Alhambra as at present, and more surely to be in the future, the center of an almost continuous city which extends from the mountains to the sea, a city with so many charming residence streets, lined with attractive homes comparable with the finest which the world affords—making the choicest residence district of a great metropolis destined to contain upwards of a million souls.

ALHAMBRA CENTRALLY LOCATED

The location of Alhambra, the business por-



power in Spain during the same year in which Columbus discovered America.

To the founders of our modern city of Alhambra the name must have been suggested by the glorious crescentic view of the mountains and hills which so nearly encircle it—a similar though bolder and more beautiful picture even than that of the hills which surround the ancient city of Granada and its splendid palace-fortress of the Alhambra. Possibly, with prophetic vision,

tion, is seven miles to the northeast from the business center of Los Angeles (limits nearly joining), twenty-five minutes' trolley ride, commutation fare seven and one-half cents. South Pasadena adjoins on the north with Pasadena just beyond, hence Alhambra is midway between the metropolis of Southern California and the next largest city within one hundred miles, delightfully located for the best residence district of "Greater Los Angeles." San Gabriel



First National Bank of Alhambra

and the far-famed San Gabriel Mission, built by Franciscan Fathers over 140 years ago, adjoins the city on the east. Alhambra is fifteen to twenty-five miles, about one hour's trolley ride to the numerous Ocean beach resorts, toward the west and south; five to seven miles to the Sierra Madre Mountains to the northeast, where the summits of Mt. Lowe and Mt. Wilson, nearly one mile high, are easily reached by trolley or auto.

A well known resident has this to say:

"The people are coming to Southern California in phenomenally increasing numbers. They come at first for the winter only to escape the blizzards of sleet and snow and ice, and slush of the East, and especially the bitter cold of the middle west.

The all-important question arises, "In what particular locality of Southern California shall we make our home?" Those with a taste for agriculture, horticulture or gardening find an abundance of highly productive land in our fertile San Gabriel Valley, in which Alhambra is centrally located, and where formerly were located extensive orange groves now changed to residence lots and acres. They can still purchase land at prices which will admit of

their growing profitably nearly every possible product of the soil, from alfalfa to oranges, and from prunes to potatoes, with poultry as a profitable adjunct.

Meanwhile, in view of the extraordinarily rapid filling up of the country with prosperous people, these investors in what are now farm lands, both within and adjoining the city limits, can be reasonably sure of seeing their acres steadily increase in value until they will be required at high prices for city lots or as sites for country residences.

And again, it is a great surprise to many to learn that good, fertile raw grazing and farm land, which has never been deeded since the government grant, can be purchased for from five to twenty dollars per acre, within three to five hours auto ride from Alhambra—not the open desert, but the fertile hills and valleys between Alhambra and the desert.

A quiet suburban home is desired more and more by these ideal home people who prefer to reside, not in the city, but in some pleasant and convenient suburb of Los Angeles, whence they can easily reach the city as often as desired for either business or pleasure. The business center of Los Angeles can be reached more easily



Beautiful Driveway to Mayor Cameron's Residence



Alhambra High School

and quickly from Alhambra than from a large portion of the territory within its own limits.

It would take many pages of manuscript to describe all the features in which Alhambra excels as a City of Homes. After numerous sojourns in the most interesting parts of Europe, besides spending a winter in South Georgia, part of another winter in Florida, and residing several years in Atlantic City, the writer now a retired physician, was naturally curious to test the alleged glories of California. One winter in Southern California settled the question for myself and family.

REASONS FAVORING ALHAMBRA

Our reasons were these: Comparing Alhambra with the various localities visited and especially the most charming suburbs of Los Angeles, property here was found to be the least boomed and inflated, while the living conditions seemed to be at least as good, if not better, than in any of the others. The numerous shady trees and drives lined with pepper trees, palms, acacias and the majestic live oak and towering eucalyptus filled our ideals of what a suburban residence district should be, and having the added charm of a magnificent view of the romantic mountains and beautiful hills which hem in the valley on nearly every side, a view far surpassing that obtained from any less central location.

Other equally important advantages since discovered have fully confirmed the wisdom of our choice. These include an ample supply of what is probably the purest and best soft mountain water in the state, extra good schools and particularly fine new, modern school buildings, each having from five to ten acres for playgrounds, churches of every denomination, a choice local society of highly educated and cultured Eastern

people, fully organized into various clubs and fraternal organizations.

The superb winter climate is pleasanter even than that of any of the popular suburban cities nearer the mountains or on the foothills, because less influenced by the snows which often cover the mountain-tops in winter, and on the other hand, blessed by more sea breezes in summer by reason of the highly favored location of Alhambra in about the center of the broad San Gabriel valley. Again, Alhambra being fifteen to twenty miles from the sea, having an altitude of 500 feet, the disagreeable winds and dense fogs are almost entirely avoided.

The summer time is even more pleasant than the winter. During the summers so far spent here, there have been exceedingly few days when the heat has been uncomfortable in the shade. The summer days average vastly cooler than in either the east or Middle West, and as far the nights, the comparison with the steaming hot nights experienced in the summer in most parts of the East is extraordinary in contrast. The comparatively low humidity renders even the highest mid-day temperatures entirely tolerable, while the mornings and evenings and especially the nights are always deliciously cool and bracing throughout the entire summer, requiring at least one heavy blanket for comfortable sleeping.

A distinguished educator has this to say: "The conditions which caused me in 1898 to prefer Alhambra to any other place must continue to appeal to new comers: A high standard of intelligence, an uncommon appreciation of the things in life that are worth while, and a fine moral and intellectual tone not usual in rural communities, besides the obvious physical advantages possessed by this location,

including the nearness to the big city and the consequent availability of whatever attractions the city had to offer, beauty of nearby groves and of shaded streets, besides the majesty of an extensive arc of mountains, an abundance of pure soft water, a healthful altitude, and with all Southern California has in common, cool summers, warm winters, the dry and pure air, and an average of considerable more than three hundred clear days of sunshine in the year. Although my work has for four years been in and around Los Angeles city, my home is still Alhambra. "There's a Reason."

An extensive traveller puts it this way: "My reply as to why I selected Alhambra as my permanent home is briefly thus: The proximity to Los Angeles, the good water and pure air and freedom from noise, dust and smoke, together with good schools and absence of saloons, induced me to locate in Alhambra. After years of travel, both abroad and in this country, north, south, east and west, I find that this location is the most desirable on account of the climate, especially the delightful summer climate, and also the beautiful panoramic lay of the Sierra Madre mountains which gives us continually changing atmospheric views and beautiful sunsets unsurpassed anywhere in the valley. Notwithstanding the fact that there are many good locations, for the valley is choice, yet Alhambra has the kernel or heart of the valley. We have nearly everything on this earth that man can wish to secure for home comforts. We can, in a few hours, reach the mountain summit and wade in snow. Or we can pluck roses and eat fruits and fresh vegetables the year round. We can go bathing, boating, fishing and sailing, at the ocean beaches nearly every day in the year. To sum it all up—Living in Alhambra is mighty near perfection."

WEST ALHAMBRA

A pioneer resident of the west side of the city has written:

"West Alhambra, now extending to Huntington Drive, and including the trolley station at Sierra Vista and a desirable section of Alhambra, only seven years ago was a great vineyard, the center of the old San Gabriel Vintage Company's holdings, and at that time was covered with orchards of orange, lemon and limes, and

with vineyards, whose vintage was world renowned.

"The beauty of hill and valley and rolling landscape still remain and added to it are grand boulevards, broad streets and drives improved with macadam road beds, cement walks and curbs.

"Beautiful villas, Swiss chalets and dainty bungalows, each with its generous breathing space of lawn, garden and shade and all surrounded by a moral and intelligent community. Could a place be found more ideal in which to pass our allotted time on this earth? Our citizens answer emphatically. No."

Ramona Park, in the southern part of Alhambra, comprises a platting of one hundred and fifty acres with broad macadamized streets and parkways ornamented with a variety of palms and other shade trees, wide deep lots, restricted so as to prohibit the erection of undesirable buildings. Ramona Park is one of the beauty spots of Alhambra with a forever unobstructed view of the snow-clad range of Sierras on the north—grand, inspiring and majestic. On the south the beautiful range of Puente and Montebello hills through the passes of which sweep the balmy trade winds of summer, tempering the sun's rays. Here, within the sound of the old Mission bells of San Gabriel, is an ideal home spot of Alhambra, located on the Covina branch of the Pacific Electric carline, 17 minutes ride from Main street, Los Angeles.

A FEW PERTINENT QUERIES ANSWERED

The Secretary of the Board of Trade Receives Many Interesting Inquiries Regarding the Climate, and Alhambra as a City of Homes and Business Opportunities

In the correspondence received by the Secretary of the Board of Trade many interesting questions are asked, a few of which with the answers made are given as follows:

The San Gabriel Mission

"Will you please give the exact location of the San Gabriel Mission, directions for reaching the same and a brief description of the mission and historic grapevine?"

The old Mission is located on the eastern



The National Bank of Alhambra

border of Alhambra just outside the city limits; was one of the first established on the Pacific coast and was founded by four Franciscan Fathers in 1771. The old adobe structure stands with all its original walls still intact excepting a portion in the rear of the main building which has crumbled away beyond repair. Services are held regularly every Sunday in the main church, which seats about 300, and a congregation numbering about that many and composed of Americans and Spanish attend. The building is opened daily for the inspection of visitors and tourists amounting to fully 50,000 every year.

The scene of part of Helen Hunt Jackson's novel "Ramona," a very popular story, is laid at this beautiful San Gabriel Mission.

One block west of the Mission in the "patio" of a modern building is the largest and oldest known grapevine in the world. This vine was planted by the Franciscan Fathers 135 years ago.

"Have you a public library? If so, how large?"

We "point with pride" to our public library, opened in 1906 and now having over 8,000 volumes, and 2500 citizens on its roll of readers. The attractive reading room is used by more than 1000 monthly for reading and study, while the home circulation averages 3500 a month. The library is in charge of a trained librarian and assistant and is open to the public six days in the week from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Alhambrians appreciate the fact that they have the last word in books of science and discovery, the highest in literature, research, and the arts, the most up-to-date in the social sciences and reform, while our fiction collection is representative of the best in old and new, and the reading room is supplied with a choice selection of the best current magazines. Every effort is made by the Library Board and staff to keep up this high standard of books, in answer to the needs of our wide-awake and cultivated community.

"What is the population of Alhambra, and the increase during the past decade?"

In 1900—808. In 1910—5027. Gain 522%, more than any other city in California of less than 10,000 population. Now, April 1, 1912—more than 6500.

"Give cost of gas and electricity."

Gas—80 cents per thousand, pay for what is consumed. Electricity—eight and one-half cents per kilowatt hour for residences, less for street lighting and for large consumers. Minimum per month—fifty cents.

"What is the soil? What will it produce?"

Medium sandy loam and disintegrated granite, the wash from the mountains for ages past. No adobe, very fertile, good for lawn, garden, and truck farming the year round. Fine for all citrus and nearly all deciduous fruits.

"Give source of water supply, and water rates."

The water, pure and soft, is a prize, direct from flowing wells in the foothills supplied by mountain water sheds. 1300 cubic feet cost \$1.25 per month. Ample supply for one family with lawn and garden. Larger amounts at greatly reduced rates.

"What about the sand storms and fleas?"

In Alhambra, because of its location in the valley, there is very little wind strong enough to blow off your hat, hence rarely enough to cause a "dust storm." This cannot be said of other localities even within a few miles of our city. No fleas or other objectionable insects in Alhambra. They may be found in sandy and less fertile sections.

"Does not the long drought kill all the trees and vegetation unless abundantly irrigated?"

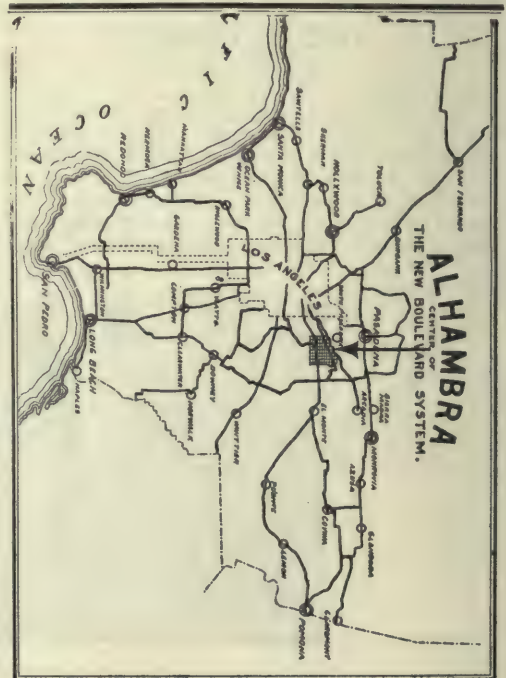
Most certainly not. All of the native trees, including the majestic live oak, the towering eucalyptus, the ornamental acacias, the historic pepper, the orange and lemon, the firs, the pines, the palms, the camphor and magnolia, etc., are in green leaf the year round with or without irrigation, besides nearly all the roses and other flowering shrubs and vines, which are continuously green with but little sprinkling or irrigation.

"I am interested to know something of your public improvements and car service to Los Angeles."

Three electric car lines, one on Huntington Drive, one on Main street, and the other through Ramona Park, also the main trans-continental line of the Southern Pacific railway and its Monrovia and Pasadena branches all connect Alhambra with Los Angeles. Shorb Station, where all Pasadena passengers change cars, is in Alhambra.

"How do you reach Alhambra from Los Angeles?"

Take San Gabriel or Alhambra trolley car at the depot, Sixth and Main streets, or anywhere on Main street between First and Fifth streets. Fare, round trip, 25 cents, or 15 cents if commutation ticket is used, 7 1-2 cents one way.



CENTER OF BOULEVARD SYSTEM

The map correctly shows how Alhambra is centrally located in a fine boulevard system. Huntington Drive extends for two miles along the north and west border of our city. The Alhambra road, a delightful speedway, passes through the northern portion; and the Mission Road, an improved boulevard, traverses the city within two blocks of the business center. Still further south the San Bernardino Road is laid through Ramona Park, a fine residence section of Alhambra. In addition to these fine auto roads, Main Street, the central highway, ninety feet wide, crossing the business section of the city for over three miles, is now completed with granite macadam, making in all five parallel thoroughfares, a total of over fifteen miles leading directly into Los Angeles.

The ocean to ocean highway, the National boulevard from Los Angeles to New York

city, recently projected and to be rushed to completion, passes through Alhambra putting our city on the map for all time. Alhambra has a grand total of nearly fifty miles of streets and boulevards about ninety four per cent of which are well improved with macadam pavements, concrete gutters, cement sidewalks and parkways well cleaned and maintained in fine condition adding greatly to the pleasure of auto joy riding every day in the year.

Fellow home-seekers, do not try to read it all in print—you never can. Come and see for yourself this wonderful Homeland. To see is to believe—you may doubt before seeing, as many do. At least write us freely asking any questions.

Address all correspondence to

THE ALHAMBRA BOARD OF TRADE

Alhambra, California.

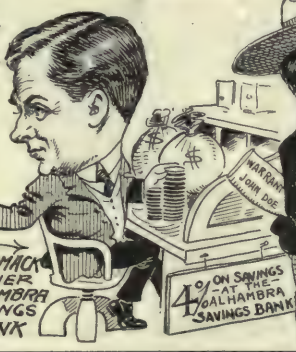


Some More of Alhambra's Boosters

R.M. WOOLPERT VICE PRES.
GEN'L. MGR. AND CHIEF OWNER
ALHAMBRA
CONSTRUCTION
Co. AND A
"LIVE ONE"

DR. G.P. WARING - THE
LIVEST BOARD OF TRADE
SECRETARY IN SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA.
HIS ORIGINAL LITERARY
EFFORTS HAVE INDUCED
THOUSANDS TO REMAIN IN
ALHAMBRA.
HIS MOTTO - "NEVER, NEVER
GO BACK HOME"

R.G. FIELD, THE
BIG REALTY MAN
OF ALHAMBRA
AND THE
"KING BEE"
BOOSTER OF
THE
COMMUNITY



These Progressive Citizens of Alhambra never quit Boosting



O.P. BALDWIN
REALTY Co.
ALHAMBRA
HOMES AND
SAN GABRIEL
LANDS

WATCH US
GROW
BOOST
INK

O.M. CAULK
ALHAMBRA'S
EFFICIENT
CLERK &
ASSESSOR

ASST
ROLL

BOOST THE
PROPERTY
INSIDE
CITY RECORDS

W.F. CRAIG
OF
EVERDON-
CRAIG CO.
GROCERIES
AND
MEAT
BOARD OF TRADE
MEMBER AND A
GOOD
BOOSTER

C.W. ALLEN OF
ALHAMBRA
FURNITURE
AND
UNDERTAKING
CO.
THE SQUARE
DEAL
PAYS
MR. ALLEN
IS HIGH UP
IN THE
MASONIC
ORDER

DR. F.B.
ELWOOD
PROPRIETOR
ELWOOD
DRUG
CO.
PURE
DRUGS

C.E. STRIFLER
PRESIDENT
ALHAMBRA
GARAGE
AGT FOR
E.M.F.
FLANDERS
ABBOTT-DETROIT 44
REO, BRUSH AND
MOORE AND
A PROGRESSIVE
CITIZEN

DR. W.C.B.
JAYNES
CITY
RECORDER

R.W. JARECKI PROP
AND GENL MGR.
GARFIELD FEED AND
FUEL CO. AND A
DECIPLE OF PERSISTENT
BOOSTING

S.D. CROW OF
CROW AND
DRAKE
LIVE
GROCERS
AND AN
OLD TIME
BOOSTING
CITIZEN

E.A. NEIGER
PRESIDENT
ALHAMBRA
FEED AND FUEL
CO. WHO BOOSTS
FOR GRATER
ALHAMBRA

R.H. BLACKLEDGE
CITY ENGINEER
AND
STREET
SUPT AND
BOOSTER FOR
PROGRESS

F.T. OLSON
PRESIDENT
ALHAMBRA
LUMBER
CO.

THEODORE
PEDERSEN

JOSEPH
SERVAS
OF THE
ORIGINAL
GARAGE
ONE OF
THE YOUNG
BOOSTERS

OUR MOTTO
NEVER STOP
BOOSTING
FOR
ALHAMBRA

AND
M.C. MADSEN
OWNERS OF
THE
ALHAMBRA
WALL PAPER
AND PAINT
CO.
THEY ARE EARNEST
BOOSTERS FOR THE COMMUNITY

DR. F.D.
SIMONS
WHO THINKS
FOR ED-
UCATIONAL
RESIDENTIAL
ADVANTAGES
ALHAMBRA IS
MOST
DESIRABLE

BOOST

P. J. 1914

Cartoon Sketches of Some Boosters and Builders of Alhambra

Glendale

The City of Beautiful Homes



By J. C. Sberer
Editor of the Glendale News



IN writing of the Mission days and the Missions, it has been noted by all the authorities that the instinct of the padres who founded these stations on the California coast from whence they sallied against the Powers of Darkness, was unerring in that they always chose the best lands, the well watered valleys for their work of development and upbuilding. They were never far from either the sea or the mountains and in Southern California within easy reach of the splendid foot hills that dip down in undulating waves, hillocks and mesas from the Sierras towards the sea. So it was in the beginning of the development of the state that the peculiar attractiveness and richness of the slopes near

over one of the most beautiful of the many scenic routes followed by the Pacific Electric lines out of Los Angeles. Tropic begins at the crossing of the Southern Pacific Railway and is about a mile wide. Its northern boundary line is the southern boundary of the CITY OF GLENDALE, which stretches for a distance of three miles northward on up over the Verdugo mountains and into the Verdugo canyon, a recent annexation giving the ambitious city, territory sparsely settled but important as within it lies the source of the water supply of Glendale and vicinity.

The "Town of Glendale" was platted in 1887, when the great boom in real estate was nearing its unhappy end. About that time the old



A Street of Fine Bungalows designed and built by Roy L. Kent

the foot of the mountains, "the foothill country," became known and grew in appreciation among the thousands who have traveled hither to see for themselves whether the half was told of truth or if all was a poet's dream. Arriving in Los Angeles the traveler who first opens his eyes to the view before him, must in the nature of the case lift them towards the sky line of the nearby mountains which not merely attract but compel his attention. Going northward from the city he passes over or by the great highway laid out by the padres leading from San Diego to the bay of San Francisco, and when just beyond the city limits, some six or seven miles from the Court House, he is in the San Fernando valley in the neighborhood of Tropic, a small incorporated city just about a year old. He reaches this point probably by traveling

Terminal Railway Company, two miles above Glendale, passing through the town, was the main factor in bringing in at that time a number of settlers. A large hotel (now the Sanitarium) was built, a number of houses put up by speculators and lots sold at prices averaging \$500, which in the years intervening between the collapse of that period of inflation and the beginning of the present chapter of prosperity, sold in some instances for a price as low as \$50. In 1906 the Pacific Electric was completed, linking Glendale with Los Angeles running through a few blocks west of the original town on up to Casa Verdugo and La Ramada at the mountain's base. This section built up very rapidly and now Brand Boulevard, along the line of the railway, has about two blocks of business houses, mostly two story brick structures

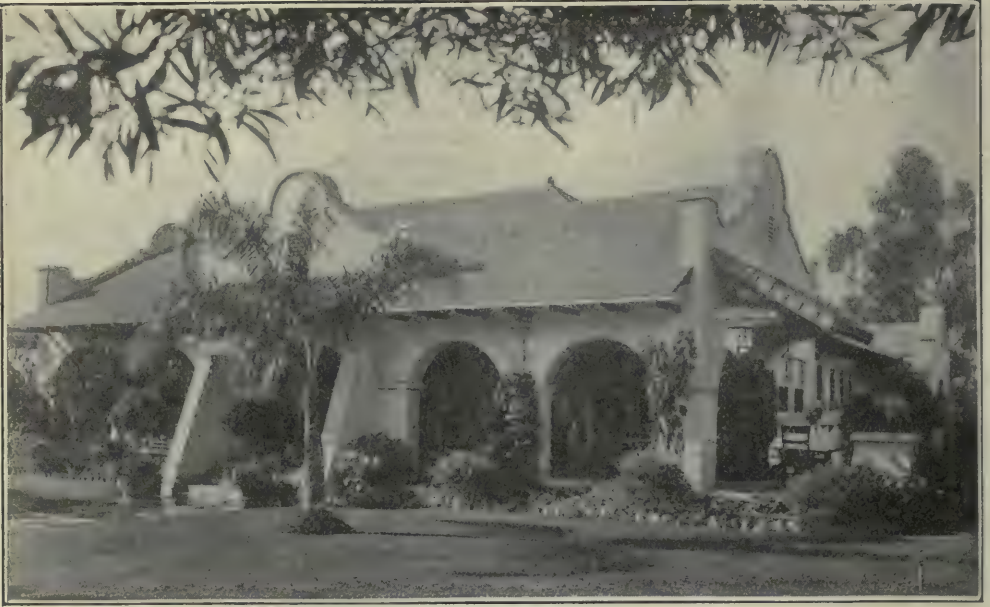
tenanted by establishments of various kinds doing a growing business. A cross-town car line reaching from Brand Boulevard in Glendale to Eagle Rock, two miles eastward, connects the east and west sides of town along Fourth street, which thoroughfare will in the opinion of many be the business center of the future Glendale, a number of business blocks being located there now. Glendale avenue is the principal street on the East, business establishments clustering there around the intersection

of Glendale avenue and Fourth street as on the west side they are collected in the neighborhood of Brand Boulevard and Fourth street. On the extreme eastern line of the city is Verdugo Road, the main thoroughfare through the valley from north to south, connecting Los Angeles with the attractive and growing towns of La Crescenta and La Canada.

The County Roads system passes through Glendale in both directions, Sixth street being a part of the great thoroughfare that leads from



Brand Boulevard, North from Fourth Street



Casa Verdugo, California's Famous Spanish Restaurant

the mountains in the eastern part of the county to the sea, passing through Pasadena and the foothill region.

Another section of this system comes down from the La Canada valley and passes through Glendale by way of Verdugo Road or Glendale

avenue to Los Angeles. The great Owens River aqueduct system will cover the region about Glendale as the main artery of that water supply on its way to Los Angeles passing down the valley enters the city within a mile of Glendale's center. Touching on the subject of water,



Court at Casa Verdugo



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a vital question in all communities, the supply in Verdugo Canyon which meets the necessities of this rapidly growing section, is considered to be ample for many years to come and its quality is of the best. Much of it at present is in use for irrigation of the extensive orchards of orange and lemon which are found in and about Glendale, four large packing houses being required to handle the product of these orchards. In the earlier days of the settlement there were hundreds of acres devoted to deciduous fruit trees, but the encroachments of the homebuilder

and the conversion of acreage into town lots has greatly depleted the orchards.

The City of Glendale

As a municipality Glendale is six years old and from the date of its birth as a city of the sixth class, its progress has been rapid. Over twenty miles of streets have been improved by the rock and petrolithic process, almost every street of importance in the city being in fine condition. A city hall has just been completed at a cost of \$18,000.



Union High School

Schools

The Union High School erected two years ago, an imposing and ornamental structure built at a cost of \$60,000 and the demands upon its accommodations are increasing so rapidly that an addition to it is now contemplated. An Intermediate school costing \$40,000 is now in course of construction. Three grammar schools are within the city limits and a fourth in the district outside is being planned.

No district in the county ranks higher for the character of its educational institutions.

Churches

All of the best known denominations have churches here and indicating the rapid growth of the community in general is that of their congregations. The Presbyterians have recently dedicated a fine building costing \$7,500. A Baptist church to cost about \$15,000 is now in course of construction and the buildings of other denominations are feeling the pressure of the necessity of enlarging to meet the demand.

Societies

Nearly all of the secret societies and fraternal orders have lodges in Glendale. The ladies have the Tuesday Afternoon Club and the Maids and Matrons, both societies holding meetings in the beautiful rooms of the Country Club on Brand Boulevard. The latter organization is just now in a flourishing condition having recently added a bowling alley and other attractions.

The city of Glendale has been fortunate since its inception in having at its head a good selection of representative citizens who have been at all times imbued with the spirit of progress and alive to the fact that their official actions were not for the present needs only but must be dictated by the requirements of the great future which they absolutely believe is the destiny of the city. Their action in pushing the recent annexation matter whereby they acquired municipal control of the Verdugo Canyon just north of the city so as to conserve and protect the water supply is an example of their farsightedness in looking out for the future welfare. The moral tone of the people is exceptionally high; saloons and pool rooms are barred.

Climatically conditions in this section are ideal. The low Los Feliz hills and Griffith Parks higher elevations break the force of the ocean breezes but do not cut them off, so that extremes of even the mild California variety, are rarely experienced. Glendale is just far enough from the mountains on the one hand and the great city on the other to form a happy combination, affording to its residents access easily to

the beauties of nature or to the refinements of the city. Naturally it attracts many home seekers among the city toilers who find that with excellent car service they are no further from their daily duties than when within the limits of the city where they are employed during the day while nights and Sundays permit them to enjoy "the comforts of home" in attractive surroundings removed from the environment which sometimes makes daily duty pall. Along the foothills above and within the limits of Glendale are many beautiful homes belonging to people who can afford to pay for the luxury of a view that takes in the beautiful sweep of the valley to the north, south and west. At the terminus of the car line at the base of Mount Verdugo is that famous resort "Casa Verdugo" where on the spot where in the early days "before the Gringo came" was the hospitable home of one of the members of the Verdugo family, the visitor can enjoy a gastronomical reminder of the days when hospitality was a fine art and the viands were flavored with the aromatic spices of old Spain. Pondering over the picture suggested by the recital of the unvarnished facts presented above, one can see a reason for the phenomenal growth of the little city of Glendale, starting six years ago with about 1200 people and now numbering within its limits about six thousand persons. One can understand also why an enthusiast residing within the pale speaks of his home city as "Glendale the Beautiful" and as lying at the "Gateway of Opportunity."

THE LAND OF HOME

By J. C. Sberer

*The East Wind blew from the caves of the sea,
And crept through my marrow bone,
While the North Wind pierced through the soul
of me,
Straight launched from the polar one.
Then I turned my back on the East Wind chill,
And bent to the Northern blast,
While they drove me west and south until
The continent's breadth was passed.
But the East Wind slunk to its bleak sea cave
And the fierce North Wind grew tame,
While I found myself where the pulsing wave
Of the world's great ocean came
And beat on the shore of the world's out edge
Which dips to the setting sun.
While the towering mountains gaurd and bedge,
And streams to the ocean run.
Then I gave God thanks for the mountain wall,
And the blue sky's lofty dome,
And no more my soul shall the winds appall,
For here is the land of Home!*



Glendale Country Club



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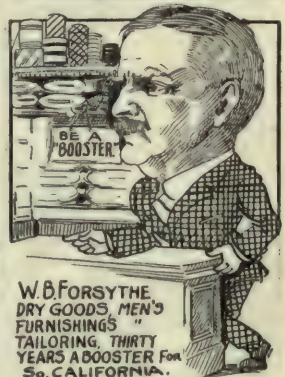


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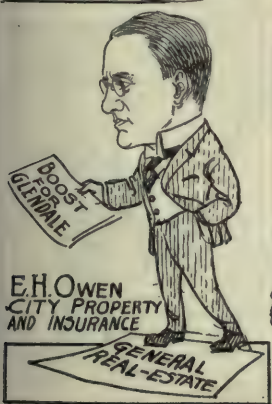
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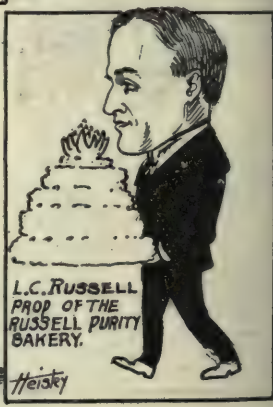
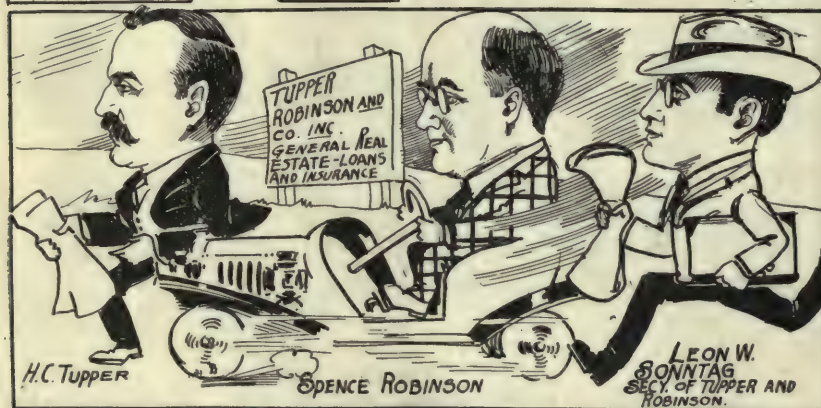
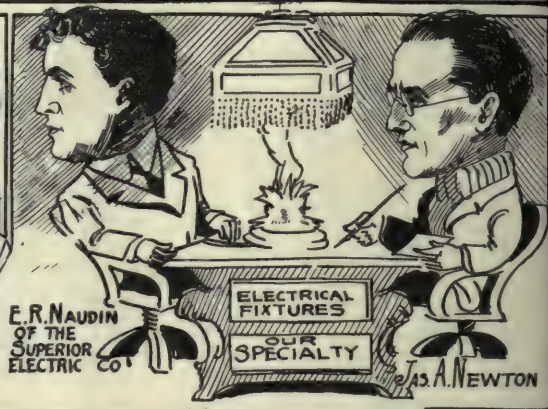
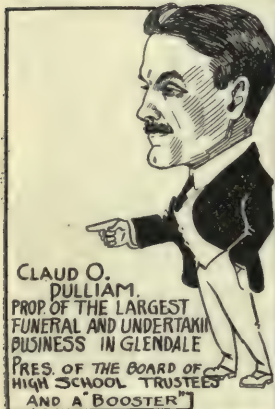
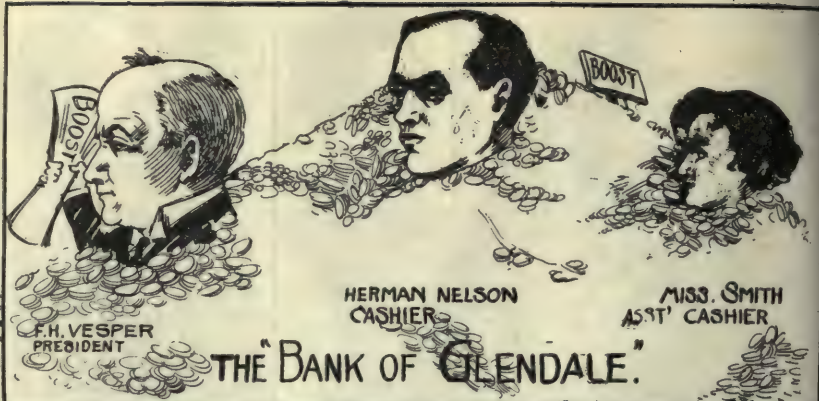
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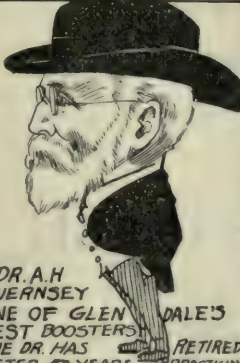
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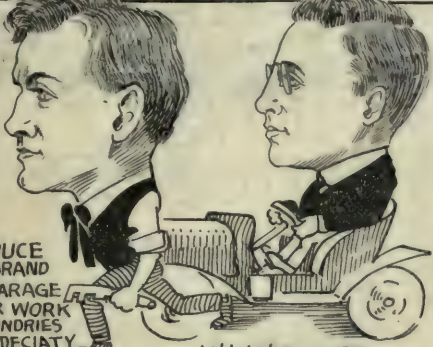
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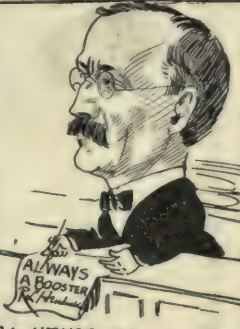
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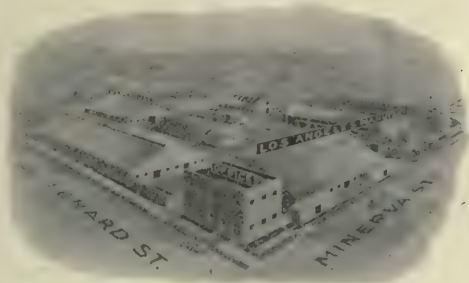
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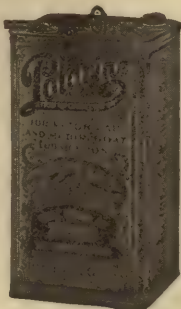
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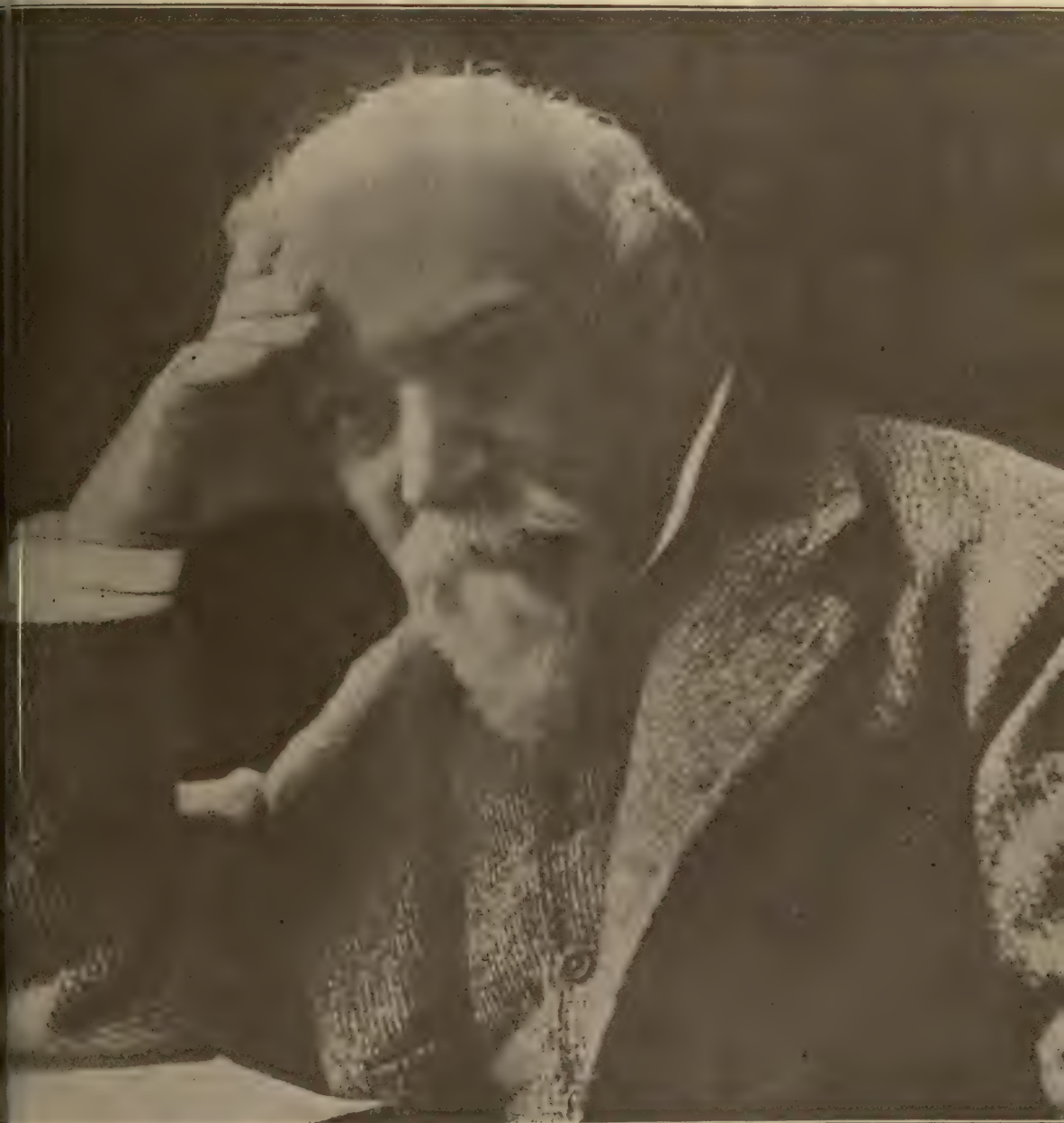
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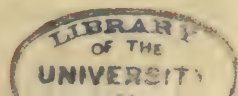
OUT WEST

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, Editor



THE ROBERT BROWNING CENTENARY NUMBER

MAY, 1912



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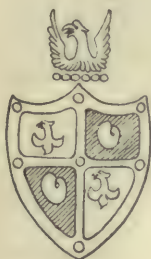
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New Series Vol. 3

MAY, 1912

Number 5

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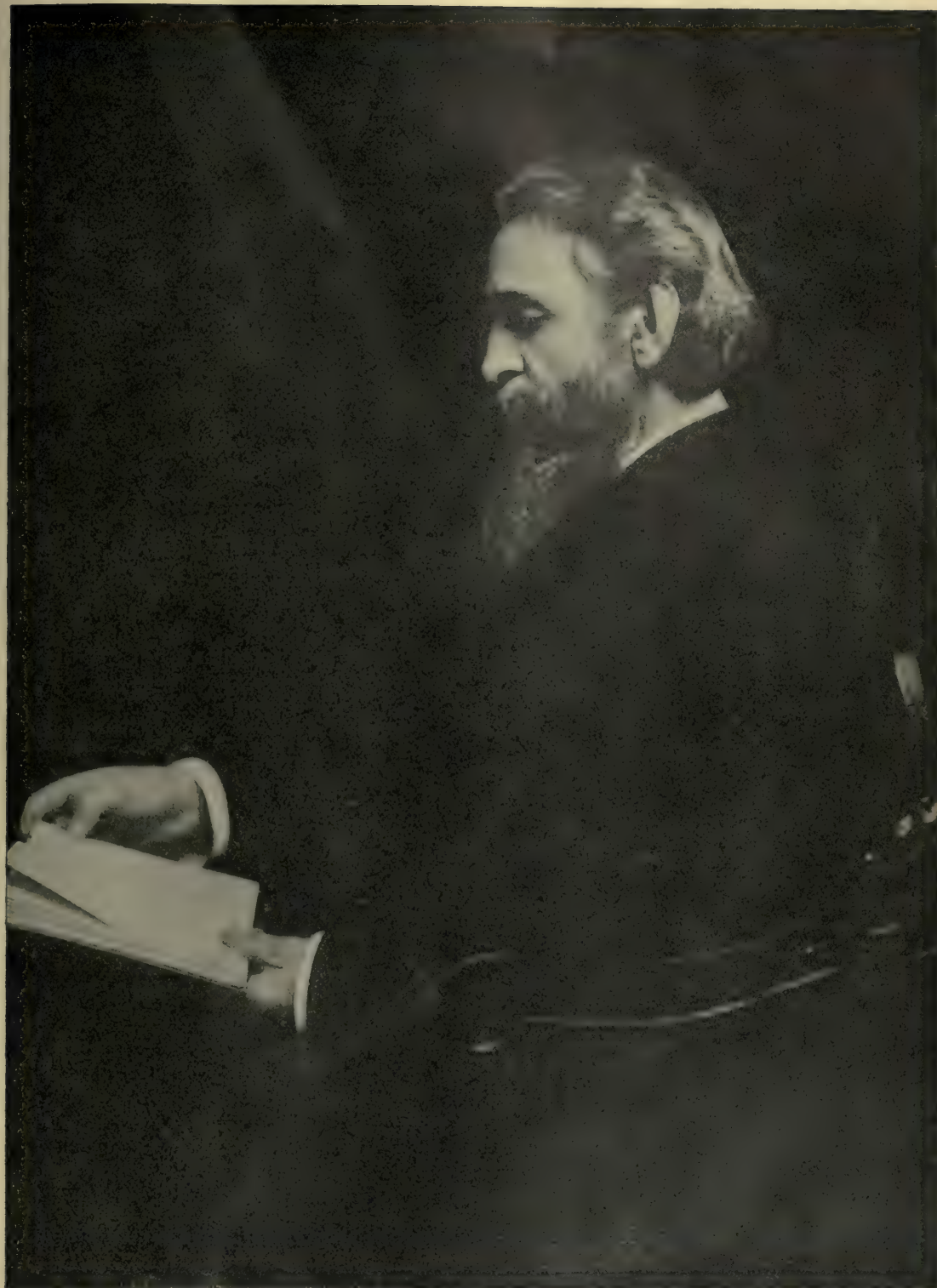
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(Photograph by Anna Frances Levins, N. Y.)

George Wharton Jones

George Wharton James

The New Editor of "OUT WEST."



By Henry Meade Bland

*Professor of English Literature at the State Normal
School, San Jose, Cal.*

ONE MAN is doing more to preserve California literary traditions, and to foster Western letters, to search the highways and the byways for the relics of both obscure and great writers, to record the fast-disappearing story of the lives of California literary people, than any other individual. He is a sort of California Taine. He has one of the largest private collections of California prose and poetry on the Coast. He knows personally more Western makers of books than any other man. He has himself written as many books as the average high literary light. One big volume a year is his output, and this besides all his travel and lecturing. Possessed with the demon, wanderlust, he is here, there, everywhere at once and is therefore continually in touch with literary people.

This man, George Wharton James, has had some handicaps in the life race in which he has done so valiantly. Ill-health from boyhood hindered many a plan. The jealousy of enemies who, because of his frankness and spontaneity and unorthodox thought have been strong against him, has stood in his way. His impetuosity in attempting tasks beyond the possibility of human endeavor has often clouded popular view of his work; yet in spite of all this he is now one of the remarkable personalities of the West.

It is interesting to note how well nature has educated and prepared him for his favorite work—literary appreciation. When she makes a real student she endows him with instincts for the primitive. Therefore she makes him simple, loving, child-like. Such a man is really not at his best in society, but in the wilderness, among the mountains, by the sea, or companioning with a mighty river. Here free from the conventional, alone with the universe, he becomes the prophet and creates his message for man. George Wharton James has felt the divine impulse,—talked with the Universal in the lonely desert, by the mighty rivers of the Titanic west. Here he has been constituted one of the world's great reporters; and Truth has smiled upon him from the dashings of the Colorado River, from the sublime abysses of the Grand Canyon, and from the wierd solitudes of the desert. Yet, strange to say, this man is the president of one of the most important literary clubs of the South West—the Browning Club of Pasadena—which he founded, and on the occasion of the recent Centenary of the great poet's birth, he presided at luncheon and at afternoon and evening gatherings with all the ease, dignity and *savoir faire* of an accomplished man of the world. It is this many-sidedness of Dr. James's mentality and accomplishments that make him a surprise even to those who know him best. For he is equally at home in a score of different roles, and when you have seen him in these roles and think that you know him well, he suddenly surprises you by the accidental revelation of some other field of life-activity with which he is equally versed and familiar.

The divinely appointed writer has an eye for everything. Every thought he carefully and accurately pigeon-holes in his brain to the end that he may make it tell its story to mankind. The mountain, the tree, the river, the ruined mansion are music in his soul, and magically he makes all do his bidding. With a splendid ideal James would compel all to give up their story.

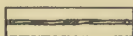
Herbert Spencer has reduced the arts and sciences to the formula of evolution. Shakespeare recorded the world of emotion. Edison would harness the forces of nature to the end that man shall be no longer a slave. Burbank would rob nature of her secrets to the end that the tree and flower or fruit may multiply its bounty and beauty. George Wharton James would report the innermost reaction of the world upon his own soul.

Hence he is no sooner in the presence of a theme than he longs to detail it on the printed page. Thus he unfolds the desert and its strange beauties and glories; he revels in the story of the mighty canyon, he catches the dying mission with his camera and trails in a multitude of pages its quaint history. He searches every cranny of a young literature, that no line of inspiration may be lost; no trace of its rhythm fade away. He spends weeks, months with the primitive aborigines of the Southwest and familiarizes himself with their life history, traditions, ceremonies and handicraft. He fellowships with wild animals and discovers that they respond to the kinship love. He enters into the lives of his fellows—whether rich or poor, educated or illiterate, good or bad,—and with the deep sympathy of knowledge sets before them his ideal in living the Radiant Life. Passing so much time alone in the solitudes, he has learned to listen to the Higher Voices and when he compares their teaching with much of our modern civilization, he sees its futility and inadequacy to meet the spiritual demands of the race. This gives to his public utterances at times a didactic quality which the editor of "Current Literature" has compared with the titanic forces of Tolstoi. No subject seems too subtle for his pen. Whether it is the problem of Jacques Loeb, or of Luther Burbank, or the divine afflatus of Joaquin Miller, each is alike food for his ravenous mind. He is at home with the child or the college president and each falls in the same way under the scrutiny of his mind. How well he accomplishes this the hundreds of pages of his sixteen or seventeen volumes and the scores of magazine articles from his pen must tell. There are those that think he is at his best in "In and Out of the Old Missions," others in "The Grand Canyon of the Colorado"; others value him as an exponent of California literature and its makers; but to my mind "The Heroes of California" is best of all.

He has a contempt for the merely academic in literature, and is no stylist. Hence the petty critic fails to understand him. His ideal of style is a transparent telling of the truth. Self-assertive in the highest degree, he is the only man I know of who in dealing with his fellows actually lives the doctrine of non-resistance. Imperfections he has, but they are impulsive and unintentional. Sorrows, heart-rending, he has had, but he has lived them down and is the personification of his own teachings of living the life of cheerfulness.

One sits amazed at the amount of his nervous energy and at the sum of his physical accomplishments. One week he is in a lumber camp high on the mountains among the redwoods in a battle against recurrence of the ill-health he must fight down; the next week he is battling valiantly for prison reform, rounding up a literary theme, or completing a book-manuscript. He is equally at home in helping Elbert Hubbard organize his summer school or as associate editor of the "Craftsman", where he was at work during the most vital period of this magazine's career. Such has been Dr. James's preparation for the intensified literary environment in which he now finds himself.

He has reached that round in his life work the heart of which is to be his monumental work on California Literature, where he can do his best writing, and as editor of the new "Out West" much may confidently be expected of him, for he is to be of yet greater and greater service to the literary world, and to the great mass of his fellow men.



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The Wolves of the Sea.

By Herbert Bashford

*From dusk until dawn they are hurrying on,
Unfettered and fearless they flee;
From morn until eve they plunder and thief—
The hungry, white wolves of the Sea.*

*With never a rest, they race to the west,
To the Orient's rim do they run;
By the berg and the floe of the northland they go
And away to the isles of the sun.*

*They wail at the moon from the desolate dune
Till the air has grown dank with their breath;
They snarl at the stars from the treacherous bars
Of the coasts that are haunted by Death.*

*They grapple and bite in a keen, mad delight
As they feed on the bosom of Grief;
And one steals away to a cave with his prey,
And one to the rocks of the reef.*

*With the froth on their lips they follow the ships,
Each striving to lead in the chase;
Since loosed by the hand of the King of their band
They have known but the rush of the race.*

*They are shaggy and old, yet as mighty and bold
As when God's freshest gale set them free;
Not a sail is unfurled in a port of the world
But is prey for the wolves of the Sea.*

From "At the Shrine of Song."

By kind permission of Whittaker-Ray-Wiggins Co., San Francisco.



The Memorial Cross at Donner Lake.

OUT WEST

M A Y

1912

The Donner Party *and its* Tragic Fate.



By Eliza P. Donner Houghton



Donner Lake, Sierra Nevada Mountains, California.

IN ALL the tragedies of California's early history there is none more terrible than the fate that befell the Donner party on their imprisonment in the snow of the Sierra Nevadas after their wearisome journey over the plains of Utah and Nevada. And I, a child then, scarcely four years of age,

was too young to do more than watch and suffer with other children the lesser privations of our snow-beleagured camp; and with them survive, because the fathers and mothers hungered in order that the children might live.

Scenes of loving care and tenderness were emblazoned on my mind. Scenes

of anguish, pain, and dire distress were branded on my brain during days, weeks and months of famine,—famine which reduced the party from eighty-one souls to forty-five survivors, before the heroic relief-men from the settlements could accomplish their mission of humanity.*

Who better than survivors know the heart-rending circumstances of life and death in those mountain camps? Yet who can wonder that tenderest recollections and keenest heartaches silenced

told of acts of brutality, inhumanity, and cannibalism, attributed to those starved parents, who in life had shared their last morsels of food with hopeless companions?

Who can wonder that I then resolved that, "When I grow to be a woman I shall tell the story of my party so clearly that no one can doubt its truth?" Who can doubt that my resolve has been ever kept fresh in mind, by eager research for verification and by diligent communi-



Eliza P. Donner Houghton

their quivering lips for many years; and left opportunities for false and sensational details to be spread by morbid collectors of food for excitable brains, and for prolific historians who too readily accepted exaggerated and unauthentic versions as true statements?

Who can wonder at my indignation and grief in little girlhood, when I was

cation with older survivors, and rescuers sent out to our relief, who answered my many questions and cleared my obscure points?

In 1845 keen attention was centered upon California as a new and desirable home for American citizens though it was then under Mexican rule.

With the approaching Winter of 1845 popular interest in the great territory to the west of us spread to our community. Maps and reports were eagerly studied. Prominent among these works were "Travels Among the Rocky Mountains,

*This article is mainly compiled from Mrs. Eliza P. Donner Houghton's new book "The Expedition of the Donner Party and Its Tragic Fate," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.



The Donner Caravan Attacked by Indians.

Through Oregon and California," by Lansford W. Hastings, and also the "Typographical Report, with Maps Attached," by Captain Fremont.

Mr. James F. Reed, a well-known resident of Springfield, was among those who urged the formation of a company to go directly from Sangamon County to California. Intense interest was manifested; and had it not been for the widespread financial depression of that year, a large number would have gone from that vicinity. The great cost of equipment, however, kept back many who desired to make the long journey.

As it was, James F. Reed, his wife and four children, and Mrs. Keyes, the mother of Mrs. Reed; Jacob Donner, his wife, and seven children; and George Donner, his wife and five children; also their teamsters and camp assistants,—thirty-two persons all told,—constituted the first emigrant party from Illinois to California. The plan was to join the Oregon caravan at Independence, Missouri, continue with it to Fort Hall, and thence follow Fremont's route to the Bay of San Francisco.

Our party left Springfield, Thursday, April 15, 1846 and on the 11th of May we reached Independence, Mo.

It was then believed that at least seven thousand emigrant wagons would go West, through Independence, that season. Obviously the journey should be made while pasturage and water continued plentiful along the route. Our little party at once determined to overtake Colonel Russell and apply for admission to his train, and for that purpose we resumed travel early on the morning of May twelfth.

Our party traveled with Colonel Russell's caravan until nearing Fort Laramie, when a change in leadership occurred owing to the severe illness of Col. Russell. On the 19th of July, on reaching the Little Sandy river, a discussion was held as to dividing the party. Some were in favor of following the suggestions of Lansford W. Hastings which advised the taking of a cut-off he had discovered, by way of the south end of Salt Lake, thereby saving over two hundred miles. A party was formed to take the new route of which my father was elected captain, and from that time on it was known as the "Donner Party."

The "cut-off" turned out to be a great mistake and much retarded our progress. For instance one evening we were stopped

by a thicket of quaking asp, through which it required a full day's hard work to open a passageway. Thence our course lay through a wilderness of rugged peaks and rock-bound canyons until a heavily obstructed gulch confronted us. Believing that it would lead out to the Utah River Valley, our men again took their tools and became road makers. They had toiled six days, when W. F. Graves, wife and eight children; J. Fossdick, wife and child, and John Snyder, with their teams and cattle, overtook and joined our train. With the assistance of these three fresh men, the road, eight miles in length, was completed two days later. It carried us out into a pretty mountain dell, not the opening we had expected.

When the desert was reached we had a soul-trying time. We had been led to expect it was but fifty miles across. It turned out to be more than twice that distance. Disappointment intensified our burning thirst, and my good mother gave her own and other suffering children wee lumps of sugar, moistened with a drop of peppermint, and later put a

flattened bullet in each child's mouth to engage its attention and keep the salivary glands in action.

Then followed soul-trying hours. Oxen, footsore and weary, stumbled under their yokes. Women, heartsick and exhausted, could walk no farther. As a last resort, the men hung the water pails on their arms, unhooked the oxen from the wagons and by persuasion and force, drove them onward, leaving the women and children to await their return.

Thirty-six head of cattle were left on that desert, some dead, some lost. But our trying experiences here were but preparing us for sadder trials ahead. On the sixteenth of October we met Stanton, who had been sent ahead for help, returned from Sutter's Fort, with seven mules loaded with flour and jerked beef. This was near what is now Wadsworth, Nevada.

After perilous adventures from Indians we reached the fort of the Sierras, where two men returned from our party who were on ahead to tell us about the snow. They reported that on the twenty-eighth of that month the larger part



March of the caravans across the Western Plains.



Camp at Donner Lake, November, 1846.

of the train had reached a deserted cabin near Truckee Lake (the sheet of water now known as Donner Lake) at the foot of Frémont's Pass in the main chain of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The following morning they had proceeded to within three miles of the summit; but finding snow there five feet in depth, the trail obliterated, and no place for making camp, they were obliged to return to the spot they had left early in the day. There, they said, the company had assembled to discuss the next move, and great confusion prevailed as the excited members gave voice to their bitterest fears. Some proposed to abandon the wagons and make the oxen carry out the children and provisions; some wanted to take the children and rations and start out on foot; and some sat brooding in dazed silence through the long night.

The messengers further stated that on the thirtieth, with Stanton as leader, and despite the falling sleet and snow, the forward section of the party united in another desperate effort to cross the summit, but encountered deeper drifts and greater difficulties. As darkness crept over the whitened waste, wagons became separated and lodged in the snow; and

all had to cling to the mountainside until break of day, when the train again returned to its twice abandoned camp, having been compelled, however, to leave several of the wagons where they had become stalled. The report concluded with the statement that the men at once began log-cutting for cabins in which the company might have to pass the winter.

Of the suffering we endured at that camp who can form any conjecture? Words fail to convey adequate impressions of the truth. Short of food, with wretched shelter, shut in by the ever-falling snow, chilled not only by the intense cold of our physical surroundings, but with that subtle sense that warned us of the terrible fate that impended over so many of our number, what wonder that one by one some of the party succumbed and life ebbed away either in deep depression or happy delirium.

Our Camp having been thus depleted by death, Noah James, who had been one of my father's drivers, from Springfield until we passed out of the desert, now cast his lot with ours, and helped John Baptiste to dig for the carcasses of the cattle. It was weary work for

the snow was higher than the level of the guide marks, and at times they searched day after day and found no trace of hoof or horn. The little field mice that had crept into camp were caught then and used to ease the pangs of hunger. Also pieces of beef hide were cut into strips, singed, scraped, boiled to the consistency of glue, and swallowed with an effort; for no degree of hunger could make the saltless, sticky substance palatable. Marrowless bones which had already been boiled and scraped, were now burned and eaten, even the bark and twigs of pine were chewed in the vain effort to soothe the gnawings which made one cry for bread and meat.

During the bitterest weather we little ones were kept in bed, and my place was always in the middle where Frances and Georgia, snuggling up close, gave me of their warmth, and from them I learned many things which I could neither have understood nor remembered had they not made them plain.

Just one happy day is impressed upon my mind. It must have been after the first storm, for the snow bank in front of the cabin door was not high enough to keep out a little sunbeam that stole

down the steps and made a bright spot upon the floor. I saw it, and sat down under it, held it in my lap, passed my hand up and down in its brightness, and found that I could break its ray in two. In fact, we had quite a frolic. I fancied that it moved when I did, for it warmed the top of my head, kissed first one cheek and then the other, and seemed to run up and down my arm. Finally I gathered up a piece of it in my apron and ran to my mother. Great was my surprise when I carefully opened the folds and found that I had nothing to show, and the sunbeam I had left seemed shorter. After mother explained its nature, I watched it creep slowly up the steps and disappear.

Snowy Christmas brought us no "glad tidings," and New Year's Day no happiness. Yet, each bright day that followed a storm was one of thanksgiving, on which we all crept up the flight of snow steps and huddled about on the surface in the blessed sunshine, but with our eyes closed against its painful and blinding glare.

Once my mother took me to a hole where I saw smoke coming up, and she told me that its steps led down to Uncle



Arrival of the First Relief Party at the Donner Lake Camp, February 19, 1847.



Fremont's Pass, Sierra Nevada Mountains, California.

Jacob's tent, and that we would go down there to see Aunt Betsy and my little cousins.

I stooped low and peered into the dark depths. Then I called to my cousins to come to me, because I was afraid to go where they were. I had not seen them since the day we encamped. At that time they were chubby and playful, carrying water from the creek to their tent in small tin pails. Now, they were so changed in looks that I scarcely knew them, and they stared at me as at a stranger. So I was glad when my mother came up and took me back to our own tent, which seemed less dreary because I knew the things that were in it, and the faces about me.

On the 16th of December the "forlorn hope" consisting of fifteen men and women started, determined to force their way across the snowy summits. But at what a cost. Only seven reached the California haven. Of the sufferings of the others McGlashan has feelingly written and I have told the story in my book. The arrival of the survivors with their pitiful story aroused California and

in rapid succession several relief parties were organized. The deep snow, however, rendered the passage of the rescuers almost impossible, and in the meantime death had visited us in its most horrible form of starvation. That some of the survivors had to subsist on the flesh of the dead is a proof of the pitiful situation to which we were reduced.

Now came the third relief party to our aid. My mother might have been rescued but my poor father was so reduced by ill health and starvation that he was in a helpless condition, and though her maternal instincts called upon her to go with her children she refused to leave her dying husband. We were carried away and never saw her again. That night after our evening allowance of food we were stowed snugly between blankets in a snow trench near the summit of the Sierras, but were so hungry that we could hardly get to sleep, even after being told that more food would do us harm.

Early next morning we were again on the trail. I could not walk at all, and Georgia only a short distance at a time. So treacherous was the way that our

rescuers often stumbled into unseen pits, struggled among snow drifts, and climbed icy ridges where to slip or fall might mean death in the yawning depth below.

Near the close of this most trying day, Hiram M. Miller put me down, saying wearily, "I am tired of carrying you. If you will walk to that dark thing on the mountain-side ahead of us, you shall have a nice lump of sugar with your supper."

My position in the blanket had been so cramped that my limbs were stiff and the jostling of the march had made my body ache. I looked toward the object to which he pointed. It seemed a long way off; yet I wanted the sugar so much that I agreed to walk. The wind was sharp. I shivered, and at times could hardly lift my feet; often I stumbled and would have fallen had he not held my hand tightly, as he half led, half drew me onward. I did my part, however, in glad expectation of the promised bit of sweetness. The sun set before we reached our landmark, which was a felled and blackened tree, selected to furnish fuel for our night fire. When we children were given our evening allowance of food, I asked for my lump of sugar, and cried bitterly on being harshly

told there was none for me. Too disappointed and fretted to care for anything else, I sobbed myself to sleep.

It took several days to bring us in safely to Johnson's Ranch and finally to the home of Alcalde Sinclair, two and a half miles from Sutter's Fort. That hospitable house was over-crowded with earlier arrivals, but as it was too late for us to cross the river, sympathetic Mrs. Sinclair said that she would find a place for us. Having no bed to offer, she loosened the rag carpet from one corner of the room, had fresh straw put on the floor, and after supper, tucked us away on it, drawing the carpet over us in place of quilts.

We had bread and milk for supper that night, and the same good food next day. In the afternoon we were taken across the river in an Indian canoe. Then we followed the winding path through the tules to Sutter's Fort, where we were given over to our half-sisters by those heroic men who had kept their pledge to our mother and saved our lives.

Editorial Note: The remainder of Mrs. Donner-Houghton's story is graphically told in her recent book published by McClurg's, Chicago. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of Western history and should be found in every public school, and private library.



The Tri-Kiss

By Garrett Newkirk


*We have a curly headed boy
Whose years are only three,
The dearest treasure in the world
To some one—and to me.
Who, when the evening shadows fall,
And evening prayers are said,
Must have "a good, 'free' cornered kiss,"
Before he goes to bed.
"I wants to kiss you bofe at once,"
He says, with joyful glee,
So, with his arms about our necks,
We have the kiss of three.*

May Day

By Fannie Harley



*"Ho, the merry month of Maie
BR YNGS The daunce and blossoms gaie,
To make of life a holiday."*

OFT clouds and blue skies above, a carpet of green embroidered with a rainbow of flowers beneath, and wild birds singing out their paeans tell us once more that May, bedecked in emerald green bestudded with jewels of dew is here again in all her primal pomp and beauty, strewing the earth with flowers, presiding over the gardens, and showing us that it is really spring.

But there is something lacking in this magnificent scene. No human voice is lifted up in praise of the coming of the good Goddess of the Earth; no slender bare feet follow her in joyful dance through the tangled forests and glens, and save for the blood that springs up in the veins of the youngster like the sap in the maple, the birds and beasts alone herald the advent of May. Like a beautiful melody without words, or a flower without scent, or a face without soul is this divine awakening, without the appreciation of mankind. Not always was it so.

At an early period in England on the first morning of May the chieftan of his clan (and even Henry VIII and Catherine went a-Maying) summoned at daybreak by bugle loud and shrill his people to follow him in May-day pageant to the meadows. Here the hawthorn or May-flower was gathered and wreaths and garlands brought home to decorate the dwelling places. A May-pole, (in the East the symbol of kingly justice), the tallest and straightest tree in the forest, was cut down and stripped of its branches and bark, decorated with many vari-colored ribbons and hauled, amidst the shouts, singing, and dances of the enthusiastic Mayers, by twenty or forty oxen "each with a noseгаie," on his horn "to the centre of the town." Here it was set up, usually before the palace of the king. As if by magic

sprang up near by booths to furnish the holiday throng with food and drink and May-day trinkets. On a throne before the May-pole sat the chieftan of the people, while the graceful young people danced with mad delight around the May-pole. In truth a holiday!

The "merrie month of Maie" in England is still a carnival, but she has not quite recovered from the onslaught made by the grim visaged Puritans. The May-pole of the Strand, considered the largest and strongest in the world they called a "remnant of vile heathenism" and so strong was the opposition of the Puritans against the innocent May-pole dance that by Parliimentary ordinance it was swept away in 1664 and was not erected again till Charles II came to the throne, when a larger and more beautiful one was inaugurated with a general holiday, and a party of morrice dancers, bedecked with purple scarfs, danced around the pole to the music of the ancient pipe and tabor, while Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian performed wonderful antics.

Hanging bunches of flowering shrubs, hawthorn, or sycamore upon the doors of neighbors who by their good lives and kind acts deserved such recognition from their friends, is a custom still practiced in England. Pretty little May baskets used as a May offering in nearly all parts of the world is just a modification of this demonstration of affection and appreciation.

The maids and matrons of England had a way of their own of celebrating the coming of May, for early in the morning before the sun was up, out they tripped to bathe their faces in the magic dew of the first day of May which would insure and increase their beauty for the coming twelve-month.

Combining elements of beauty, sentiment and mirth is the May-day combat

which ushers in the month of May in the Isle of Man. A spring queen and her retinue armed with roses, and a Winter queen with retinue whose weapons are mock snow-balls made of cotton, do battle for supremacy. Sorrow would reign, indeed, should Winter gain the day, so it seems that the strong desire for the abandonment of Springtime, invariably strengthens her champions and leads them on to victory.

In Cornwall groups of young people sit up till midnight at which time they start out on a serenading tour with drums and violins. Assembled at some farm house, they are asked in and a May feast of heavy raisin cake and milk is served them.

The most popular mode of celebrating in Wales is the May-dance. The young men of the village with shirts covered with ribbons from the contents of their sweetheart's beauty boxes, exhibit their persons and agility before the fair maidens so as to impress their hearts.

The country of imagination, Ireland, has had a greater variety of celebrations as the ages are recounted than any of the other countries of the United Kingdom.

The May-pole dance by the mummers which correspond to the morrice dancers of England takes a leading part. The distinctive features of their dance, however, is the May-pole. A clown, ludicrously dressed, carrying a long pole surmounted by a bunch of rags torn into ribbons, leads the procession of dancers and at every mud puddle the mop on the pole is wet—and woe to the Mayer who does not run as fast and as far as he can for the muddy shower bath for him is the outcome.

Formerly unusual vigilance was kept on May evening to guard against the "evil eye" which was bound to inflict beautiful young people and animals. For this reason every one who valued her youth and beauty did not venture out after sun down and a nurse-girl

who would be so careless as to be out with her charge after that time would be branded as a witch.

In heathen times May-day was called *La na Beal tina*, and May eve, *neen na Beal tina*, and was consecrated to the god Beal, whom to appease, the country folks celebrated by making cows leap over Belin's fire—(bunches of lighted fagots)—to preserve their milk from demons; and from this the May festival derived the name of Beltine or Beltany.

Italy is especially remarkable for its May celebrations. Because of the budding and shooting of plants in this month, among the Romans it was given the name of *magius*, afterwards shortened into *maius*, from the Sanskrit *mah*, to grow. Later this month was held sacred to Maia the mother of Mercury, and on the first day of the month the Roman ladies sacrificed fruits, flowers, birds, and small animals to the Bona Dea.

The practice of choosing a May queen and crowning her with flowers is a remnant of the ceremonies instituted by the Romans in honor of Flora, the goddess of flowers, and thus the festival is still called Floralia.

A pretty custom that still retains in Italy is the singing of the "Allegro Magio" by the young girls of the country in which all imaginable and eternal good wishes are hoped for everybody.

The May-pole, there known as "Maio", is in evidence and the pretty Salterello, the national dance, is tripped around the pole by these lithe natural dancers.

All the celebrations of May and May-day are relics of pagan customs. WOULD that we could revive them. Let us call upon the lovers of nature to help in "rescuing nature from obloquy" and revive this great rural festival of our forefathers, gather may and decorate our windows, and as we walk out into the haunts of nature rejoice our spirits with the savor and beauty of wild flowers while the wild birds chant their praises of the Great Artist.



The Priest and the Soldier

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

HND whin the ould Mexican died, he died saying 'Cueva.' " "An' phat does that mane, now?"

Sergt. Flaherty turned his face away, with an expression that plainly said, "This is what a sergeant of Troop O, ———teenth Cavalry, gets for lowering himself to the social level of an infantry corporal." Then he relented and replied, "Cueva means a cave, ye blockhead. Have ye been six months in New Mex and don't know that?"

Corporal O'Rourke was not thin-skinned in any sense, and he questioned again, interestedly:

"An' did the fellow want to be buried in a cave?"

"Divil do I know," the sergeant made mollified reply. "But have ye niver heard," he submitted mysteriously, "that sometimes there do be money and treasures and things buried in caves?"

At this moment both men jumped up and stood with hands at salute, for Father Heney, coming from Officer's Row, crossed the parade ground in their direction.

"Now there's a saintly man for ye," remarked the sergeant; and the corporal added:

"An' they do say as how the major's daughter vows that if ever she marries the lieutenant at all, it will be Father Heney to perform the ceremony, no matter where he be."

"He's going right back to Los Angeles, they say; and that he came all the way through Arizona to help the major's people find out about the son. They always thought old Felipe, the thafe of the world, knew where he was."

"An' he died before the Father came."

"What good if he had been still alive, unless he, or some of his own, or of the other gang, had made an open confession?"

"That's so; that's so, in a minute," assented the honest corporal.

In another frontier post, more rock-bound, more desolate even than Fort Layard, and nearly a hundred miles away, the Lieutenant spoken of by the two "non-coms," First Lieutenant Oury Kirk, One Hundred and Seventh Infantry, U. S. A.—to be exact—was at that very moment sitting silent and alone, his duties done, his thoughts traveling across the dry, sun-baked stretches of dreary mesa and steep, cleft-riven rock piles that formed "the country" between this, Fort Howie, and Fort Layard. He himself was silent; not so the instrument he held in his arm, and the chords he struck were of such harmony, proving him such a master hand on the instrument, that it was evidently not meant in derision when they called

him "Kirk of the tuneful guitar." And if any further excuse were necessary for playing a guitar, it might be found in the fact that the young lieutenant was very much in love and far away from the object of his adoration.

Fort Howie was only a one-company post; the quarters but rudely constructed; and though officers, men and horses were comfortably housed, this did not mean much in a climate where overpowering heat was more to be guarded against than the light cold; for Howie was well on in Arizona, across the line from New Mexico. In fact it stood where the troops were as often called upon to protect the scattering white settlers from the depredations committed by civilized rogues as from the attacks of the savage Indian.

It was therefore a case of *quien sabe* as to what was the purpose of O Troop of the ————teenth Cavalry from Fort Layard, that rode into Fort Howie on the evening of the second day after our introduction to Lieut. Kirk, with Major Fothergill at the head of the company.

Not even after taps had sounded, and this young man was alone behind closed curtains—gray army blankets hung over casement without glass—with the younger lieutenant who had come with the troop, was he enlightened on this subject. The mystery seemed rather to deepen.

"Miss Mildred was weeping bitterly when she bade me good-bye," Lieut. Russell said to him, "and Mrs. Fothergill hung on to the neck of the major dry-eyed but pale as death. Bring certainty' I heard her say, whatever that might mean."

"About me—I wonder?" asked his comrade. "Surely Mildred has no doubts of my love for her or loyalty to her," and his handsome face flushed with indignation.

"Oh, you silly ————," his friend consoled him. "She told me to give you the kindest messages, as there was no time to write."

"And marching under sealed orders, are you?" mused Kirk.

"So at least the major wishes it considered," was the discreet reply.

The major at this time was alone in his quarters, his light out, in compliance with rules and regulations, watching in the darkness the land around as far as he could see it. His face was pale and set, as his wife's had been at parting, but he brushed away a tear, as painful memories crowded on him. He was thinking of his eldest born, the brave, the gay, the reckless, as some had called him. Reckless his father knew, only in the sense that nothing was too daring for him, no scheme so hazardous but that he would undertake it. And so it was intrusted to him to bring to Fort Layard one year ago a part of the funds left behind by the paymaster, in safe keeping at the post from which he started out. Gold and paper, a considerable sum in a small, unsightly keg iron-bound, though, and not an easy prey to would-be robbers. Lieut. Fothergill had asked but his own orderly beside the driver of the four mule ambulance, in which the orderly sat behind the driver, both armed to the teeth, the little keg to be stored under the back seat, and the young officer was to ride

ahead on his black horse, on the return of the party, as he did the day he left Fort Layard.

When the small outfit had not returned in a week's time the supposition was that a longer and safer route had been chosen. But when, in the course of the next week, one of the ambulance mules crawled, lame and half-starved, into the post, with pieces of torn harness on its body, the whole garrison turned out in search, and they found the harness-mate to the mule, dead in its traces and still attached to the ambulance, which lay on its side, broken and shattered in a gulch from which the mules had evidently made vain efforts to drag it. And neither the keg nor its contents could be found in spite of the most diligent search.

There were those at the post and elsewhere, who were unkind enough to shake the head wisely and point out how very strange it was that the two wheelers should have been left in their harness in the ambulance, and the two leaders gone. The lieutenant had his own horse; and the two men who were gone with him, would thus have had a mule a-piece. And the lieutenant had insisted on taking only his own orderly beside the driver, in spite of all protests.

It was very queer, they said, yes, very queer. And by and by these stories crept around the garrison and came to the ears of the sorrowing father and grief-stricken mother, and the proud-spirited girl who was the sister of the missing young officer, released her *fiance*, Lieut. Kirk, and said that never would she become any man's bride till her brother's name had been cleared of these foul, unspoken charges.

With break of day the O Troop men, reinforced by a detachment of the Fort Howie cavalry, in command of Lieut. Kirk, left the post and took up the dim traces of what was supposed to be a wagon road. Travel in wagon or ambulance was rare; and the sand that was swept up from the desert to the very foot of the mountains by the winds of the plains, soon obliterated all signs of wagon or horseback travel.

The little command skirted along close at the foot of the rocky ledge that descended from the plateau on which the rude fortifications lay, and though the mountain spur grew monotonous, as all things do in Arizona, by its tedious length, there was variety enough in its character, formation and coloring. Portions of it seemed faintly tinted marble; in this early, rosy light of dawn some of the rocks looked like crumbling rust, though millions might have been quarried and coined out of their wealth. Sometimes the blue and the dull green of a copper-bearing ledge might be followed for half a mile close to the ground, and again a mountain of obsidian would rise sheer from a base of hard, stubby, unproductive growth of grass. And in crevices where a handful of sand had been moistened by the winter's rain, the palo verde and mesquite had made a stunted growth, higher up than the cactus, that had crept up from the desert below and lay sprawling here, could reach its thorny arms.

As the sun grew hotter and the point of the rock ledge had been reached, the fantastic, often gigantic forms of the cactus could be seen on the sand waste illimitably spread before the eyes of the sol-

diers and their old commander at the head of the column. His aide, Lieut. Russell, was speculating within himself whether the "sealed orders," mythical as he thought them, would carry them across the plain, for only one day's rations had been drawn, and no extra ammunition issued.

In the meantime the eagle eye of the commander seemed to penetrate every fold and cleft in the ever-changing face of the mountain as they slowly wended their way along the foot of it and though both soldier and miner learn by intuition to regard these hiding places for Apaches with keenest interest, there was something strained in the expression of Major Fothergill's face, and not once did he address a cheering word to his aide, or notice that the horses showed signs of being fagged. To be sure, a halt had been called twice, and each time a small squad had been sent in search of "Indian signs," right in among the clumps of palo verde and mesquite in some narrow chasm, and each time the men had been questioned in regard to "solid ground under foot, or anything peculiar in the appearance of the territory."

And now, at the point of rocks a halt was made, and the major beckoned his aide and Lieut. Kirk to his side.

"We will turn to the right when we mount again," he said, "and keep close to the base of these rocks. You will report at once any peculiar formation, any striking feature your men may discover in this ledge. And keep a sharp lookout," he added with more sternness than seemed necessary.

That they were not really supposed or expected to find "Indian signs" was attested by the fact that the bugle signaled the troop to remount. As they moved slowly on, officers and men could not have pried more keenly into every cleft and cranny of these rocks, if they had been miners looking for the lost ledge or college professors on vacation hunting for specimens for their museum.

Still the same monotony in vegetation, the same variety of formation obtained here, as the other side of the rock ledge had shown; palo verde stunted and meager, scraggy growth of mesquite above, sprawling, tangled cactus at the foot.

Suddenly the horse of the trooper on the left, in the foremost rank, sprang aside with a sharp start, and Lieut. Russell was quick to see the cause. A hideous, grinning skull, with a tuft of hair still clinging to it, lay bleaching on the sand, and almost at the same moment a soldier on the right called Sergt. Flaherty's attention to a remnant of the blue sleeve of a soldier's jacket. As the command halted, Lieut. Kirk saw his commander swaying in the saddle, big beads of perspiration on his brow, from which his hat had fallen.

Half a dozen men were already clambering up the rise in the direction from which a trail of faded rags of a uniform seemed to lead outward. Then one of them turned back quickly to report that behind the brush-covered growth from which a number of bleaching bones had evidently been dragged by the coyotes, an opening in the rocks could be seen. Lieut. Kirk had only stopped long enough to see that their commander, who stood trembling by the side of his

horse, had recovered, and he returned at once with the man. Unheeding sharp thorns and galling pricklers, by which everything in Arizona growth seems armed, Lieut. Kirk forced aside the brush that shrouded the entrance to the small cavernous opening in a pile of dark rocks; and his straining eyes first fell upon the gleam of a saber and then traveled quickly to where the light played on metal spurs in cavalry boots, rotting from the rain and shrunken by the sun. And was not that the yellow of the cavalry soldier strap, unbleached in the dismal shelter of the cave?

The soldier stood aside while the lieutenant made investigations, but when he heard Sergt. Flaherty exclaim "the major" he turned quickly to see his commander approaching, leaning on the arm of Lieut. Russell. And they were close upon him, painful as it seemed for the suddenly aged man to move. One step more, and they had made the ascent. With a quick, solemn gesture, Lieut. Kirk threw up a warning hand to warn off nearer approach.

"In the name of God, Russell," he cried with blanched lips and shaking voice, "in the name of God, take the major away."

And the soldiers closed in around the open cavern to hide its gruesome contents from the eyes of their stricken commander.

After a brief delay Sergt. Flaherty led his men down again, and then Lieut. Kirk reported to his commanding officer:

"Lieut. Frank Fothergill has been found sir, murdered, evidently, and his body hidden in this cave. I have every reason to believe that the two men on detail with him were also murdered, and the remains partly dragged from the cave by the coyotes. But I can find no trace of the government property in the cave where I found these bodies lying."

The major had made an effort to steady himself against his faithful horse, and as he removed his hat and raised his eyes to heaven, his trembling lips murmured a faint "Thank God."

"A soldier's honor above a soldier's life," seemed the sentiment in every trooper's heart; and every hat was doffed, every head was bent, and one young soldier, a recent rookie, evidently forgot discipline to the extent of bursting out, "Arrah, and may the saints—"

But a look from Sergt. Flaherty caused him silently to invoke the protection of the saints he had called on all too loudly.

Sergt. Flaherty now took charge, while the two young officers saw to it that a comfortable resting place was made for their commander, and he, in turn, asked them to come close to him. Whether he explained to them how and through whom he received finger points that led to the discovery just made, and the clearing away of all foul imputations against his son's honor, no one can tell, but the War Department probably knows it. And it remained always a matter of speculation as to what particular brand of outlaws belonged the miscreants who murdered the three soldiers. And whether the old Mexican who said only "cueva" because he had become palsied, belonged to that or some rival band, was never known to the world outside.

The man who had looked suddenly so old when the shock of

discovery first struck him, grew stronger in the telling of devoted, unselfish efforts on the part of one who stood aloof from the busy world, its empty honors and its fleeting rewards, yet watched with never-slumbering care over the welfare of his spiritual children, of the long, laborious journey undertaken in spite of age and infirmities, so that no living creature should be wronged, yet the dead be righted in their graves. Perhaps he knew that the dead had found no grave as yet, and he wanted that their bones should rest in hallowed earth.

For the present, however, these victims to duty were to be left where they had been slain, and Lieut. Kirk signed to his sergeant how to place the remains in the three rude graves hastily dug. When all was ready the major was led to the grave of his son by which he knelt in fervent prayer, and as he knelt and humbly and devoutly struck his cross, every son of Erin kneeling by their comrades' graves, blessed that old man and made their cross as humbly and devoutly as did their commander. The others bowed reverently, and then the soldiers piled brush on the graves with a will and weighted it down with pieces of rock from the ledge, to prevent the coyotes from uncovering the bones of those who had found temporary burial there. Then taps was sounded by the bugler, and as the clear, long-drawn notes floated softly out on the heat-quivering air, peace and thankfulness came over the heart of the father who had lost a son and the lover who had won a bride.

For we may be sure that when Lieut. Kirk was granted brief leave of absence after a long, impatient wait of three month's time, he found his way quickly to Fort Layard, and Mildred no longer refused to become his own for life. Strange to say, O'Rourke, corporal One Hundred and Fifth Infantry, proved a true prophet, if not a mind-reader; for the major's daughter did indeed make the condition that Father Heney should bless their union and solemnize the marriage.

"But Father Heney is in Los Angeles," Lieut. Kirk protested, "and it will be so far around from there back to New York and Washington for our wedding trip."

June "OUT WEST"

"PAY DAY AT THE MINE"

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

The Peace Forum

(In this department each month will appear articles by men and women prominent in their own line of thought. All contributions will be solicited and nothing of a controversial nature will be admitted—Editor.)

ALL MEN are agreed that the abolition of war would add greatly to the happiness of mankind by reason of the cessation of the terrible agony and privation that follow in its train.

In addition, however, to the saving in valuable lives and property, there would be available the enormous sums now used for the building of huge fighting vessels, and for the maintenance of standing armies. This money could be employed in the erection of fine public buildings, colleges, libraries and museums—for the aesthetic uplift of the people.

In fact, the wonderful achievements of science and art possible in a world of peace would stagger the imagination.

Universal peace may come by concerted action of the Powers in the adoption of the following:

First; The establishment, once and for all time, of the boundaries of nations.

Second; A complete disarmament.

Third; The formation of an international police system with its attendant court of nations for the settlement of disputes.

BENJAMIN C. BROWN.



UNIVERSAL peace means prosperity, happiness and culture.

These things we now hold in the hollow of our hands; and might retain, if we were less short-sighted, lazy, selfish and greedy. There has never been a more blatant proof of our distrust of each other, than the present-day workings for peace.

All nations say they desire peace; but at the same time, they strengthen their armies and build costly warships.

It would be a laughable farce; if it did not presage such a horrible drama.

Peace will never be attained, unless all nations unite in working seriously and honestly for it; with the intention of keeping their pledges.

We all love to proclaim lofty, beautiful ideas, but we want our neighbor to work them out.

We call ourselves Christians and enlightened people, but we permit our strongest and best men to be slaughtered.

It is nothing but greed, barbaric greed, which instigates wars, and permits centuries of culture and education to be senselessly ignored.

"When the battlefields are fertilized; the grainfields are neglected, and the art centers die out."

It is the soil, which brings prosperity; but it is the Fine Arts, which bring education, culture and happiness.

The artist, in order to create in stone, oil, notes and letters, must have peace.

Realizing this, why do not all Artists, irrespective of nationalities; unite and wield their mallets, brushes, pencils and pens to the one aim.

When human eyes see the symbol of Peace, wrought everywhere; human brains will finally realize all that it means and stands for; and then perhaps, we will succeed in attaining the blessings of universal peace.

MARTHINE M. DIETRICHSON.



NOBODY more than the artist does peace mean life—for only through peace can the creative faculties do their best work; not only through the peace of the nations but peace and honesty with ones-self, which means harmony with the law of development—for peace is a creator, while war is a destroyer.

By Peace I do not mean stagnation but energy of the creative faculties and labor—labor which should be made a joy, not forced drudgery through greed—which is the cause of most of our troubles. We cannot deal with peace without first meeting face to face the cause of war, which is greed. Therefore one can be a peace loving citizen and a good soldier at the same time, for because he loves peace he must sometimes fight for it. This is the story written on all the great monuments of the nations, such as Mercier's "Glory Victus" or "Glory to the Conquered" and our own St. Gaudens' equestrian statues of Sherman led by the angel of peace; such was Michael Angelo's thought when he built the fortifications of Florence and watched nightly in the tower to protect his beloved city against the enemy, *His Florence* made beautiful by his own thought and hand. He was a great artist with a love for humanity and civic pride, qualities we are much in need of today.

JULIA BRACKEN WENDT.



Peace is the universal desire of higher mankind.

WILLIAM WENDT



Solitude

Florence Scripps Kellog

*O Solitude, which art named Peace,
Which offers mankind sweet release,
From worldly strife, and quiet brings;
Thou art a pool too oft unsought,
Thou canst not be too dearly bought.
God's truth lies hid within thy springs,
God's message to the world it sings;
For griefs are quelled,
And fears dispelled,
While in his arms you're safely held.*

Call of the West

By Florence Jones Hadley.

*O, heart, we are sick of the endless streets
That go winding up and down,
Only to lead us again betrayed
To the arms of the vampire town.
We are sick of the sullen, crowding walls
That have shut out Heaven so long—
The cold, gray walls that are not so cold
As the bloodless, soulless throng.
We want to go back where the prairies call—
Away from the world of men—
To feel the sweep of untainted winds
And to strike the old trail again.*



THE COAT OF MANY COLORS.

By Mary Stewart Daggett

Author of "Mariposilla," "The Higher Court,"
Chinese Stories, etc., etc.

L. D.

LITTLE Ning Moon looked upon the Spring with joy. The Winter had been cold and long; now the door of her home stood wide open. There were no windows in the tiny green brick dwelling and during dark, wet months, light sifted only through a transparent hole in the roof.

Ning Moon—Mrs. Sue Chang—laughed gleefully as she squatted upon a mat with her embroidery. Sunshine flooded the room, warming even remote corners reserved for sleeping. Ning Moon glanced across an earthen floor to a cosy bunk prepared for her first-born son. The boy was not yet awake. His mother believed that rest brought strength and beauty to little ones. She had moved softly, all morning, fearing to disturb her "Son of Heaven," who must grow like a flower of Spring—astonish his honorable father, coming at the end of two months from far-away America—

from the south province of California.

Five long years dragged between Sue Chang's last home-coming and the present time. The little Chinese wife plied her needle with conflicting emotions. Beautiful shades of heavy silk floss wove in and out—formed into leaf or blossom of exquisite grace and composition. Ning Moon worked feverishly. Almost the last stitches were taken; if the child slept, the little coat of many colors would be finished! She dashed a lone rosy thread into the needle; soon an opening bud blushed soft and tender in her dexterous fingers. The little coat was done! Ning Moon held it up at arm's length, then craned her firm brown throat in final judgment. The dark, smooth head bent critically; lifted reassured, satisfied.

Ning Moon's black eyes snapped. How beautiful her son would appear in the silken, holiday coat. Blue in body—like Heavenly azure—redolent with colors, caught from Spring, the dain-

ty garment bloomed in her gentle grasp. There was also a little embroidered cap to match.

Now very soon, after two more moons—after five long years—she would dress her boy in his princely apparel; lead him to the bank of the river, there to await his honourable father's homecoming. Some morning the old junk boat would bring Sue Chang to his native village. Safe, rich, eager for one whole year of rest and joy, the traveler would espy his wife and son, both standing on the bank of the dividing stream.

The mental picture pleased faithful Ning Moon; then suddenly her golden brow became tarnished with doubt. For, after all, "what manner of man" was Sue Chang, now returning? Half saddened, the Chinese spouse hung the little coat of many colors upon a peg. Spring sunbeams crept through the door to play amongst the silken rosebuds. Ning Moon walked slowly to a chest in the corner from which she took a bundle of letters and kodak pictures, sent by her husband across the sea.

United States postage marked the envelops, each one worn with devoted handling. The young wife opened the uppermost missive. The paper inside was no longer cherry red. The absent, advanced Celestial had risen superior to an ancient Love token while he yet brushed fantastic, wriggling characters to Ning Moon. Now, alas! Sue Chang used dull brown to convey devotion, this being the conservative tone of the "Chinese Reform Party" of the far-away province of California. Little Ning Moon sighed. Did her lord intend to put a slight upon her? She was sure that he meant no indignity; for here were kind, affectionate words. She dropped her lashes and read. "In two months I behold my sacred family! After five years I return glad in my heart. No woman steals my eyes—I have them only for Ning Moon! for our first born—our son of Heaven!" She paused, smiling, then went on, with gathering mistrust. "But no longer do I pray to Idols. China—my country, too slow—too dark. United States feel contempt. You not understand? I tell you some day how white nation despise old foolish nation. United States say Chinese

look all same monkey. I feel that shame long time; then 'Reform Party' tell me cut off queue; dress like Merican man—not like women! long hair! those old garment. Now I feel happy! I send picture so you see. You look that middle man, you find you husband—all same President 'Young Men's Mission Club.'

"I hope you like that new suit—dark brown—cost eighteen dollar fifty cents. Pretty much expense; yet must have. Those two little boy so cute—so smart—belong 'Young Men's Club'—say piece—sing many songs. They fodder—Pasor Gow—bling sons so ploud! all get picture take. When I come home I tell my boy 'bout Pasor Gow two little sons. I teach my first born English—all same that California State, First Leader." Poor Ning Moon sighed, not rejoicing in the picture of her transformed spouse. She thought him plain, ungraceful, in the ugly suit with a white halter gripping his throat. To the oriental wife, Sue Chang appeared sadly uncomfortable. Cropped, thickly grown hair, parted almost in the middle, had ruined Mongolian distinction.

Poor Ning Moon wondered if much learning—discernment to interpret intricate passages from the California State First Reader—could have produced the severe squint between her husband's honourable eyes. She hid a golden, ignorant young countenance in slim brown hands; then stamped unbound feet, lately released by her absent lord's command. Quite true, she hobbled more freely; yet to the child wife, duly espoused for tiny shoes and high-class beauty, there came a rush of bitterness. After five years, she half dreaded to see enlightened Sue Chang.

Again she studied the group at "The Young Men's Mission Club." Erudite personalities utterly bewildered her. This grave First Reader which Sue Chang expounded! Was it more exalted, even more difficult than the teachings of Confucius? And the little sons of the Missionary priest? Why must she regard them except with scorn? In dark, tight-fitting clothes—evidently modeled after disciples of the hateful Reform Party—the Chinese manikins were entirely out-classed by her own gorgeous boy. Heavy fear came upon Ning

Moon's sorrowing soul. She glanced through angry tears at the little coat of many colors, hanging on the peg. Sunbeams still kissed richly wrought roses. With passion Ning Moon could not explain, she pressed an amber cheek against the padded softness of her finished work. Labor seemed vain! Sue Chang would no longer rejoice in the beautiful, bright garment prepared for his son. Now, he would forever point to the images of tiny men who resembled brown grasshoppers—ugly black beetles—snails uncoiled.

The call of her first born sent her weeping to the Celestial bunk. She took up the child, stifling her own sobs. His round, moist face lifted like a golden poppy awakened by the sun. The mother's heart softened. She washed and dressed the boy in defiant pride; then watched him eat his breakfast of rice and pork. When he was satisfied—beginning to pound with chop sticks in unmannerly fashion—she led him to the open door for a bask in sunshine. The little coat of blue—of roses, still hung on the peg. Ning Moon took it down, folded it gently, pressed it ecstatically; then locked it away in the heavy chest with her husband's brown letters and the kodak pictures of the Young Men's Chinese Mission Club.

All day Sue Chang's wife brooded. Fortunately at early evening, just before she shut and bolted the door to the little green brick house, she saw the new crescent of the moon. Instantly she felt nothing save desperate longing; a tugging of her woman's heathen soul. She would think no more of her husband's strange belief; of his "White Devil" garments; of the profane First Reader. It seemed enough that a new moon promised to full, to wane, to shine again for the last long month before the coming of Sue Chang.

Ning Moon went to bed and slept soundly by the side of her boy. Through weeks following, she took no thought of the little coat of many colors, hidden in the chest. Spring had taken hold of the Southern Province. The wife of Sue Chang worked in a small garden with a view of young vegetables. Tender green shoots brightened fine brown earth. Her husband should live fat! She cleaned

and recleaned her tiny home. Everything shone. When she had nothing else to do, she visited, with her son, from house to house, always extolling her spouse. Of nineteen families, comprising the village, all were "Sue," of equal caste and industry.

The clan lived apart, two miles from a market town, in surprising harmony. Sue Chang's old parents—exulting over "inside* grandchildren"—brothers-in-law with wives, cousins galore, all kept tab on pretty Ning Moon. She was above reproach. Even a mother-in-law found no story for the absent son and husband. Every relative in the village looked forward to the great traveler's return; and at last the time grew short. A second moon hung crescent; full. But two weeks stood between Mrs. Sue and a year of bliss.

The happy wife expected no more brown letters. Now her man would come! She had almost ceased to remember Pastor Gow's manikins, when to her complete undoing, she one day received a photograph, emphasizing beyond a doubt, the American store-clothes of promising disciples and little sons of the California Chinese Mission. Anguish returned to Ning Moon's heart. She struggled piteously against the new picture. Sue Chang had been cruel! She would not interpret his wish. The men on the card were evil! She worked harder than ever in the garden, watering at evening, tender rows of shooting green; next morning prodding the earth with rage and vicious energy. Then, one day she threw aside a primeval hoe, fastened tight the door, and stole away to the market town, with only her son for company. No spying relative saw Sue Chang's wife depart. The tightly closed house indicated simply an afternoon nap. But carefully folded, in layers of ricepaper, Ning Moon had wrapped the little coat of many colors. The boy by her side prattled gleefully. Her mother's soul was dark. She felt no delight in the bright May day, already wooing a kiss from June. Soft hills, the river—flowing as silver—brought Ning Moon no joy. Red tiled roofs on tiny green brick houses marked her

*The child of a son is an inside grandchild.

path. She took slight note of wayside beauty. When Sue Chang's heir grew tired and cried, she dragged him the last half mile in anger, hobbling forward with strange rebellion.

Once at the market town, she arranged a quick, unequal, disastrous exchange; then trudged back home, still urging her sleepy son; alas! without his coat of many colors. Instead of the beautiful, gay, little garment, the mother carried a measurement of ugly dark brown American cloth. Next day and for others following, Ning Moon kept her house. Relatives standing before the door, waited for Sue Chang's wife to open a slow, unwilling portal. Mischief seemed brewing within! Yet always, there was the boy—always half undressed—generally wailing! And Ning Moon had lost her smile. Mystery hung for gossips, until one morning, the day on which the traveler from America was expected home—all became plain. In the Summer dew, Ning Moon, with her son, watched the slow approach of the old junk on the river. Nearer, nearer

it came. Half naked, yellow men jumped into the water, pulled, yelled like demons. the landing was made.

Sue Chang, conventional, strange; without his queue; surmounted by Derby hat; oppressed with suit case and carefully rolled umbrella, leaped from the boat, gazing anxiously about for his young wife and fat boy in gorgeous raiment. In the crowd on the shore he saw Ning Moon. She tarried apart, shame-faced, holding by the hand her son. Sue Chang, the returned Celestial, scarce believed his eyes. No bright trousers, no flaming over-dress adorned the chubby body of his heir. The little fellow stood out a manikin—a perfect counterpart of Pastor Gow's young sons. Ning Moon read approval in her husband's eager face. Her hour of triumph had arrived! She pressed proudly forward with her boy, while the curious gaping crowd fell back.

For the "House of Sue"—the nineteen families assembled by the river—there was at last a sensation.



A Spook Round Up

By Addison Howard Gibson

BEN LARKIN was busy repairing a break in one of his irrigating ditches. He was young and brawny enough to be happy, but nevertheless, there was a look of extreme annoyance on his honest, sun-burned face. Presently a horseman came riding down the mountain trail toward him. The sombrero and large spurs, coupled with his reckless manner of riding all combined to proclaim him a cow-puncher. "Hello, Ben!" he called cordially, reining in by the side of the alfalfa field.

"Good morning, Ike," said the young farmer, going up to the horse and stroking its mane.

The cowboy's keen eyes surveyed his friend's face for a minute, then he burst out, "Crop's lookin', all right, fur as I kin see; then what you lookin' like you was superintendin' a graveyard fer?"

"Yes, the crop's all right," returned Ben gloomily.

"Come out of it then!" exclaimed Ike, striking his companion playfully with his whip. "Tell a feller what's the trouble. Has Nan Cullem bin throwin' you down?"

Receiving no reply, he continued. "Look a-hear, Ben, you and me's bin friends ever since we was kids together up in the mountains. And you know it. Now if Ike Hutchins can help you he's agoin' to do it."

Ben was still silent.

"Won't the gal give in her decision on the affirmative side of the question? 'Cause if she don't, Ike's the judge and jury to fetch in a favor'ble verdict."

"Nan would marry me to-day, if it wasn't for her Uncle Lew," said Ben confidentially. "He opposes me."

"What has the old humbug got agin ye?"

"Nothing in particular, only he knows I don't approve of the frauds he practices. Besides he doesn't want to lose the girl. He needs her in his business," with a sickly smile.

"Why don't the gal skip out and leave the old cheat-playing devil?"

"She can't very well. He is her legal guardian, and she won't be of age for six months. Then you know they came here for his wife's health, and Nan is too kindhearted to leave her," explained Ben.

"I see. Old Cullem finds it a payin' job to keep the gal and make her help in that spirit-rappin' racket," said the cowboy with contempt. "I wonder if she believes in his humbuggery—that he can bring back the spirits of dead folks?"

"No, of course she doesn't," the young man defended the girl stoutly. "But she won't say anything against it because he's her uncle. Then that slick-tongued hypnotist, Darley, who helps Cullem with his fakes, has the whole family under his influence."

"Maybe the gal likes Darley."

"Well, she doesn't. She has told me more than once that she can't bear him, but there are times when she can't throw off his control. She says he makes her sing at the meetings in spite of herself."

"Charmin' her like a snake does a bird, eh? Well, what do you know about that? I suppose after awhile he'll be makin' her a medium, as they call the one the dead talks through," he said disgustedly. "Did you ever go to one of their meetin's Ben?"

"I went once, but the ghosts wouldn't perform. Darley said some one present had too much of the evil spirit, and had frightened the good ones away".

"Darley's got as big an evil spirit as any feller in these parts. I went one night and seen him do some of his hypnotizin'; then he helped Cullem raise the dead—or pretend to. The old man went off into a sleep, and purty soon there was rappin's on the table and it began buckin' like a spunky broncho. Then Darley got the spirit of somebody's departed to sing back of the curtain they had up, but you kin bet I wasn't swallerin' it whole, like some of those folks that was there did."

"Now, I ain't saying that there ain't no sech thing as spooks," he went on seriously, "fer I know there is. I seen one onct right in the trail, one time when I was goin' to help elevate a hoss thief what wasn't the real thief at all. That's how I wasn't there. But these here doin's is a swindle and this little Willie is going to expose the whole blame racket. Say Ben, I want you to come over and see me do it, will you? They're arrangin' fer another spook round up over there fer Thursday night. We fellers is comin' down from the ranch to investigate, and you kin come right along with us."

Promising to be on hand at that time, Ben went back to his work while his visitor, calling out "Adios!" rode on toward town to transact his business at the Post Office.

As Ben labored away at the ditch he occasionally glanced down the road that bordered one side of his alfalfa field, in the direction of a house which stood half surrounded by neglected fruit trees.

Here he could see a slight girlish figure gathering late peaches from the side of the orchard nearest him. He knew it was Nan and a light of joy came into his eyes. The expression, however, was soon changed to one of deep annoyance, as he saw a slender, trimly attired man come out of the house and join her.

"Darley!" he ejaculated, "I'd ought to go down there and punch that oil-scented pate of his!"

About a year before the Cullems had rented a large vacant house on the outskirts of a town in the fruit belt of Southern California.

Young Larkin's farm joined the place, and he had met Nan on different occasions and learned to love her, and his love was returned.

Cullem had settled here on account of his wife's health, and only a few months later, Darley, a much-advertised hypnotist and so-called "medium" from the East, had put in an appearance.

He had known the family in Chicago and after coming west, persuaded Cullem to resume their former business of giving exhibitions in hypnotism and spiritualism tri-weekly at the house.

Darley laso formed a class in town and taught some of the occult sciences of which he claimed to be master. The two managed to work up considerable curiosity in regard to their exhibitions, and were not long in getting a number of followers.

Sometimes Nan sang at these meetings in a clear, sweet soprano that seemed to exert a quieting influence over the audience. Darley declared it "coaxed the spirits" and also gave him added power. But the girl's part was very distasteful to her. She both feared and distrusted the man, and shrank from doing anything before the public. Still, rather than get into trouble with her uncle, by refusing, and excite her aunt who was in a very nervous condition, the girl reluctantly complied with their wishes.

She had first seen Ben at a little picnic up in Rubio Canyon soon after her arrival. After that they had met several times and a strong affection had sprung up between them. When the young man told his love in his characteristic, outspoken way, Nan had listened, thrilled and happy.

At first the uncle was disposed to look favorably upon the young farmer's suit, but Darley's influence had been brought to bear against it. As an excuse, Cullem said his niece was too young for marriage. Ben had offered to wait, but her guardian refused to give the least encouragement, and as time went on matters seemed to grow worse instead of better.

Thursday night came, and piloted by Ike and two of his cow-boy friends, Ben went over to Cullem's. Each paid his fifty cents at the door and was admitted to the sitting room, which was dimly

lighted by a small kerosene lamp placed on a stand in one corner.

Nan, looking very sweet and winsome in a soft cream-colored gown, with a bunch of deep, red carnations in her white ribbon belt, modestly placed chairs for them.

A white curtain was stretched across one corner of the apartment, thus forming a triangular closet, and they sat facing this.

About a dozen other people were present, mostly women, some of whom were whispering to their neighbors of the wonderful things they had seen and heard at the last Darley-Cullem seance.

Ike overheard one of these credulous ones telling in awed tones of "a sperit in white that riz from the floor and done mighty cur'ous actin's at Mr. Darley's biddin', then all of a sudden went right kerplunk through the boards of the floorin' in this very room, and disappeared. Mr. Darley give out that it was sure to appear agin tonight. That's what brought me out," she confided to her listener.

Just then Cullem arose and said in his metallic voice, "We are now about to begin. The utmost quiet must prevail to get results. Nan," addressing his ward, "turn the light down lower. Lower still. There!"

Then, turning to the people, "The spirits like the silence and the hush that is in darkness. Some doubters may be present," he went on, eying the cowboy trio a little suspiciously, "but we propose to convince them that there is a reality in our demonstrations. We have been foully called 'cheats,' 'fakes' and 'humbugs', but I'll agree to give anything any one present may demand, if you can detect the least fraud in our exhibition tonight."

"Give us your paw on that proposition, old man," said Ike, striding toward the curtain near which Cullem was standing. "I'm open like a clam to conviction, but I'm from Missouri, and has got to be showed. Shake on it, old feller, and if you're not trickin' us, I'll stand treat fer the whole crowd, lemonade fer the women, and what you please fer the rest. But if I find you foolin' about this sperit round-up, and diskiver any suspic'us-lookin' spooks

runnin' loose round here without the genwine brand of the true Happy Huntin' ground a-showin on them, I'll nab them, and expect you to make your word good. You promise?"

"Yes; certainly! I do promise!" replied Cullem, showing a brave front.

The cowboy gripped his hand, and then went back to his seat.

"Say, Ike, you sure you're acquainted with that brand you mentioned to old Spooker?" teased Big-Hoof Clark, his chum, with a suppressed chuckle.

"That's all right, you bet! Nobody can't trick me on that brand, nor any other," and he gave his pal a slap on the thigh that sounded like a miniature thunder-clap.

Cullem then took a seat near the curtain while Darley gave a short discourse on hypnotism and spiritualism. When he was through a small table was placed in front of the curtain and Ike, Ben, Nan and two other ladies present were invited to seat themselves around it.

As they sat in silence with their hands spread out upon the table, strange rappings, could be heard upon the floor and from the inclosed space.

Presently the soft wierd strains of a harp floated about the room. The music seemed to be first in one place and then in another. Then the table began to rock backward and forward.

"Whoa there!" yelled Ike, as it again tilted higher. "That's the sperit of Bill Bevins who died with his boots on over at Yuma. He's settin' astride of this table, imaginin' it's a broncho, and he's spurrin' her in the off flank! Good fer you, Bill! Spur her again! We'll stay by ye."

"Silence," commanded Darley. "We cannot continue, if you persist in talking."

After quiet was restored, the music began again, low, vague, and far away at first, as if uncertain whether to approach or not; but again gaining courage as it came nearer, played a few moments, then ceased. The table, however, refused to perform as a spurred broncho again.

Meanwhile Cullem had gone into a trance-like state. The hypnotist stood over him making passes with his hands and muttering to himself.

Suddenly, from some unseen quarter a figure in white appeared and commenced whirling around the room, but keeping at a distance from the audience.

"Great socks!" burst from Ike. "That's not Bill at this round-up. He's no ballet kicker."

"Hush!" cried Darley angrily.

After a little the form began to drop as it neared the curtain. Then it sank to the floor. Every eye was strained to see it vanish through the flooring. All at once there was a scuffle under the table, and Ike's voice rang out mockingly:

"No, you don't honey! None of that! I've got my number nines on that trap door, and you can't crawl through without gittin' splinters."

Darley emitted an oath, rushed to the corner of the room and extinguished the light. Then he sprang toward the table. Instantly all was confusion. As Big-Hoof declared afterwards:

"There was noise enough to scare every spook off the range; and the way old Spooker got out of that trance of his was a caution."

One of the cowboys struck a light and revealed a strange scene. The table was overturned, and the women were holding their skirts as though they apprehended an attack of mice.

Ike Hutchins was standing with his legs spread across a partly opened trap-door wedged between which and the floor was a wild-eyed woman in white trying frantically to extricate herself from the grip of the cowboy's powerful arms.

Darley with a dark scowl on his handsome face was exerting all his strength to free the woman. Cullem, stood holding an end of the curtain, an expression of mingled rage and mortification

on his countenance. Ben and Nan were together, her hand in his.

"Well," proclaimed Ike, as the woman ceased to struggle and permitted him to place her in a chair, "the whole thing's a fake, and this galoot is chief of the exposin' committee this time. Darley has locoed a good many by his sperit round-ups, but he's flunked by the cow-punchers, you bet! This woman is his wife, kept in the cellar nights, so she won't meet the company and be ready to do the spook act when the right time comes. Yes sir! That's a fact!"

"A friend of mine knowed them in 'Frisco, and put me wise to their racket. There's a trap-door right here under the table, you see, all fixed handy fer Mrs. Spook to perform her part of the dramy. I used to room in this house, so I know somethin' about its conveniences.

"I've bin inquiren' into the doin's here, and made up my mind to put a stop to this wholesale humbuggin' of my feller citizens. They may be somethin' in sperits—I rather think there is—but Darley's kind is composed mostly of flesh and blood, and the devil.

"So you easy marks had better look out fer him and his kind of sperits. It's jest a spondulix-makin' scheme with him, and Cullem here, has bin roped in agin his better judgment. 'Case you know a real spiritualist won't have nothin' to do with bloomin' hypnotists. Now, Boss, I've proved the fraud, and I'm agoin' to hold you to your promise."

Cullem looked fearfully around. He was too much discomposed to say a word but nodded his head, and Ike went on:

"You kin let Nan marry Ben, and you kin sort of redeem yourself in the public's optics, by helpin' him do honest work on his farm. Darley, you git!—And Darley "got."



Who are the Heroes?

Dedicated to the Memory of the Heroes of the
"TITANIC" Disaster.



Bertha Hirsch Baruch

Those who by duty firmly stand,
When danger grips the soul.
Who hear but duty's stern command
Though death may be the goal,

They are the heroes strong and brave,
Who toiled in peril's hour;
Rescued the weak, and died to save.
Left wealth, left love and power

For aid to woman and to child.
Renounced all hope, all gain—
For honor's sake, 'mid tumult wild
Kept free from coward's stain.

Their manhood, deathless, gallant, free,
Made Sacrifice, that night
Of gloom and horror on the sea,—
Made tragic sorrow, bright!

Who are the Heroes?

The rich who helped the lowly poor
Escape an ocean grave.
The great and famous, the obscure—
Who died that they might save.

Titanic souls were in the crew
The ship "TITANIC" bore.
Titanic hearts, in men who knew
For them no earthly shore.

Heroic on that sinking ship,
The bandmen stood and played
With rhythmic breath on trembling lip,
Their *requiem*—unafraid.

The Song of Songs when Duty's done,
On land, or stormy sea,
Where e'er man's race is nobly run,—
"Nearer my God to Thee."

Read on the occasion of the benefit tendered the survivors of "The Titanic"
by the Los Angeles Examiner.

The Pointing Pencil

By Martha Martin Newkirk

A recent writer rather lends the weight of her influence upon the side of extravagance in costume. And she made—as she always does—a good article on her subject. And that

*"Where the
McGregor Sits."* clothing—no, not just clothing "DRESS is an inarticulate desire to express the beautiful," we will not debate. The question of importance now is this—can we—you and I, readers,—afford to be half insane upon the subject of dress? If one "must have" a \$300 or \$500 gown, designed by Worth or Paquin or Redfern, how are we going to do it? Where is the money coming from? As Riley says,

*"Where's a boy a'goin',
An what's he goin' to do,
An' how's he goin' to do it,
Ef the world busts through?"*

We might read "women" instead of "boy" and say that if every woman who attends "functions" "must have" gowns at those figures, her world will "bust through" pretty soon. An old Wise Book advised to count the cost before beginning, lest one be mocked by the multitude. It also says "What king going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" Now we might put it this way "How is the woman of moderate means, or the woman whose husband earns the daily bread and butter and even jam and chocolate bonbons, for his family,—how will she with her money for comfort go to meet the woman who can throw away on a single spread more than the entire income of the well-to-do? Will not she have heart

burnings and bitterness? Will she not make her husband and family miserable because she can't have \$500 or more for a single gown? Or, what is much the same, will she spend her own time and strength and grow care-worn and weary trying to pit her few dollars against great odds?"

Where are the women who dare to be natural and independent, who dare to wear, without even a thought of murmuring, what they can afford to wear? If you dared thus, do you think you would be the only one? Do you think that, like Elijah, you must say, "I, even I only am left?" Don't you think it, dear woman. Don't think it, brave, struggling bread winner. There were seven thousand that Elijah did not dream of, and there are seventy times seven thousand who never even saw a \$500 gown.

A New York writer says: "I wouldn't say that we are really mad, but the struggle for wealth is becoming almost alarming. The luxury of the day is unparalleled." In the middle ages prodigality was confined to kings, their favorites, and the feudal chieftains. The common people, the blood and bone as well as the conscience of all nations were not enfeebled by waste and idleness. Now luxury in America is becoming general. This writer goes on to speak of the "SAVAGE PURSUIT OF MONEY." Days of toil, nights of unrest, heart burnings, envy, covetousness—all these and more are the price to be paid. Can you afford to do it?

The same writer adds as a redeeming clause "Fortunately we have classes, literary men and educators among the rest who have not been affected by the spirit of the time." "Fortunately" in-

deed. And fortunately for the East, there is Boston. With real joy I have seen a lovely Boston woman look with polite contempt upon some New York fad, and say in a quiet way which settled things for her—"Ah—that never would go in Boston."

Are we coming to "classes"? And will the \$500 gown sit in the preferred row, and the \$300 gown on the next in the dress circle? If so, a goodly number of the brightest and best, and most beautiful in spirit will go to the galleries. Too proud to do that? Ah, no, my friend—you haven't enough "pride" to do it, if you are afraid. Remember the old Scotsman, the head of Clan Macgregor. He had stalked into the great dining hall ahead of his vassals, and had taken the chair that pleased him. One said to him, "You should go to the head of the table."

"Aye," said the undisturbed Scot, "where the Macgregor sits—that is the head of the table."

I should like to see beautiful, high toned, literary Los Angeles have the tone which Morris Shaff, in the February Atlantic, accords to "Old West Point." He says, "And perhaps it is just as well that there is one place left in our country where the vanity of asserted ancestry and the too frequent arrogance of speculative and fortuitous commercialship find a chill." Boston has the kind of pride MacGregor showed, and Princeton—the famous old college town—is full of it. This "pride" or independence is deep rooted in American sentiment. It means that there is a position which money cannot buy. It means that while we struggle for the dollar, we love, beyond it, the greater things—our God, our home, our native land, and the high and noble principles for which they stand.

*"He that bath ears let him hear.
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes—
An' faith, he'll print 'em."*

We are not supposed to be interested in fashion, save literary fashions, and there are fashions in literature. Styles

of expression that writers use, "go out" as do the ways of wearing the hair, or high or low heels to shoes. But when we speak of fashion we generally refer to clothes. We mean the fashion is the generally recognized custom in matters of dress. But it was not always thus. Fashion once meant "to make." It was creative. It had dignity. Now, it is bandied about in dressmaking shops. It is the final appeal of the milliner. It is the despair of the woman with fine taste and a slim pocketbook. It seems to be what some live for, and, alas, it seems that some all but die for it. As a subject of conversation what can rival it?

Beauty and Fashion are occasionally found together; but they were not twin born. Beauty came in with the stars and the first new moon. All the world

then was hers, and none to dispute. She reigned all through the dreamy days in Eden, and followed the weeping pair to the cold, outside world. Fashion was born when Eve said to Adam, "Which is the best style for a fig-leaf apron?" And Adam said, "I don't care how mine is made so it has plenty of pockets." From that moment Fashion became a factor of society. Beauty is like love—she never "faileth," she "envieth not," she "vaunteth not herself," but Fashion is always pressing to the front of the stage crying out "See me! see me! Am I not new, hence interesting?"

But Fashion never really came into great prominence until the days of courts. Then men vied with each other in decoration, and women strove with women for the newest and most startling effects. Some woman, who had beauty or power or position adopted a certain style, and others following her leadership made it "the fashion." Men strove just as much, all through the period of gold lace and ruffled sleeves, and fancy pointed gold tipped shoes.

How men discarded these, and ran away from Beauty and Fashion to Utility—that is a story for another chapter. After that, Fashion never again wielded her greatest power over men, but

she has dragged woman like a captive in her train.

Since co-education, or equal education came to stay, men and women have had to readjust their glasses and look at life with broader vision. To some this comes easy, to others it is hard or impossible, as society is. Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, voiced the relative position of the sexes in his day. When we see Milton's Adam strutting about and giving Eve the Almighty's views of life at second hand, we do not wonder that *Paradise* was lost. Any woman would have eaten an apple and run the risk rather than live alone with the one man who knew it all—but this harks back to old traveled fields, and we are seeking new. What we wish to express is this. Men and women have not yet learned to be "true yoke-fellows." One pulls this way, the other that. True yoke-fellows bear the burden alike. Neither shirks, and neither tries to pull the whole load. It is oneness, solidarity. It is strength. Some have attained this and onlookers see a happy family. When one of these yoke-fellows balks there is no "team." We have got to learn "team work" in life. This is the age of the evolution of unity.

"Leisure is neither a fact nor a possibility—it is scarcely even an ideal. It is a word that in the dictionary should be marked obsolete," a woman recently said. We often hear similar remarks, so it behooves us to consider the word and its meaning, and then see if we have the right attitude toward it. The *Century Dictionary's* definition of leisure is "opportunity for ease or relaxation; freedom from necessary occupation or business; spare time." But the common person seems to think that leisure means idleness, nothing to do, and no inner pricking of conscience about the matter. Whatever one does for pleasure requires leisure. The man or woman who works from the time that necessity drives him or her from sleep, until every muscle aches and but one thing is possible, more sleep, that person has no leisure. That is grinding

toil. The person whose work is over at a reasonable hour, who has time to take an occasional holiday, who can go out among people, and enjoy his kind, has no cause for complaint. The trouble lies in our conception of the word, leisure.

A bright woman whom I knew in Chicago—a woman who wrote charming stories and translated books for publishers from the German and French—was complaining that she had no leisure. Her husband, a lawyer of note, began asking her some direct questions. "Have you been

anywhere this week?" "Yes, I was at church Sunday. We had company to dinner and music in the evening. I didn't get a moment's rest." "And Monday?" questioned the lawyer. "I started the new cook in the morning. I went to my dressmakers. I hurried to luncheon at Mrs. Blank's, and came home and sewed on Charlotte's dress that she is fixing over for tomorrow night. I had not a minute all that day, either." "And Tuesday?" Oh, you lawyer," she laughed. "Tuesday was club day, luncheon, toasts, a lot of guests and all that. I helped with the tables and poured tea. I might as well go on for you'd ask me. Wednesday I went to the matinee, Thursday—that's today, I wrote all day—till you came and 'popped' all these questions. Now haven't I been a busy woman!" "Busy,

yes, but most of your business was having a good time. No 'business' man or woman could do the things that you have tired yourself out doing. Those things are recreation, not labor. They are the privileges of the leisure class. My dear, if you were a working woman could you have taken the hours to go to a luncheon, a matinee, a club or pulling off ribbons and lace from a party gown to put them on a bit differently?"

My friend told me of this conversation, adding: "When James called my attention to facts, I just wilted. I had no case." We have leisure, abundance of it. We women do not think so. I mean that we are not toiling for daily bread and jam. We are not obliged to spin or weave or knot to make the necessary garments for our family. We

sew on a machine, and we don't have to ruffle and embroider and hemstitch. Those are not compulsory. They are leisure work. We hurry, because we undertake such a host of unnecessary things. We ought to live easily. We have electricity—hence do not have to dip candles, or clean lamps. We—most of us—cook with gas, so have no ashes to take up, no wood to pile in, no chips or dirt to brush up by the wood-box, or coalbin. Many people (alas!) buy bread, instead of baking, also buy pastries—and that sort of thing. The laundry saves every household—at the expense of much damaged clothing—I confess.

And who, nowadays, even considers home-made soap? Who makes her husband's shirts? Who knits her children's

stockings? Yet all those things our grandmothers did, supervised in their own homes. Even in my grandmother's

time much of the men's tailor work was done at the house, by a tailor who came by the day, bringing his "goose" with him and who was assisted by the woman of the house. Ah, we do not count half our blessings. We can do so many of the things we wish to do instead of being bound up to wearisome lines of "must be's." We do not choose idleness. We choose to read, or write, or drive, or go to entertainments, or converse with friends. We choose to put fresh flowers in our rooms, to concoct dainty desserts, to work outdoors among flowers, or do whatever makes most for happiness. But all this "work" is actual leisure. Don't forget that.

To an Optimist

By Antoinette De Coursey Patterson

*Thy life like some fair sunset ever seems;
Each dull gray cloud thy subtle alchemy
Transmutes into a jewel, whose bright beams
Gladden the eyes of all who look on thee.*

Inspiration

By Margaret Hobson

*The rose stood fair in the crystal vase,
Her leaves yet tipped with a touch of dew,
And I knew as I looked in her lovely face
That the soul of the rose was you.*

*A song filled the air with its vibrant swell,
Heart-felt and dreamful, tender and true,
And it thrilled me with bliss for I knew so well,
That the soul of that song was you.*

*A thought came into my waiting mind,
Great in conception, broad in view,
And it placed me apart from earth's common kind—
The soul of that thought was you!*

From Prominent Clubs of the West

SCRIBBLERS' CLUB

ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON, President; JOSEPHINE MEYERS, Secretary.

An interesting Irish evening was given by the Scribblers' Club on the evening preceding St. Patrick's Day. The program carried out consisted of a charming Irish story, a song, a Talk on St. Patrick, explaining his French origin and adoption by the Irish people, an Irish poem, Recollections of Thomas Moore, Irish Myths and Legends. These were particularly interesting and enlightening as to superstitions and character of the Irish people.

A roll call topic is selected for each evening to which the members respond in prose or verse. This evening Limericks or Irish jokes was the topic and members responded with many clever original limericks and jokes. The work of the club is usually exclusively original.

It is planned to give a series of National Evenings, as these are invariably enjoyed.

On March 30th, the Club meeting fortnightly, was also an interesting session. After business had been disposed of a communication from J. W. Riley was read by the Secretary. This expressed his pleasure on receiving the

letter of appreciation and sympathy from the Club. Mr. Riley regretted that being unable to use his pen, he could not reply personally, but hoped the Club would consider his feeling, none the less hearty because perforce indirectly expressed, signed Edward Eitel.

Roll call topic "voices" brought forth some humorous as well as thoughtful articles; two members dwelling on the strident-voiced street mongers and "rags, bottles, sacks men" to the amusement of the Scribblers. A poem "The Voice of the Silence" was much enjoyed, as was a witty prose satire by one of our poets. A story which was anonymous was read and received helpful suggestions and criticisms as well as praise for the good dramatic possibilities of the story. A short story translated from the Swedish language was also read for suggestive criticism.

The Club work is proving very helpful to its members.

The reports of the ensuing meetings will be given in this magazine.



Voices

By Anna C. Brunzell

From the roaring of the lion to the cooing of the dove, from the crashing of the thunder to the whispering of the pine-boughs, we have distilled our own human voices; and they reveal or betray, to who-so-ever has the ear to hear, in what category we belong, no matter how we may have cultivated and refined and modulated, in speech, laughter or song.

The keen observer of character does not need to see our faces or our physiognomies in order to classify us or decide what sort of mood we happen to be in. He can tell, not only our past, but also our future, in a certain measure, from the sound of our voices.

The Robert Browning Centenary

On May 7th, 1812, Robert Browning was born. The poetry he gave to the world has proven itself so that on the Centenary of his birth a thousand communities in the United States, England and elsewhere celebrated his advent. In California, San Jose, Los Angeles, and Pasadena, with, doubtless, other communities, held celebrations. The one at Pasadena was under the auspices of the Browning Club of Pasadena and occupied three days, May 5th, 6th and 7th. Sunday, May 5th, the pastors of nearly every church in the city preached on some phase of Browning's moral influence as a poet. Monday, the President of the Browning Club, with Miss Miller, of the Eleanor Miller School of Expression, the Reverend W. C. Hull and a committee, visited the High Schools and Throop Polytechnic College and the Classical School for Girls, giving stimulating addresses and readings from Browning's poems. On Tuesday an *al fresco* lunch was served to the members and friends of the Browning Club at Hotel Maryland, after which an elaborate program was rendered in which the Princess Lazarovich, formerly Eleanor Calhoun of California, gave most interesting personal reminiscences of the poet, and a number of letters and communications were read from Browning students and lovers throughout the country, together with a specially composed Ode on Robert Browning by George Sterling, a California poet. This ode and a number of the messages are herewith appended, and only our lack of space prevents the publication of them all. It is intended, however, shortly to publish a small volume containing all the poems and messages, as well as the addresses delivered on this and the evening occasion of the Centenary. These addresses were delivered by representatives of three of the Women's Clubs of Pasadena, Professor Henry Meade Bland of the State Normal School, of San Jose, Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, Reverend W. C. Hull, Hon. Jeremiah M. Rhodes, Superintendent of the schools of Pasadena, Hon. Samuel T. Clover, editor of the Pasadena Evening News and George Wharton James, the president of the Club.

The photograph illustrating the cover of this issue was made by Browning's valet two weeks before the poet's death, and was obtained by the courtesy of Miss Anna Frances Levins, at the sign of the Irish Harp, 5 East 35th St., New York. This photograph will appear as a frontispiece to the book above mentioned.

ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF ROBERT BROWNING.

By George Sterling

As unto lighter strains a boy might turn
From where great altars burn
And Music's grave archangels tread the night,
So I, in seasons past,
Loved not the bitter night
And merciless control
Of thy deep trumpets calling to the soul.
Their consummating blast
Held inspirations of affright,
As when a fawn
Hears thrónéd thunders roll
On breathless, dim transparencies of dawn.
Nor would I hear
With thee, superb and clear
The indomitable laughter of the race;
Nor would I face
Clean truth, with her cold agates of the well;
Nor with thee trace
Her footprints passing upward to the snows,
But sought a phantom rose
And islands where a ghostly siren sings;
Nor would I dwell
Where star-forsaking wings
On mortal thresholds hide their mystery,
Nor watch with thee
The light of Heaven cast on common things.

But now in dreams of day I see thee stand
 A grey, great sentry on the encompassed wall
 That fronts the nights forever, in thy hand
 A consecrated spear
 To test the dragons of man's ancient fear
 From secret gulfs that crawl—
 A captain of that choral band
 Whose reverend faces, anxious of the Dark,
 Yet undismayed
 By rain of ruined worlds against the night
 Turned evermore to hark
 The music of God's silence, and were stayed
 By something other than the reason's light.
 And I have seen thee as
 An eagle, strong to pass
 Where tempest-shapen clouds go to and fro
 And winds and moons have birth,
 But whose regard is on the lands below
 And wingless things of earth.
 And yet not thine for long
 The feigned passion of the nightingale,
 Nor shards of haliotis, nor the song
 Of cymballed fountains hidden in the dale,
 Nor gardens where the feet of Fragrance steal:
 'Twas thine the laying-on to feel
 Of tragic hands imperious and cold,
 That grasping, led thee from the dreams of old,
 Making thee voyager
 Of seas within the cosmic solitude,
 Whose moons the long -familiar stars occlude,—
 Whose living sunsets stir
 With visions of the timelessness we crave.
 And thou didst ride a wave
 That gathered solemn music to its breast,
 And breaking, shook our strand with thought's unrest,
 Till men far inland heard its mighty call
 Where the young mornings vault the world's blue wall.

Nature hath lonely voices at her heart
 And some thou heardest, for at thine own
 Were chords beyond all Art
 That thrill but to the eternal undertone.
 But not necessitous to thee
 The dreams that were when Arcady began
 Or Paphos soared in iris from the sea;
 For thou couldst guess
 The rainbows hidden in the frustrate slime,
 And sawst in crownless Man
 A Titan scourged thro Time
 With pains and raptures of his loneliness.
 And thou wast wanderer
 In that dim House that is the human heart,
 Where thou didst roam apart,
 Seeing what pillars were
 Between its deep foundations and the sun,
 What halls of dream undone,
 What seraphs hold compassionate their wings
 Before the youth and bitterness of things,
 Ere all see clear
 The gain in loss, the triumph in the tear.

Time's whitest loves lie radiant in thy song,
 Like starlight on an ocean, for thine own
 Was as a deathless lily grown
 In Paradise—ethereal and strong.
 And to thine eyes
 Earth has no earth that held not haughty dust,
 And seeds of future harvestings in trust,
 And hidden azures of eventual skies.
 Yet hadst thou sharper strains,
 Even as the Power determines us with pains,

And seeing harvests, sawst as well the chaff,
And seeing Beauty, sawst her shames no less;

Loosing the sweet,
High thunder of thy Jovian laugh
On souls purblind in their self-righteousness.
O vision wide and keen!
Which knew, untaught, that pains to joyance^{are}
As night unto the star
That on the effacing dawn must burn unseen.
And thou didst know what meat
Was torn to give us milk,
What countless worms made possible the silk
That robes the mind, what plan
Drew as a bubble from old infamies
And fen-pools of the Past
The shy and many-colored soul of man.
Yea! thou hast seen the lees
In that rich cup we lift against the day,
Seen the man-child at his disastrous play—
His shafts without a mark,
His fountains flowing downward to the dark,
His maiming and his bars,
Then turned to see
His vatic shadow cast athwart the stars,
And his strange challenge to infinity.

But who am I to speak,
Far down the mountain, of its altar-peak,
Or cross on feeble wings,
Adventurous, the oceans in thy mind?
We of a wider day's bewilderings
For very light seem blind,
And fearful of the gods our hands have formed.
Some lift their eyes and seem
To see at last the lofty human scheme
Fading and toppling as a sunset stormed
By wind and evening, with the stars in doubt.[¶]
And some cry, "On to Brotherhood!" And some,
(Their Dream's high music dumb)[¶]
"Nay! let us hide in roses all our chains,
Tho all the lamps go out!
Let us accept our lords!
Time's tensions move not save to subtler pains!"
And over all the Silence is as swords . . .
Wherefore be near us in our day of choice,
Lest Hell's red choirs rejoice;
And may our counsels be
More wise, more kindly, for the thought of[¶] thee;
And may our deeds attest
Thy covenant of fame
To men of after-years that see thy name
Held like a flower by Honor to her breast.
Thy station in our hearts long since was won—
Safe from the jealous years—
Thou of whose love, thou of whose thews and tears
We rest most certain of when day is done
And formless shadows close upon the sun!
Thou wast a star ere death's long night shut down,
And for thy brows the crown
Was graven ere the birth-pangs, and thy bed
Is now of hallowed marble, and a fane
Among the mightier dead.
More blameless than thine own what soul hath stood?
Dost thou lie deaf until another Reign,
Or hear as music o'er thy head
The ceaseless trumpets of the war for Good?
Ah, thou! ah, thou!
Stills God thy question now?

ROBERT BROWNING

Here was a Titan:—one whose teeming thought
 In unfamiliar channels, broad and deep,
 Rolled on with seeming superhuman sweep;
 One who, by learning as by nature taught,
 In every mine of human passion wrought
 With such exhaustless power, such piercing ken,
 Such boundless sympathy, as poet's pen,
 Save his and matchless Shakespeare's, never caught.
 One who met truth with never flinching gaze,
 As on he walked with Muse for loving guide;
 Who kept his road, despite of blame or praise,
 In fiercest scorn of intellectual pride;
 And who, at close of his unrivalled days,
 Sleeps, where 'tis meet he should, by Chaucer's side.

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

92 Waters Ave.
 West New Brighton, N. Y.
 May 2, 1912.

Dear Mr. James:—

I was glad indeed to get your cordial letter, and to hear that your Pasadena literary clubs are to commemorate the great poet—yes, the greatest poet of the Victorian era. For, while Tennyson gives us a sense of the all-sustaining Law, Browning seems to go further in revealing the intricate mystery of the Soul.

I send you a sonnet, written in some haste, as a small tribute to the immortal poet. Would it were worthier.

Please bear my cordial greetings to your literary circle, expressing my hope that I shall see you and them early in 1915.

Your friend always,
 EDWIN MARKHAM.

TO BROWNING

You plumbed the timeless tides that wash the shoal
 Of Time, and from your cliff of vision saw
 The streaming Will whose other name is Law.
 You sang the urge of the imperious soul,
 Winged with its dream, and pressing toward its goal—
 Sang of the soul whose flying steps are fate
 As it goes searching for the secret gate,
 Where each must bring his very self for toll.

O Poet, vanished from our mortal day,
 Send back some signal from the upward way,
 Send down a whisper from the seraph height:
 What word for man? will he at last arrive?
 Answer again out of your larger light:
 The stars are crumbling—will the soul survive?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

University of Southern California
 Los Angeles.
 April 29, 1912.

Dear Dr. James:—

Your letter of the 22nd inst. is received. I send greetings from the University of Southern California to the Browning Club of Pasadena on the occasion of its celebration of the Centenary of Browning's birth. I am sorry that my duties are such that I am unable to join in the celebration.

Yours sincerely,
 G. F. BOVARD,
 President of the University.

University of California.
 Office of the President.
 Berkeley, April 26, 1912.

My Dear Mr. James:—

All persons who meet together under the name and in the cause of Browning should receive a blessing. The things that are real are the spiritual things, and those who dwell much with Browning will soon have discovered that and will learn to live it.

Very sincerely yours,
 BENJ. I. WHEELER

The Heights, Fruitvale, Cal., 5-2-12.

My Dear James:

Browning was the most kindly and entirely considerate gentleman I have ever chanced to know. For example, once when walking down Oxford Street he suddenly lifted his hat and stepped down from the side walk to the straw strewn street saying in a sympathetic whisper, "some one seriously ill here." Of all the throng and mass of people *he* was the only one to lift his hat or step down to the street.

As we left the dining room and came out to the hall after lunch, we found it heaped with books. He turned back to his sister, then his housekeeper, and asked her to have the books taken away. She told him to stop at the corner where a cart man stood and tell him he could have the books if he would only take them away. As we walked on towards the corner he told me that he hated to do it but that he really had not time or patience to read those heaps of books sent by new poets, and less time to write to them, so must let them go.

Confidentially, my dear James, that was a good lesson for me and I have never sent one of my books to any person, no matter how great, for if the tender hearted Browning could not read the strangers book, who would?

With love to you and yours,

JOAQUIN MILLER

Calvary Presbyterian Church
San Francisco, Cal., May 2, 1912.

Mr. George Wharton James,
Pasadena, Cal.

My Dear Friend:—

I am glad for this opportunity of uniting with the Browning Club of Pasadena in the celebration of the centenary of Robert Browning's birth. It is peculiarly fitting that in the Florence of America—beautiful Pasadena, the name of Browning should be reverently remembered. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that the difference between Tennyson and Browning was the difference between the white and dark meat of a turkey, the dark being a little more gamey. I am sure your club will enjoy feasting from the darker meat of the turkey during these beautiful May days which are so symbolic of the spirit, the genius and the thought of Browning.

He is not the poet of the people but of a select few who must open his thought as an oyster is opened. Sometimes one finds the pearl within and sometimes he does not, but experience shows that a serious study of the poet is rewarding and that within the clasp of the shells you will find more than an ordinary oyster, yea, a priceless pearl. It is well for us in the West where materialism is so rampant to study a poet who deals definitely with the soul, of thought, and of what Sir William Hamilton called the greatest thing in men—the human mind.

He has embodied in his verse the climate, color and beauty of California and I do not wonder that intelligent Californians have a peculiar gift of appreciation of a poet who was English by birth but Italian in expression. You have given me a theme for my sermon on Sunday, when I expect to preach on the religious aspects of Browning. Thanking you for this opportunity of saying a friendly word to my southern friends, and especially to you, I am

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM RADER.

San Francisco, May 1, 1912.

George Wharton James, Esq.
Pasadena, Cal.

My Dear Mr. James:—

I thank you most sincerely for your kind invitation to take part in the celebration by the Pasadena Club of the Centenary of Browning's birth. I congratulate the Club for its honoring of one of the world's most wonderful poets, not only in the adoption of his name, but in its constancy and devotion to the spirit of Browning's life and writings. To me such poems as "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Pippa Passes" are incantations. All honor to Browning and to all those whose souls are so nearly akin to his own that they will never permit his name to be forgotten.

With kindest regards, I am

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN G. JURY.

Chicago, April 29, 1912.

Dear Friend James:

I am glad to learn of your Browning plans, and I wish I could send to you the greetings that my heart throbs, but with the limitations of a letter I can only say that the fellowship of letters is the purest, broadest and most democratic fellowship that I know of. Surely Browning placed in that fellowship his inclusive, cosmopolitan and "Forever Hopeful" for the lowest and the meanest. In some way or another, we will try to celebrate the occasion here in Chicago. My Browning class which meets here every Friday afternoon, sends its greetings over the distance to him who has contributed so much to the higher life of our generation.

Always cordially yours,
JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

University of California
Department of English
Berkeley

Dear Mr. James:—

You and all others who celebrate the centenary of Browning's birth—and I hope there will be among them many of my old pupils—have my heartiest congratulations in that they have the wisdom and inspiration to come together to honor the greatest philosophical and religious poet of England.

Yours very sincerely,
C. M. GAYLEY.

May 4, 1912.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 3rd, 1912.

Shakespeare and Browning from the early dawning of intellect to the closing scene, were ever and always deep within the mind-maze often very near the center, at certain times in the midst of explorations in mind-deeps. They both "launched into the deep" and made deep-dea soundings. That sea was the human mind. They traversed long and in corridors, and peered into hidden chambers of pure mind, and explored lanes, passages and winding ways within this labyrinth, more obscure and intricate than were the hidden labyrinths of Arsinoe, Crete, Lemnos and Samothrace. Mysterious depths of human mentation were familiar to them. Mentonomy—the law of the Mind, was studied, elaborated and revealed. We do not yet understand, comprehend these mighty men. Only one book has made revelation of more faculties and attributes of mind manifesting and expressing in man, and that is the Bible. The closest approach outside of the Scripture is that made by the philosophers Badarayana and Kapila. Kant, Goethe, Schopenhauer, these and more have not equaled in all their ways, Shakespeare and Browning. Vedanta and Samkhya, these stupendous systems of Ancient Aryan Hindu philosophy do not quite reach the heights of Shakespeare, his field of view. A question arises, have they surpassed Browning? The mentation of John the Revelator and Browning was somewhat similar; but Shakespeare approaches the gigantic problems of mind in a manner differing from the processes of the Scriptures of the Hebrews and all others beside. Browning was not near, but within Nature's heart, and he was aware of this when he wrote:—

*"I profess no other share
In the selection of my lot than this
My ready answer to the will of God
Who summons me to be his organ."*

From Paracelsus.

And Shakespeare,—Portia on Mercy.

*The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes,
'Tis mightie than the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
But mercy is above the sceptered sway;
It is an attribute of God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."*

And all the glowing words of the Bard of Avon and the Poet of Human Life when revealing the mysteries of the stars, impress me with force intense at midnight's hour, up here on the mountain peak, when peering into Sidereal deeps with the great telescope.

EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN,
Lowe Observatory, Mount Lowe, Calif.

Fruitvale, Cal., May 2, '12.

Dr. George Wharton James,
President Browning Club,
Pasadena, Cal.

My Dear Dr. James:

Kindly express to the members of the Browning Club my hearty congratulations on the commendable spirit shown in this celebration of the centenary of the great poet's birth. It not only reflects credit on the culture and appreciation of those actively concerned, but it shows to the world that the people of California are not all wholly absorbed by the materialism of the age, that there are those whose souls respond to the highest and most ennobling form of art and who realize the great debt mankind owes to that master poet and inspirational philosopher, Robert Browning. He was a divine singer whose lips were touched with the sacred fire and whose songs will ever cheer the heart of man and strengthen his faith and trust through all the years to come. All honor to his memory.

Cordially yours,
HERBERT BASHFORD

Stanford University, Calif.
April 27, 1912.

My Dear Mr. James:

Away back in the spring time of youth, some of us incipient poets and near-poets had an experience which not one of us can ever have again. It was then that we first read "The Lyrics of Life" by Robert Browning. Some of it we could not understand, and we afterwards learned that any words which cannot be understood do not contain any meaning. But other parts of it were clear and sparkling like tourmalines or diamonds. To this day we feel that "we must learn Spanish one of these days only for that slow, sweet name's sake." And again the old yearning comes up, "Oh, to be in England, now that April is there."

Very truly yours,
DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Malden, Mass.
May 1, 1912.

Mr. George Wharton James,
Dear Sir:—

Yours of April 24 is just at hand, forwarded from New York. I answer at once, hoping that this may reach you at least by the 7th.

I greatly rejoice to hear from your Browning Club and to know of its activities. I am not aware that any still flourish in this vicinity. I wish they did. There is a Shakespeare Club at Natick, of which I was for years a member, and which has had an existence for full 30 years. There is also one here in Malden, where I reside.

My interest in and enjoyment of Browning is still keen. He still seems to me our most stimulating and inspiring poet, the one with the most wholesome and invigorating influence on the Soul? No one, in my opinion, has arisen as a poet since Shakespeare with so wide a range of sympathies, so nearly universal a knowledge of men and things, so profound an intellect, so lofty a spirit, as Robert Browning. Those who do something to extend more widely a knowledge of him and interpret him to the world are certainly deserving well of their generation and sharing in an accomplishment of a great good.

May your Club prosper more and more, and may its energetic President reap large rewards of every kind from his beneficent activity.

Yours most truly and appreciatively,
JAMES MUDGE.

First Congregational Church
San Francisco.

May 3, 1912.

Dear Mr. James:—

It is a great pleasure to hear from you.

I congratulate the Browning Club upon its enterprise. I hope that the meetings that you are planning will be charged with intellectual and spiritual vigor, an inspiration to speakers and hearers alike. I have already preached a number of sermons on Browning and his work. The first was a study of "Browning's influence upon the Religious Thought of Our Time," and on three of four Sunday nights subsequently I preached on different poems of his.

Robert Browning is the preacher's poet, and the explanation of his hold upon preachers is not far to seek. His poems—almost the whole of them; all his greatest; all that are most characteristic—are concerned with the unfolding and play of character, with its making and unmaking, with the forces which triumph over it or by which and through which it triumphs. Browning said, at fifty years of age, that little beside the development of a soul was worth study, and that he had always thought so. But this is peculiarly the preacher's sphere. Human nature he must know. In that study he must be expert. There are many things of which he may be content to remain ignorant; he cannot take all knowledge for his province. Ignorance of human nature is unpardonable and fatal. He need not be an expert in Old Testament criticism; he can work with other men's brains; they labor, and he may legitimately enter into the fruits of their toil. But he cannot know the human heart at second hand. Let him fail there and his failure is complete and final. This is where Browning finds him. With whatever material other poets choose to work, Browning elects to deal with souls. His business is with men and women.

I am always glad to know that more preachers are more and more learning from Browning and more and more teaching the truths they have learned from him.

With kind regards and repeated thanks,

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES F. AKED

Armour Institute of Technology.
Chicago.

May 1, 1912.

Mr. George Wharton James
Pasadena, California.

My Dear Friend:—

Every great idea every noble feeling of our age, which we have seen stimulated into life by Wordsworth, Shelley and Coleridge, examined and treated by Arnold, made musical by

Tennyson, falls into harmony deep, swift and true in Browning's song. With an honesty lambent as flame is pure, and with a sureness of aim altogether manly, he has lifted a rod which embodies God's purpose and he has smitten the rocks in lonely deserts and found their treasured fountains.

I know of no discovery for which he will not prepare the soul—I know of no experience for which his lines will not equip the minds of modern men. A broad theology, deep and true as broad; a distinct assertion of the place of the individual in all life and destiny, and a fatal questioning of aged error are his; and for them who are to lead others to a lasting faith his muse is teacher and friend.

Faithfully yours,
FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

Boston, May 2, 1912.

Dear Mr. James:—

It is a privilege and a pleasure to be permitted to send one word regarding Robert Browning—"Subtlest assertor of the Soul in Song" to the Browning Club of Pasadena.

Browning is preeminently the poet and prophet of the spiritual life of man—the poet who sees life in its infinite wholeness—its absolute continuity and who assures us that

"No work begun shall ever pause for death!"

Believe me, with thanks for your kind remembrance,

LILIAN WHITING.

(The following letter from "Good Old John Burroughs" is characteristic of the sturdy ruggedness and genuine honesty of its author. He states plainly and simply his estimate of Browning and because of this fact the letter was publicly read with the others. A sensational yellow press took hold of it, garbled it, and sent the altogether false news flashing over the wires of the country that its reading caused a great sensation. The only sensation it actually caused was good-humored amusement, and respect for the sincerity of its author.)

April 30, 1912.

Dear Mr. James.

I wish I could respond in the affirmative to your letter of the 22nd, but my hands are too full and my time too limited to comply with your request. It is not easy for me to shift my center of interest and just now my interest is not in Browning—in fact, it never has been to any great extent. Browning is undoubtedly a great poet, but I owe him nothing. His influence on me has been nil. He says a harmless commonplace with such a jerk and a slap, and with such contortions of syntax, that there is very little of him that I can read with pleasure. This is doubtless a confession of my own limitations.

The members of your club will doubtless get both pleasure and profit from struggling with him, and they have my most cordial good wishes.

I am well, and I dream much, both asleep and awake, of your beautiful land.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN BURROUGHS.



ROBERT BROWNING, THE POET OF SPIRITUAL UPLIFT. A PERSONAL APPRECIATION

Browning is not, and possibly never will be, in the commonly accepted sense, a "popular" poet. He is not the singer of the commonplace, the ordinary, the mediocre, but he is preeminently the poet of the person, the individual. There is a distinctive personal tone to his work,—an atmosphere rather, that penetrates to the most intimate recesses of one's personality, awakening it, stimulating, reviving, quickening, invigorating, as no other poet has ever done. It is not uncommon to hear poets spoken of with more or less enthusiasm and favor, but the moment the name of Robert Browning is mentioned it is not so much enthusiasm, or favor, as a deep, quiet note of personal possession, of satisfaction, of profound affection. Whatever their outward lives appear to be, men and women of true character cannot fail to be deeply grateful to those who have helped them in the onward and upward march of spiritual demonstration. Browning seems to have won this gratitude so largely and so continuously that it has grown into an affection that Time can never efface. Women speak of the help he has been to them with tears of thankfulness and men express their gratitude in tones of stirred emotion.

For myself I can never express in words what I owe to the strong, robust, sane, religious optimism of Robert Browning. Help is never so appreciated as when it comes to the sorely needy, and the deeper one's need the profounder the gratitude for the uplift. There came a time in my own life which no other word can describe than "cataclysmic." The ordinary sources of religious inspiration and encouragement seemed closed. Hope disappeared and despondency and despair reigned almost supreme. Then it was that as Virgil took Dante by the hand and led him so Browning seemed to take me. I was marvelously transported from a wrecked vessel in a raging sea of overpowering woe into a life-boat, where, while still cognizant of the sea's raging, I was not only assured of ultimate safety but shown how to reach a near-by harbor of peace and security. This was my first practical experience with Browning. Is there any wonder, then, that he is dear to me! I owe him such a debt of gratitude that the ordinary expressions people use about

their favorite poets seem lamentably inadequate, inconsequent, almost puerile to me. I enjoy him—yes, but how much more than enjoyment has he given me. I find pleasure in him,—yes, but how much more than pleasure. A messenger of peace and comfort, my rescuer from doubt and despair, a guide through mazy paths, a stimulant to the highest ambitions and aspirations, one who ever taught me to

be patient and proud and soberly acquiesce

regardless of the discords of life, and who helped me recognize the voice of God "whispering in the ear,"—how can I resist the flooding of my soul with gratitude and affection when I think of "what Browning means to me."

But it is not only for the immediate help given at a critical time, that I thus enthusiastically speak of the poet. That sense of helpful power, of sane stimulation to get all possible out of life by intense living and wholesale giving of one's best self; that wise philosophy that bids me grow old, for in old age "the best is yet to be," that sublime audacity that trusts so far beyond the limited creeds of men that we are convinced that "all we have willed and hoped and dreamed of good shall exist;" that philosophy that assures us that "the evil is null, is naught, is silence, implying sound;" that clear vision that leads us to see that while here we have the broken arcs, in the heaven we shall possess "the perfect round;" that calm faith that knows God cannot plan a failure, that life means good and nothing but good to us all—all these things endear Browning to us and give us courage more valiantly than before to live out the best that is in us.

His largeness, too, in this world of so many paltry aims and ambitions; his freedom from academic limitations and his scorn of man's conventions where the voice of the soul speaks loudly; his frank fearlessness in daring to differ from the ecclesiastical standards and reset up the dominion of the Holy Spirit which speaks freely to every receptive soul; his broad humanity; which asserts in unmistakable terms the need every man has for brotherhood with every other man; and his tremendous conception of the allness of Love's power,—all these things encompass the soul on his behalf and fill one with gratitude for his teaching.

The loving use of his piercingly brilliant intellect, too, as manifested in "Christmas Eve" endears him to me, where he shows, with such graphic power, the love of the Christ that moves men's hearts, even though they worship him with what appears to him to be the sniveling cant of the little chapel's congregation, or the needless and obscuring ecclesiastical trappings of the great Catholic Church, or the apparently destructive criticism of the German rationalist—who can study this lesson and learn even a part of it, without finding himself possessed of a newer and larger sympathy with mankind in spite of creedal barriers which hitherto had seemed unsurmountable.

Then, too, his restful assurance as to the future, after the change men dread, called Death, has done much for mankind. Far more potently than most Christian teachers he shows the blessedness of the progressive life; with Emerson and Whitman he emphasizes the enlarged belief that so-called Death is a necessary step toward larger life; that this life is a sturdy, strenuous yet beautiful learning "to catch tricks of the tool's true play," a glorious opportunity to "watch the Master work and catch hints of the proper craft," so that we shall understand what weapons to select, what armour to indue" when we set forth—through the Gates of Death"—on our "adventure brave and new." Is there anything more beautifully helpful in the realm of poetry than his

*Waft of Soul's wing!
What lies above?
Sunshine and Love,
Skyblue and Spring!*

Or his immortal

*A peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest.*

Notes like these ring clear and strong over the vast sea of Doubt, Despair and Questioning; they calm the soul and give one a courage that demands that even in this "last and best fight" we stand shoulder to shoulder with him who

Never turned his back but marched breast forward,
and those of whom it could literally be said that:

*At noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid men-forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" Cry "Speed,—fight on, forever
There as here!"*

I would not have it thought that I thus pour out a cup of vain adulation for Browning. I do not imagine him to be the author of Truth. He was but a vehicle, a messenger, a prophet, and, as the one who brought these truths, hitherto obscured to my vision, clearly into my sight I hail, thank and appreciate him at this centenary of his birth.

George Wharton Jones

In the Editor's Den.

In all the whirl of excitement and deep wave of anguish that have flooded the hearts and minds of the English speaking people at the frightful loss of life caused by the disaster of the monster steamship, Titanic, surely something of benefit may be gained for the human race.

We have been clearly shown that too much reliance cannot be placed upon the statements of builders of steamships as to their inability to sink. This destruction of our confidence will render it so that henceforth no steamship shall be allowed to enter American ports carrying passengers to and from this country, unless adequate provision is made by lifeboats or other methods for the saving of every man, woman and child on board, whether passenger or crew, in case of accident.

We have also been shown the powerful lesson that the highest civilization produces heroes, regardless of scholastic education, poverty, riches, culture or ignorance. Never until the judgment day will the true heroism manifested on that sad morning of April, when strength, ambition, character and wealth calmly went to a watery grave that children and women might be saved, be fully known.

We have also been shown again that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." The American people are too often lulled into false security. Why should they give attention to that for which they pay some one else to attend? I believe this to be a dangerous state of mind. It is only by perpetual watchfulness that the highest and best interests of all the people can be conserved, and while railway and steamship officials, as a rule, should be trusted, many an accident has happened that might have been averted had the traveling public itself been alert enough to demand certain reforms and insist upon their demands being granted. Suppose, for instance, that the mass of people crossing the ocean continually had known that none of the great steamboat lines were adequately equipped with life-saving apparatus. No matter how much confidence the ship architects and owners might have had, the sentiment of the travelers undoubtedly would have been to demand more adequate protection. Had such protection been afforded on the Titanic, the conditions were such that not a single life need to have been lost, except those who were killed by the crushing in of the vessel at the time it struck the iceberg.

We have also learned how important it is that nothing should be ignored in the conducting of affairs where the lives of large numbers rest upon a proper recognition of responsibility. It seemed a small thing to take away the telescopes from the lookout at Southampton. Yet, it may have been that if the men in the Crow's Nest had been using glasses they could have clearly seen the treacherous iceberg that caused the disaster in time to have avoided it. It was also unfortunate, to say the least, that all the warnings given to the Titanic by wireless, and otherwise, were not immediately posted where every officer could know of them and base his actions thereupon.

o—o—o

It is remarkable that three of the strongest pleas that have been made for universal peace in the last few years have come from warlike sources.

The Czar Nicholas, representative of the most autocratic government in Europe startled the world by his plea for the Peace Conference. Then came Roosevelt, the strenuous hero of San Juan Hill and the persistent advocate of a large army and navy for the United States. And now comes Harrison Gray Otis, the warlike and belligerent, who never seems so happy as when engaged in a scrap.

General Otis, in a recent number of the *Los Angeles Times* sets forth his dynamic plan to guarantee and maintain universal peace. It is a carefully thought out and well digested plan, and, had we room for it, we would gladly reproduce it in its entirety in these pages. He believes that five and not more than seven, of the great world powers could successfully carry this plan into operation. The universal peace pact of these powers should have a threefold character, viz: An International Congress, Civil and Legislative in character; an International Court of Arbitration, judicial in character; and an International Military Pact. The suggested articles further provide for the enactment of suitable constitution and bylaws; the admittance of other nations; proper withdrawal from the Pact—though no nation can withdraw until its appointed or agreed-upon time has expired; to join the entire forces—naval and military—of all the Peace Pact powers to prevent armed conflict, if necessary, between other nations, and to limit or definitely fix the military strength of each nation; to provide for the wise reduction of military armaments as speedily as possible, to fix the share each nation of the Peace Pact shall have for any active war service; to issue *ultimatums* when four-fifths of the Peace Pact agree thereto; to act as an International Court of Arbitration; to permit war between nations only when "the hurt of the aggrieved nation be so deep and serious that nothing short of war can heal it," but limiting its operations

as to nature, time, territory and duration; to keep "hands off" in all internecine conflicts except in special cases; to establish neutral zones; to protect each nation in the Pact; to select a commander-in-chief of the Pact's united forces under whose direction all shall act; and to establish and maintain a common seat of government.

General Otis claims for this plan that it is practical; it meets the conditions as they are. He says: "The fact, the stubborn fact, recognized in the plan is that complete disarmament throughout the world is impossible in the present state of civilization; hence the provision for using the joint armaments of the signatory powers, thus "guaranteeing, at a minimum cost, the cessation of wars throughout the world, or of vastly minimizing them; lessening their insupportable burdens and reducing their frequency and gigantic evils, thus effecting a tremendous saving in life, property, civic retrogression, disputes, conflicts, want, distress, and agony—always the unfailing and sure concomitants of war."

We hail this as a great step forward and wish General Otis God-speed in furthering his plan. Every University, High School, Grammar School, Woman's Club and Church should be invited to discuss it and such a wave of moral sentiment in its favor aroused that statesmen and politicians throughout the world will be compelled to consider it, and thus at least begin to work to the end we all desire, viz: the day when wars shall cease and Peace Universal reign. We sincerely hope General Otis will print his plan in pamphlet form and give it the wide and careful distribution it deserves.



It is not often that a book is of sufficient importance to justify the introduction of its review in the editorial pages. But such is unquestionably the case, especially in this number so largely devoted to the Browning Centenary, with Lilian Whiting's "The Brownings: Their Life and Art." Beautiful in make-up, as are all the books of Little, Brown & Co., its publishers, this book is a work of love from author down. Never has even Miss Whiting been so inspired as in writing this volume. It is the culmination of a life-time devoted to literature and is a wonderful tribute to the two poets whose wedded life it so exquisitely describes. Of this life Miss Whiting says: "It is a story that has touched the entire world

*"With mystic gleams,
Like fragments of forgotten dreams."*

It falls into three distinct periods,—that of the separate life of each up to the time of their marriage; their married life, with its scenic setting in the enchantment of Italy; and his life after her withdrawal from earthly scenes. The story is also of duplex texture; for the outer life, rich in associations, travel, impressions, is but the visible side of the life of great creative art. A delightful journey is made, but its record is not limited to the enjoyment of friends and a poem is written whose power and charm persist through all the years."

While theirs was a beautiful life it was in no wise exempt from sorrow and pain, "but to those who, poets or otherwise, see life somewhat in the true proportion of its lasting relations, events are largely transmuted into experiences, and are realized in their extended relations. The destiny of the Brownings led them into constantly picturesque surroundings; and the force and manliness of his nature, the tender sweetness and playful loveliness of hers, combined with their vast intellectual range, their mutual genius for friendships, their devotion to each other and to their son, their reverence for their art, and their lofty and noble spirituality of nature,—all united to produce this exquisite and unrivaled romance of life."

After dealing with each life separately, and the success of each in the poetic field prior to their marriage, Miss Whiting's book is then devoted to a most tender and appreciative recital of the mutual interchange of happiness that has given the world one of its most exalted standards of wedded bliss. It is a record that no one can read without definite spiritual uplift and blessing, whether he knows or cares anything about the poetry written by either. The poetry of such a noble and exalted conception of marriage as this couple translated into actual experience is more uplifting than all the verse that either of them wrote. Hence we commend the book unreservedly, and seek for it the largest possible circle of readers. *The Brownings: Their Life and Art*, by Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass., 304 pages, 35 illustrations \$2.50 net.



Especially timely in view of the tragic loss of the Titanic, will be found two poems in our pages.

The first of these which appears on the reverse side of our frontispiece, and entitled, "The Wolves of the Sea," is by Herbert Bashford, at present the literary editor of the San Francisco Bulletin. It is one of the strong poems of western literature and reveals Mr. Bashford as true an artist as he is naturally a poet.

The other poem, by Mrs. Bertha Hirsch Baruch, has the true ring of poetic fire. It is written immediately after the disaster and was recited with powerful effect at the benefit for the survivor of the Titanic given under the auspices of the Los Angeles Examiner in the Auditorium on Apr 26th.

Under *the* Study Lamp



A clever little volume by a Los Angeles writer is the "Suffragette Primer" from the pen of Mary Richards Gray. In witty epigrams and humorous verse it gives much wholesome advice and valuable information to the newly enfranchised who wish to use their prerogative for profit or pleasure. The subjects are dealt with alphabetically after the manner of nursery rhymes. She makes M. stand for "Molly Coddle: a male species closely allied to the womanly man but differentiated by brain action. W is for women: divided into those who talk all the time, those who talk part of the time and those who begin in the middle and talk both ways at once.

L. H. M.

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In an interesting volume of essays and addresses, Dr. W. S. Neighbors of Tennessee, President of Sullins College, deals with education in its highest and broadest meaning. From the chapter on music the unmusical will gain a new point of view which might easily deepen into a genuine interest in and knowledge of the subject.

A wide experience in teaching and a sympathetic observance of human nature characterize the book which is the outgrowth of an ardent love of the work of teaching and an earnest desire to help those who seek wisdom, both human and divine. The King Printing Co. Bristol, Tennessee. Price, \$1.00.

L. H. M.

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If you have wanted all your life to make a trip to the Yosemite and can not

go, the next best thing is to read "Yosemite Trails" by J. Smeaton Chase. You will forget while reading it that you are not there, and when you have finished you will find a way to go. Each paragraph is a picture, each page a poem. There is not an uninteresting line in its entire 340 pages and rarely is there found such accurate scientific data coupled with such quality of literary construction. It is natural history done in lyrics.

In his travels over the various trails leading up from the valleys into the high Sierras, Mr. Chase had for his companion Mr. Carl Eytel the artist and much of the book's charm comes from the personal touch given in the narrative.

Mr. Chase has dedicated his book to Mr. Frederick O. Popenoe of Altadena whose suggestion inspired the expedition and the book.

L. H. M.

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A book worthy of highest praise and one which is receiving the most favorable comment all over the country is "The Higher Court" by Mary Stewart Daggett. Of it the Los Angeles Times says:

"Mrs. Daggett, already favorably known in the realm of literature for her delightful Chinese sketches and for at least two previous novels of worth, has in "The Higher Court" made a valuable California contribution. * * * * *

"So intimately has Mrs. Daggett reflected life in California that no detail has been omitted and yet the charm of her story lies in its simplicity of plot and in the limited number of its

characters. By intensifying the lives of a few, she has thrown their feelings upon a vivid screen of reality which holds the reader in agreeable anticipation from the beginning of the book to the end.

In commenting on "The Higher Court" the *New York Times* has the following to say:

"Mrs. Mary Stewart Daggett, the author of several novels of life in California, tells in "The Higher Court" (Badger, \$1) the story of a young priest whose career in the church is cut short in the midst of enthusiastic usefulness by the decision of his bishop that he is guilty of "modernism." A mixture of chance and human nature throws him under the influence of the woman he had loved before entering the priesthood and after a time they are married. The greater part of the story deals with the remorse of the apostate priest and its physical and mental effect upon him and its final healing. The significance of the title is in the human need that points the way for his footsteps. The story reveals fineness of mental fiber, sympathetic understanding of the crucial situation it develops and aspiration toward the best and highest things of life.

Of Mrs. Daggett's work the *Pasadena Star* says:

"'The Higher Court' is distinctly her best work, and it will be accepted by competent judges as a powerful piece of fiction. In writing it, Mrs. Daggett's imagination has been vivified by freshened impulses; her perceptions of human relation and her analysis of human action show the results of continual study and deeper insight; her descriptive powers, always a strong feature of her stories, are at their best in this book; and her crisp, terse, incisive style has crystallized into permanent form that is delightful to read—refreshing and never monotonous.

The *Boston Transcript* of February 10, reviews the book as given below:

"Mrs. Daggett's theme is novel in its conception, but it is worked out with care and there is evident the presence of reserve force. There are but few characters, the principal masculine figure being a Roman Catholic priest who

leaves the priesthood on account of his love for a woman of a different faith, whom he eventually marries. Happiness comes to both of them finally, but adjustment to new relations and conditions is not easy. His wife "did not know nor could she understand the condition of a person trained to religious conformity, then suddenly cast adrift without spiritual sounding line."

"The situation is treated with delicacy and the story strengthens as it proceeds. Through much suffering a clearer atmosphere is reached at last and Isabel gladly recognizes that her husband's secularization has been 'sanctioned by the Higher Court.'"

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* says: "Not the least interest in 'The Higher Court' is derived from the fact that the California of to-day is being treated, rather than the California of the Spanish period."

The *Louisville (Ky) News* reviews the book literally and ends by noting that, "well-penned pictures of California scenery, where the most of the story is placed, make the reader feel very near the scene."

The *Springfield (Mass) Union* deals with 'The Higher Court' as follows:

"'The Higher Court' is another romance in which love and religion are intermingled and come in conflict. In this instance the clergyman is a Roman Catholic priest, who has been unfrocked by his bishop because of the liberality of his preachments on doctrinal questions,
* * * * *

"Following upon his ex-communication, there enters into his life the woman whom he had renounced and who had accepted the sacrifice * * * * *

"As a final tragic incident Phillip Barry was supposed to have lost his life in the San Francisco disaster. The novelist, however, spares him and brings about a happy reunion of husband and wife, as justified by the Higher Court. ***

"Though the theme is a difficult one, it is handled with much delicacy."

The old Franciscan Missions of California have been a fruitful theme to many and various writers ever since the American occupancy of California, but never have they been done adequate justice

from the historic standpoint, until Fr. Zephyrin Englehardt, himself of the Order of Mars Minor, undertook the work. A devoted Catholic and Franciscan, it natuarlly follows that his work is written from the Franciscan standpoint, and herein lies one of its chief values, for the student in perusing his pages knows that here is an authoritative and comprehensive statement of facts as viewed from the standpoint of the chief participants. It is the presentation of the case upon which the Franciscans desire to be judged. Appointed by his superiors several years ago to devote himself to this work, Father Englehardt has engaged in it with zeal and enthusiasm. He has been tireless in his researches and besides consulting all the known original records has searched from San Francisco to the City of Mexico and even in far away Spain, for further original documentary evidence. It is an illuminating and revealing chapter in the life of the true historian to read Father Englehardt's story of his search for complete information. None but a student can conceive the vastness of the labors involved; and none but he can appreciate how much work the future historian will be saved by Father Englehardt's relation of what he himself has done.

This volume is the second of the series, and is entitled "Missions and Missionaries of California." The first volume dealt with Lower California. This begins the treatment of Upper California, or the California of the United States. Five volumes will be required to complete the series, this and the two succeeding volumes being devoted to the general history of the Missions, the last two volumes being given over to the Local History of the Separate Missions.

Father Englehardt's style as a writer is like himself—simple, direct and unpretentious. There is no attempt at fine writing or rhetorical effect. But to those who bring a patriotic interest to the subject the whole volume is fascinating, for it is instructive and true.

Just as we have looked eagerly for this volume, so shall we look for the balance of the series, for it is no mere trite saying that every library that pretends to any degree of completeness,

must possess all these volumes, and every real student of California history must make himself more or less familiar with their contents. *Missions and Missionaries of California*, by Zephyrin Englehardt. James H. Barry Co., San Francisco, California.

G. W. J.

There are few American thinkers who are saner, more observing and more genuinely human than Henry Van Dyke.

Invited to deliver the Hyde lectures at the University of Paris, 1908-9, he chose for his subject "The Spirit of America." In seven lectures he presented his conceptions of this spirit with such clearness, judgment and eloquence that hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen gained truer ideas of America than before they had possessed. The seven lectures were entitled—"The Soul of a People," "Self-Reliance and the Republic," "Fair Play and Democracy," "Will Power, Work and Wealth," "Common Order and Social Co-operation," "Personal Development and Education," and "Self-Expression and Literature."

Where every chapter is excellent, it is invidious to make any selections, but if any intelligent American wishes to know how one of the greatest minds in the country regards America, he cannot do better than secure this little book by Dr. Van Dyke. *The Spirit of America*, by Henry Van Dyke. The MacMillan Company, 66 Fifth Ave., N. Y., 50 cents.

G. W. J.

Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin, the author of one of the foregoing stories, was one of the honored writers of the *Overland Magazine* when it was edited by Bret Harte. Mrs. McCrackin is still alive and though at an advanced age is working arduously, but unfortunately with slight remuneration. It is the intention of her friends to issue a volume of some of her best stories. This book will be sold by subscription at \$1.50 per copy. Orders may be sent to the editor of *Out West*, 218 New High St., Los Angeles, the book to be paid for on receipt.

Farm and Gardening

By Mary Richards Gray

WHAT IS a garden? It is man's report of earth at her best. It is earth emancipated from the commonplace. It is man's love of loveliness carried to excess, man's craving for the ideal to a fine lunacy. It is a piquant wonderment; culminated beauty that, for all its combination of telling and select items, can still contrive to look natural, debonnaire, native to its place."

In our Southland where Nature yields so abundantly of her stores the art of gardening can be brought to a high state of perfection. While the saying is current that it is only necessary to put seed into the soil and Nature will do the rest, the application of science "makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before." Whether one runs a garden for pleasure, to yield intensively as a business proposition, or both, upon the good judgment, good taste, scientific training, and experience of the gardener depend his degree of success. Brains count in gardening and farming whether on a large or a small scale. Once the Southland was a series of large ranches. It was nothing for a man to own several thousand acres of land, but now most of these great holdings have passed into the hands of the small farmer and the slogan of the Southland is "A little land and a living."

For the man or the woman possessed of a spirit of work liberty can be bought with a few acres of land. Back in New York State I know of a man who raises all the vegetables a family of three consumes, except potatoes, on a patch of ground 40x20 feet. He has a hot bed and plants many of the vegetables in boxes in the houses beginning as early as January. Another man with a slightly larger garden makes \$900 a year from it. By comparison then what is there fabulous about half acre California gardens that bring in \$2750 a year? Through the application of science the up-to-date gardener makes the minimum amount of ground yield the maximum crop.

TEN RULES FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER

1. Plow or spade your garden deeply and thoroughly. Harrow well in field culture or rake thoroughly if your garden is small to break up the soil.

It will hold the moisture better and allow the plants a better chance to grow.

2. Supply yourself with all kinds of labor

saving devices. Begudge no money spent to economize time and save your energy.

3. Where possible sow your seeds in shallow boxes and transplant the strongest and best plants only. In case of corn test each ear by planting a few kernels and seeing how they grow. Use the best and most perfectly formed ones. This is merely a matter of detail, but successful gardening is largely a matter of strict attention to details, and marks the difference between the progressive and the old-fashioned farmer.

4. Never water during the heat of the day. During the cooler weather sprinkling does not injure plants if done sparingly, but it is always safest to irrigate. Putting water directly on vegetables and flowers tends to make them develop leaves instead of blossoms and fruit. Dig little furrows beside each row of plants and place the hose where the water can trickle along slowly and soak into the soil. A tin trough which can be attached to the faucet with wires saves a great deal of time and energy in watering.

5. In sowing seeds scratch away the dry top soil and get down where it is moist. Cover the seeds well with the moist earth and put back the dry earth as a mulch. For a day or so no water is needed.

5. In transplanting do your work in the morning or the evening. Never in the heat of the day.

6. Never cultivate or work the soil when it is muddy, or dry and caked. Irrigate well and, then after a day or so when the soil has had a chance to dry out and will pulverize easily cultivate.

7. Always buy the best seed obtainable. You cannot afford to waste time and valuable space on a poor grade of seed.

8. Do not place too much confidence in the advice of the "practical farmer" and his views unless he has had phenomenal success. Like "the hard-headed practical business man" he will probably minimize the value of science and education, and it is through science that wonders are being accomplished in methods of gardening and farming. The very newest ideas are worthy of most serious consideration.

9. Plan your garden. This will require constant attention as the rotation of crops make it necessary to change your arrangement every time you plant.

10. Never be discouraged. The most experienced gardeners sometimes fail and for

unexplainable reasons. The wise and the unwise alike must contend with unfavorable seasons, insect enemies, and a host of adverse circumstances.

May Plantings.

In and around Los Angeles March is the great month for planting; however, there are many plants and flowers that can be planted almost every month of the year.

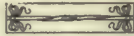
Flower Garden: Sow for fall-flowering; mignonette, nasturtiums, phlox, centaurea, dianthus, salpiglossis, scabiosa, digitalis, campanulas, delphinium and chrysanthemums.

Vegetables. Beans, peas, corn, tomatoes, cucumbers, squashes of all kinds, pumpkins, melons, beets, broccoli, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, celery, chervil, eggplant, lettuce, okra, parsley, parsnips, peppers, potatoes, sweet potatoes, radishes, rhubarb, salsify, spinach, turnips both white and yellow.

In growing flowers many complain of lack of success. In this climate it is only a matter of getting the plants well started, then the rest depends upon the care given them. Until you have had some experience do not attempt those considered hard to raise. Gardeners divide flowers into two classes, the hardy and the tender. The hardy ones are those always sown in the open, the tender those started in hot-houses

or needing to be covered at night, or cared for especially until well along. Among the hardy are: zinnias, nasturtiums, sweet alyssum, calliopsis, marigolds, snapdragons, and poppies. Among the tender: asters, phlox, verbenas, petunias, pinks and lobelias, etc.

In planting flowers these directions can be followed implicitly. Work your soil up well. If you have clay or adobe to deal with put on a sand or mulch covering. Smooth your bed down with a board, then on this smooth surface scatter your seeds. With the board press them down even with the surface of the soil and cover thinly with the fine sandy mulch. Keep the bed moist but do not soak it too much. The tenderer kinds of plants require some shading and furnish this by using frames covered with cloth of burlap and support them on stakes four or five feet above the beds, or use branches with leaves on them laying them on the beds. This shading, of course, is required during the heat of the day. Do not transplant poppies, and sweet peas. Sow poppies broadcast very thinly over the surface of the ground and thin out when they are a few inches high. Sow sweet peas in drills in rather deep trenches. To stand the heat of the California summer as they grow bank them up, covering the roots to the depth of three or four feet. The shade of the trenches helps to protect them from the heat.



Anacapa Hotel, Ventura, Cal.

Ventura-By-The-Sea

By Sol. N. Sheridan
Secretary Ventura Chamber of Commerce

VENTURA BY-THE-SEA is an old Mission town that is just beginning to come into its own as a resort city of the higher class—with nothing to draw the cheaper excursionists who go to the Beach for a Sunday from the big city and just far enough away from Los Angeles to make it a most desirable place of summer residence for the man of family who wants to get his folks out of the heat for the summer months and into an atmosphere that will come as close to suggesting that of home as the atmosphere of any place other than home will.

For this kind of folk, Ventura is an ideal summering place. It is a city of homes, between the mountains and the sea. The blue expanse of the Santa Barbara Channel, where the new war ships test their speed in the smooth water,

lies before the town, in plain sight all the time. And beyond the Channel are the blue islands where there are all the fishing possibilities found at Catalina, and comparatively little of the expense in getting the fish that mark the more populous island resort.

The Ventura Beach is the best, and by all odds the safest bathing beach along the whole expanse of the California coast. The current from the north tempers the sea water to a grateful coolness; and is yet not strong enough to be felt by the bather. There is never a tide rip at Ventura, and the dangerous undertow is a thing unknown. The beach slopes away at a grade of less than one per cent under the water, and the sand is as smooth and as level, almost, as a floor. There are no rocks in the bathing reaches. No fatalities have ever marked the



Some of Ventura's Public Spirited Citizens

bathing season here. Little children, alone, play beside the breakers and paddle in them—and if a child should fall the gentle waves would roll him right in upon the sand.

For the more strenuous bather, while there is little element of danger, the breakers roll in more heavily when he goes out to meet them, and surf board riding is a very pleasing diversion. The warm sun affords an ideal temperature for the lazy bather who just wants to put on a bathing suit and loll around on the clean sand. The Ventura Beach is the cleanest in the state, for the rivers that run down to the sea have their mouths closed by sand washing in in the summer time, and there is nothing to foul the water or the sands.

For the sportingly inclined, the Ventura river, running right down through the city affords the best trout fishing to be found anywhere in California. The great steelhead can here be taken in tide water; and the smaller speckled beauties lie in the ripples farther up the stream. Also, if the angler be ambitious for larger game, there are barracuda, albacore, bonita and even the leaping tuna and the monster sword fish out in the waters of the Channel. And the lazy fisherman can sit on the wharf in the sun all day long and get his reward of smelt or surf fish,

or pompano from the old wharf. Can you beat it for the summer? Living is as cheap as at home, rents are not exorbitant as at other beaches, and the social atmosphere of the town itself, if you should be so fortunate as to be taken into the homes of the townspeople, is just the most delightful in the world.

The Old Mission, still used as a parish church, is one of the most quaint and curious in California. The town has the largest rubber tree in the world, standing in a lot in Main street. It is surrounded by the most magnificent scenery in California, affording many pleasant drives and motor or horseback rides. The people live out of doors all the year around,—or at least, they spend the greater part of their lives out of doors. And the visitor may do the same.

Ventura, aside from its attractions as a resort town, which are now just beginning to make something of, is the center of one of the richest farming sections in all California. The lima bean industry centers here, and the fertile valleys that are tributary to the town give great yearly crops of lemons, walnuts, apricots, sugar beets and alfalfa. There is no finer place of residence in the world. And if you have not seen Ventura, you have not seen Southern California.



HOTEL ANACAPA Hartmann Bros. Props.

The Anacapa Hotel is the most conveniently located and the most popular hotel in Ventura; headquarters for all commercial travelers, and tourists and all who appreciate good service at reasonable rates.

The Hartmann brothers, George and Fred are two of the most popular young hotelmen on the coast. They have gained for themselves an enviable reputation for their ever ready courteousness toward the travelling public.



Camping on Anacapa

By Roy Reuben Rosamond



IT WAS a glorious summer morning at the Chautauqua at Ventura-by-the-sea. A breeze wafted in from off old ocean, laden with mysterious odors—a salt tang—as welcome as it was invigorating.

As far out as the eye could reach, a cobalt mist clung to the bosom of the sea, above which the peaks and slopes of the Anacapa Islands appeared, heightened by the uncertain thickness of fog. To the right, on a high plateau, but a few rods from the beach, "Pierpont Inn," that wonderful hostelry—stood like an old lion looking out to sea.

Although early, the bathers were sporting in the surf, shouting their happiness above the thunder and roar of the breakers. A maiden in a bathing suit of translucent green came dripping from the surf, seating herself where the waves were spreading out like great fans. She began to arrange, with deft fingers, the massive coils of golden hair. Suddenly, a great wave rose up, curved and spilled, and the contour of her slender body was caught in sharp relief against the foam—a vision of jade and ivory and gold perched imperiously beyond the waves.

Two couples came up from the sea and threw themselves upon the clean white sand to dry—among the dunes over which appeared the Chautauqua Building and the rows of white tents—the tent city.

One of the women shrieked in ecstasy of delight, throwing the dry sand as she had splashed water the moment before. "Oh," she cried. "I am the mate and the captain bold, and the crew of the Nancy Lee; I'm going to explore those islands!" pointing toward Ana-

capa twenty miles away.

"Completely wearied by this ocean air and splendid environment, science, religion, literature and music and art!" exclaimed Frank, her husband.

"Certainly not," laughed the girl, pelting him with sand. "I expect to camp here every summer of my life and rest and hear the lectures and the music, but a trip to those islands is the missing link in my chain of happiness. We have gone sailing, fished and bathed in the sea, visited the grand old San Buenaventura Mission and the Native Daughter Palms, enjoyed the scenic beauty of the Matilija and the drive around the Triangle, and now it must be a trip to the islands. And so it was agreed that they would go.

A boat was chartered and the day set for the trip over.

The Captain steered the boat Anacapa—the morning that they started—one point west of south. This would bring them to the little harbor at the islands. Perched upon the roof of the cabin, forward, the women enjoyed every moment, for the sea was as calm as a lake. Frank and John were aft, where the trolling lines claimed their attention. Suddenly a line stretched taut. "Another passenger!" Frank shouted; and then the Captain slowed down until a twenty pound albacore could be taken aboard. The excitement was intense until the fish lay flopping on the deck.

The Santa Barbara Channel is always interesting to those crossing to or from the islands. Whales and sharks are often seen and a trip is seldom made without passing through a school of porpoise. Sea gulls circled the air. A coast line steamer appeared to port and then disappeared to starboard, crossing the bow.

"We should be able to see the island presently" said Frank.

The Captain looked at his watch. "Three hours out," he said. "They are about three miles off."

"See the arch there at the east end." said the Captain. Immediately all eyes

were turned toward the solitary rock near the larger east island, resembling the arch of some great gateway.

"How long are the islands?" asked John.

"About six miles long," the Captain replied. "There are three islands in the group, the west island and the middle island separated by a gap about ten feet wide, and the middle and east island separated by a wide gap, where the waves of the south meet the channel waves, making a great roar as they come together."

"It appears to me that the west island would afford some hill-climbing," said Frank. "It must have been the peak of a great mountain before the deluge."

"Yes, it is difficult to climb," agreed the Captain. "It is almost a thousand feet high. Those dark spots you see just above the surface of the water are the caves. And the marine gardens lie near the shore. Can you see the camp there near the first gap? That is where we land. We call it Webster Bay."

"See the houses there on the middle island!" Rose exclaimed.

"They were built years ago, by Fishermen, and are now used by the campers. Just below them there is a cave that has never been explored and which roars continually."

The islands became more interesting as the launch drew nearer. More caves came into view. The rough jagged rocks became more and more picturesque. A seal thrust his head above the water near a great garden of golden kelp.

It was twelve o'clock when the Anacapa dropped anchor in Webster Bay. Everyone declared that it had struck twelve in their stomachs fully an hour before, so keen was their hunger. So they went ashore with only that part of the camping outfit that would respond to their immediate wants. No need of haste here in this other world where whistles did not blow nor the telephone ring.

They chose a sandy shelf high above the rocky beach, with a pathway leading up to it; and here they pitched their tents. The real exploration began early the next morning, after an out-of-door breakfast. They secured one of the Captain's skiffs—and started toward

the marine gardens and the Painted Caves, which are only a short distance west of the harbor.

Soon they were looking over the edge of the skiff at the wonders beneath them. Mysterious, busy life swarmed everywhere. The marine gardens extend to the very entrance of the Painted Cave. Golden kelp swings back and forth as the violet waves go slowly in and out; but beyond the narrow entrance the water widens into a miniature lake, and the receding walls and roof are plainly visible.

Within the great dome-like cavity a narrow beach makes a half circle, and here they left the skiff, climbing up the sloping back-wall as if passing up the aisle of some great theater. Water lashing against the stony beach sent up a sound to be pitched back and forth against the walls until it became a hollow, awesome sound, filling the cave with a roar.

The cave is about three hundred feet in diameter and over a hundred high. It is color rather than dimension that makes it attractive. It looks as if a painter had mixed, in turn, the brightest colors with green, throwing the result promiscuously against the walls and roof. The fact that the colors are always fresh and vivid is a mystery to many.

The Painted Cave is the most beautiful wonder-spot about Anacapa. The nature lover will travel as far to see it as the art lover to view a masterpiece in painting.

West of the Painted Cave perpendicular walls of rock come down to meet the sea. A bald-headed eagle was perched on a high pinnacle like a guardian of the isles.

The Water Cave was the next place to be visited. Here the only fresh water, excepting that caught in a cistern below the houses, trickles down the walls, watering the wild flowers growing in natural gardeniers, being finally caught in a cement basin some thoughtful fisherman had made some time before.

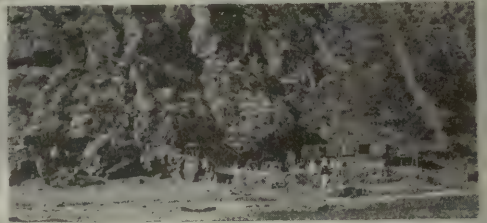
That afternoon they passed through an arch in the ridge of the island and explored a portion of the south side afoot, the beaches where the moonstones abound and the shells of many pattern lure one into searching for them.



Pierpont
Inn.

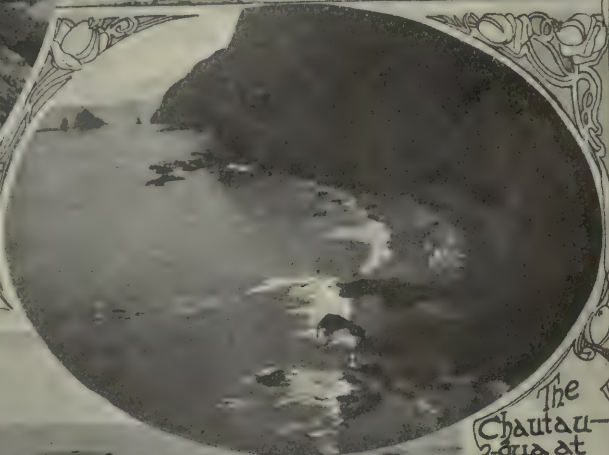


Camp
on
Anacapa
Island



The
Painted Cove

Heistey



The
Chautau-
qua at
Ventura



Of all the shells none are so beautiful as the abalone. Some seem to have caught, in some mysterious manner, the sheen of moonlight upon the water, still others the crimson and gold of the sunset sea.

"Come," said the Captain the next morning. "We are going to the east end of the island and see the arch and will troll on the way." This was an invitation to all the campers, and so the Anacapa glided away.

On the way to the east end the launch passed by many interesting places. Just below the houses there is a place called Stingaree Bay, a narrow beach, the entrance of which is lined with jagged rock-points. Here the Winfield Scott, that merchantman of the olden, golden days of California, loaded with gold dust and bound for Panama, ran ashore in the fog, Sept. 1852, and was wrecked. A few of her crew managed to cross the channel in a small boat, landing somewhere in the vicinity of Ventura, where they sent a messenger by relay to San Francisco and a rescue ship was sent out from that port, reaching the remaining crew of the wrecked ship after their many days of hardship and suffering. Not a man of the crew was lost, although it was believed that only a portion of the gold was recovered. For years a portion of the half-submerged ship remained in the little cove, its wreckage strewn upon the narrow beach, but piece by piece it has been taken by visitors and cherished as a relic.

One day one of the women said leave me to solitude and nature today I want to write a letter home and then she settled herself on the sand and wrote:

"They call this a barren rock—this Anacapa Island—but yesterday the tide was low, leaving the plant life exposed. I wish that I could name the varieties of sea weed and moss and their wonderful color, but I drop my pen in despair of ever giving you any conception of them. The marine gardens grow upon submerged rocks, for I discovered a little sand path between them resembling the pathway of a garden. Hard against a rock affording protection from the direct sweep of the waves, I found a multi-colored star-fish, his back covered, at regular intervals, with tiny spheres

of white, as if a mermaid had decorated it with pearls.

"I think that the real charm of these islands is the color and the clean, pure sea. One day we looked down into the sea from a great distance, into the green and purple depths and the cream-white racing foam. Purity! How near God seems over here. One grows accustomed to looking at the life below rather than the life above the water, so deep can the eyes penetrate.

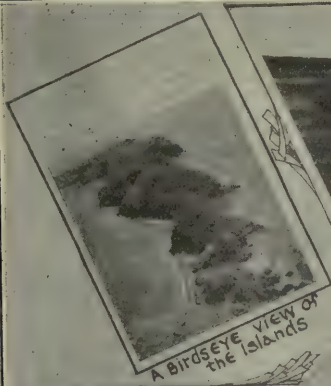
"We have been here five days, have eaten fish twice a day and have not served the same kind twice. The law on crawfish has been in force for two years and is just out. The fisherman are busy with their traps! We found a cove where large crawfish abound, and went to get one, with no other weapon than the oars. The water was clear and shallow, and there they were hugging the grass-grown walls of the cove only three feet beneath us. Frank stabbed one with an oar.

"This morning we climbed the middle island and visited the ancient burial ground. Judging from the dimensions of their camping ground, which is strewn with de-composed sea shells, there must have been a large tribe here at one time.

"Last night phosphorescence covered the whole surface of the sea and when the great waves broke and pored they sent out great flashes of shattered light and glimmer. John threw a rock into a quiet spot and as it descended it left behind it myriad sparks like a comet's tail. Fish would pass near the shore, with two streams of light trailing back on either side. The spectral depths were all aglow.

"One of the island peaks reminds me of the Statue of Liberty. And just west of our camp there is a likeness of George Washington on a point of rock that juts out into the foam.

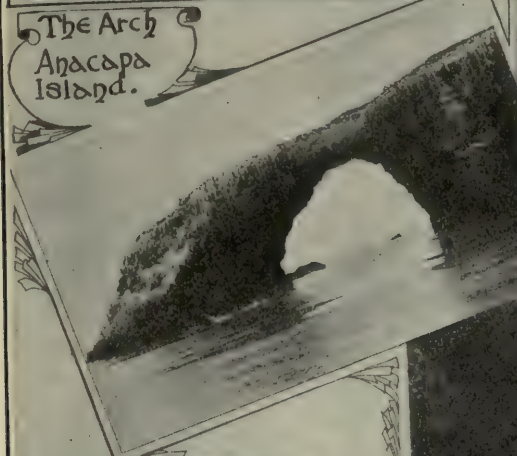
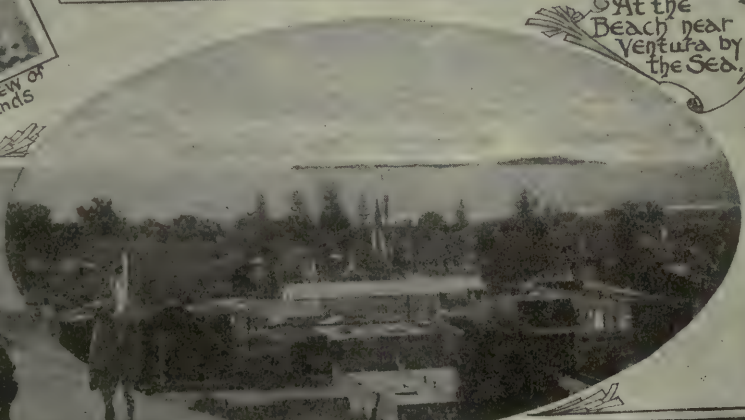
"We must start for home tomorrow, for our ten days provisions have lasted but a week. Such appetites! Our main diet, now, being fish. We are coming again next year, but will be provided for a longer stay, you may be sure of that."



A BIRDSEYE VIEW OF
the Islands



At the
Beach near
Ventura by
the Sea.



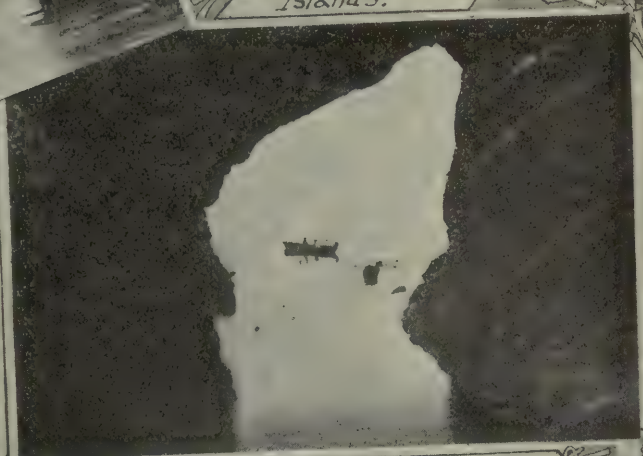
The Arch
Anacapa
Island.



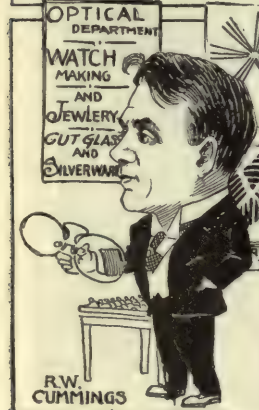
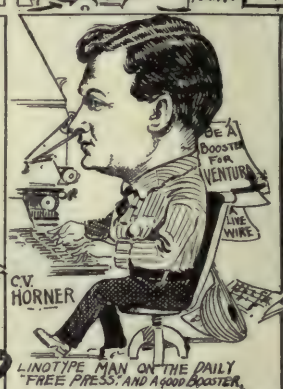
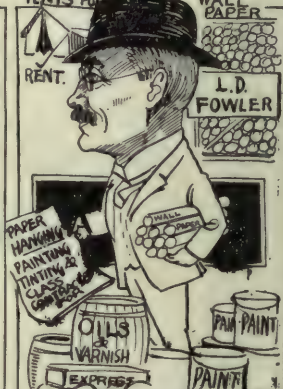
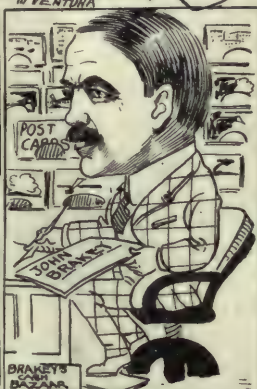
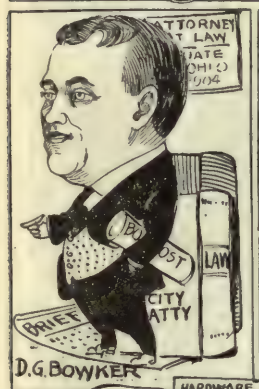
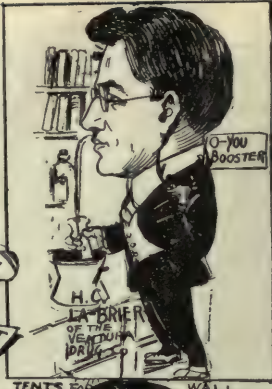
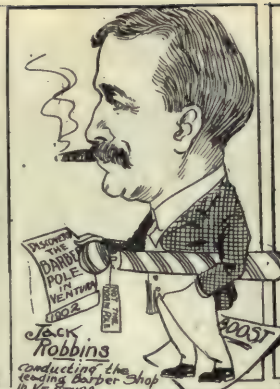
The Anacapa
Islands.



Boat
Party Landing at
Webster Harbor.



From the interior of the Painted Cave.



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J. R. GABBERT

Secretary of Board of Trade.

OXNARD, "The biggest little city on the Coast," took its name from the family of Oxnard brothers, who were among the leaders in the early development of the beet sugar industry and in the establishment of sugar mills in this country, for the manufacture of sugar from the saccharine contained in beets. As a compliment for the establishment of the "Ideal" sugar factory of the United States—so-called by Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, the people who gathered in the favored spot in Ventura county where Oxnard now stands, and decreed there should grow up a little city there, also paid the compliment to one distinguished family of giving its name to the new town. That was thirteen or fourteen years ago and Oxnard consisted of two or three ranch houses and a few shacks and that had been moved in to accelerate the proceedings leading toward the erection or inception of a new industry and the building of a municipality.

At that time, Oxnard was not even on the railroad. A spur was built from the Southern Pacific at Montalvo, to haul heavy freight to the spot. Today, Oxnard has a greater freight business over the Southern Pacific than all the other cities combined between San Luis O' Bispo and Los Angeles. In fact, the receipts from freight shipments at this little city rank fifth, among all the coast shipping points of the above named railroad.

Eight years ago, Oxnard had taken on the dignity of a city and was incorporated as a city of the sixth class. The work of making it the most modern of places in which to live and do business was then really begun and has been continued steadily. The city bonded itself for a \$45,000 sewer system, which remained as its only bonded indebtedness until the present spring, when bonds were voted for a \$100,000 municipal water system and a \$30,000 street lighting improvement, the bonds for which will be sold during the present month.



American Beet Sugar Factory, Oxnard



Oxnard Grammar School Building

All other improvements have been secured by direct tax or by assessment upon particular property. Among important ones secured thus, was a beautiful city hall and library, valued at \$30,000.00 one half of which was paid for by the city by a direct tax. A city park in the center of the city was purchased and a handsome

pagoda and bandstand erected in its center. A playground site of seven acres was purchased and partially equipped with ball grounds, tennis court and other improvements. drainage system for carrying away superfluous storm water was built. In fact, the city has acquired property valued at about \$100,000.00



Typical Row of Eucalyptus Trees, Ten Years Old

at this time, and outside of bond propositions.

Oxnard has erected about 200,000, worth of handsome homes within the past year. A number of substantial brick blocks have been built and others are being projected. Despite the activity in building, however, there are no vacant houses and there is a crying need for the erection of more homes to rent, or apartments and flats. Desirable business locations are also at a premium.

A short time ago a leading Los Angeles newspaper had its attention called to the peculiar feature existing in Ventura County, for a Southern California district—that is not advertising land for sale in any extensive manner and that the prices are high compared with land in other parts of the country south of the Tehachapi. They sent one of their best known analytical writers to report upon the strange phenomena. He wrote at great length about the wonderful fertility of the soil, the great variety of products raised and the immense wealth of the district, summing up with the statement that the farmers

of the favored districts are all exceptionally wealthy, that they made their wealth from the land on which they live and that immediately after the announcement of any tract for sale, it is snapped up by some home man before the outsider gets a peep at it.

This is partially true of the district about Oxnard. There have been some immense land deals made not far from the city recently, however, for the growing of lemons. The district has been reported as a most favorable one for this culture. Water is easily secured at most points and lemon land prices are good enough to tempt the farmers who are at present devoting their soil to lima beans and beets at profits so large that there has been no previous attempt to dabble extensively in what might be called the intensive culture of citrus fruits.

The manufacture of \$4,000,000 worth of sugar in Oxnard each year and the sale of a lima bean crop worth nearly as much, in the same city, might be considered as factors sufficient in themselves to proclaim a prosperous busi-



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In the spacious, cheerful lobby the guests assemble in laughing, chattering groups, indicating their appreciation of the freedom and attractiveness of this gathering place. From the lobby are reached the telephone booths, cafe, etc., at the office counter where courteous hotel representative, Ed. Hearne, chief clerk and assistant manager, will be found, anxious to do anything possible to add to the pleasure of any guest.

ness city but there are other contributing features. Among them is the location of several manufacturing establishments that build the best farm implements that are used in handling bean and beet crops. There is a big machine shop that manufactures oil well tools. The Oxnard Board of Trade has recently secured the location of a mill for the manufacture of products from eucalyptus, there being many million feet of this valuable timber available, within a short distance of the city. In Oxnard are also the central offices and power station for the Ventura County Power Company, a corporation that furnishes light, power and gas for the entire county. Its two banks show the largest combined statements of any two banks in Ventura County. The stores are large and do an immense business. There are two weekly and two daily newspapers.

In the religious, educational and social realms, the city is prominent. Almost every modern religious denomination is represented, having its own building. The grammar schools, high school and sisters of St. Joseph institute rank high in the county's educational system. The fraternal orders, boost clubs and kindred societies are numerous and prosperous.

An improvement that is promised for the

near future, a \$10,000 site for which has just been granted, is a Sisters of Mercy Hospital, which will be erected by donation at a cost of \$20,000 to \$25,000.00.

The shipping facilities offered by the Southern Pacific Railroad are augmented by a good harbor at Hueneme, three miles from Oxnard, access to that point being obtained over the Ventura County Railway Company's lines. This company is owned by Oxnard capitalists and also does an immense business each fall in handling beets for the factory from various ranches and hauling beet pulp back to the farms for the feeding of many thousand head of cattle.

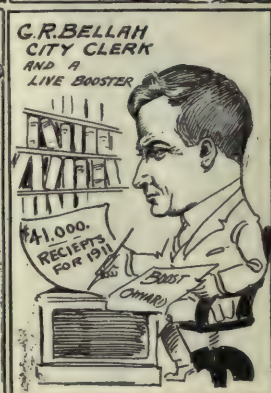
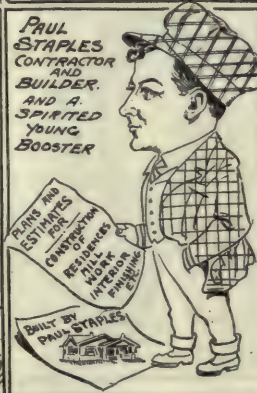
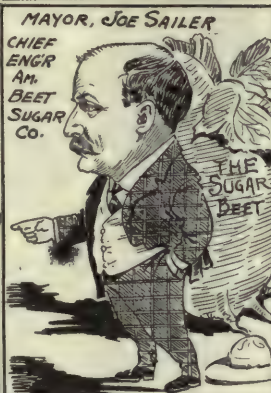
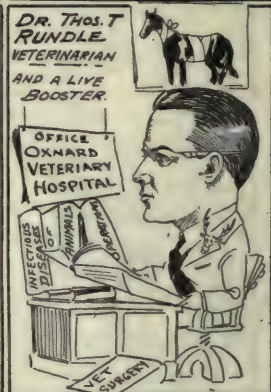
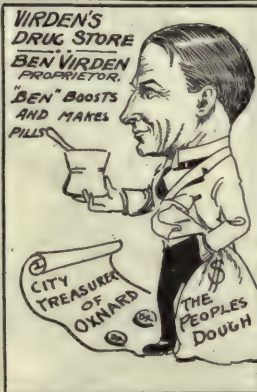
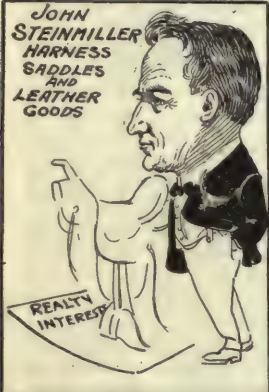
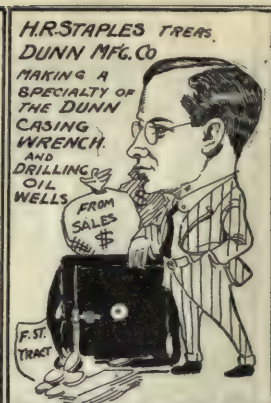
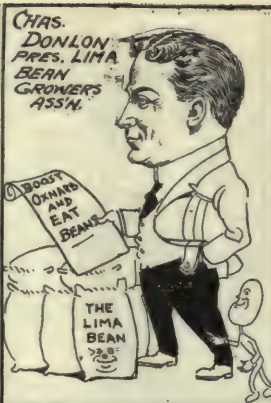
Situated with its good shipping facilities, water easily developed, cheap fuel readily secured from the oil fields, great natural wealth and an almost perfect climate, there is no undeveloped community in California that has a more promising outlook as a field of endeavor for industrial enterprises, than Oxnard. Outside capital has always been encouraged. It will be further solicited in the future and we firmly believe that in time, this little city will become one of the most important small manufacturing communities in the south land and will grow from one of three thousand to many times that number.

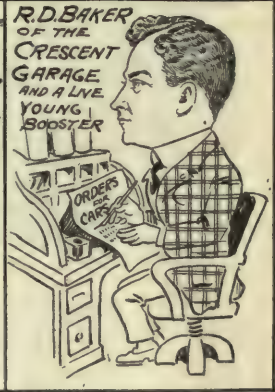
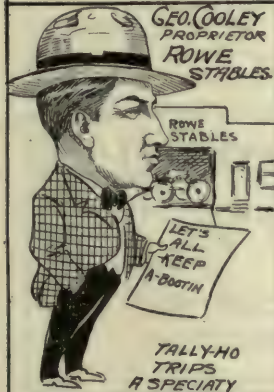
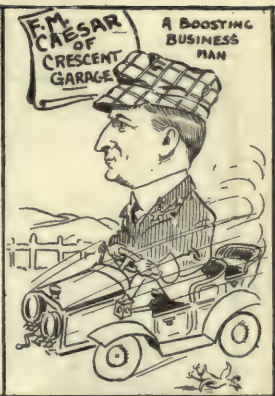
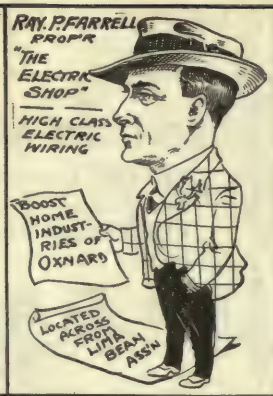
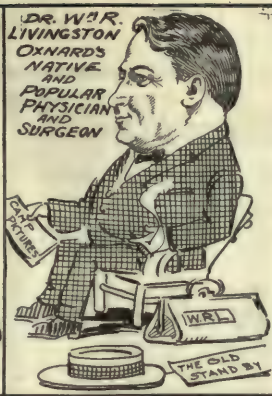
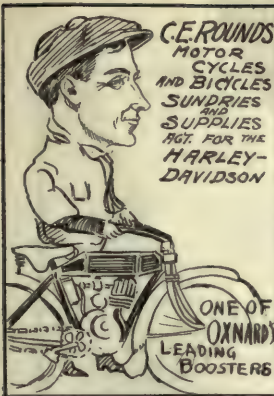


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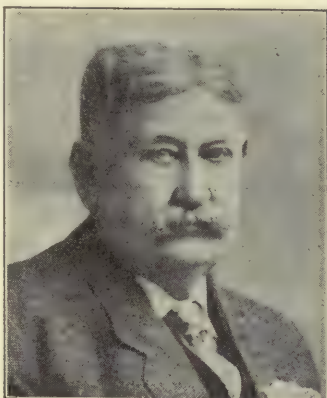


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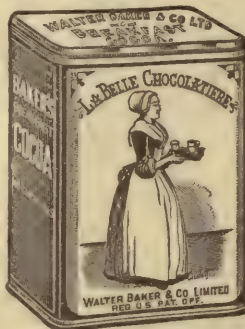
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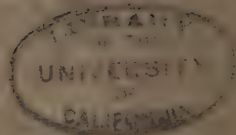
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GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, Editor



THE PRINCESS LAZAROVICH, (ELEANOR CALHOUN OF CALIFORNIA)

STRIKING CALIFORNIA NUMBER

A California Princess
California-Out-of-Doors
California Literature

Reviews of Important California Books
California George Junior Republic
Long Beach—Where Cool Sea Breezes Blow

JUNE 1919

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New Series Vol. 3

JUNE, 1912

Number 6

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

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 With twenty-two illustrations

GEORGE D. HEISLEY, Cartoonist and Department Mgr.
 A. H. DUTTON, Cartoonist

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El Canelo

By Bayard Taylor

Now saddle El Canelo!—the freshening wind of morn,
Down in the flowery vega, is stirring through the corn;
The thin smoke of the ranches grows red with coming day,
And the steed is fiercely stamping, in haste to be away.

My glossy-limbed Canelo, thy neck is curved in pride,
Thy slender ears pricked forward, thy nostrils straining
wide;

And as thy quick neigh greets me, and I catch thee by the
mane,

I'm off with the winds of morning—the chieftan of the plain.

I feel the swift air whirring, and see along our track,
From the flinty-paved sierra, the sparks go streaming back;
And I clutch my rifle closer, as we sweep the dark defile,
Where the red guerillas ambush for many a lonely mile.

They reach not El Canelo; with the swiftness of a dream
We've passed the bleak Nevada, and San Fernando's
stream;

But where, on sweeping gallop, my bullet backward sped,
The keen-eyed mountain vultures will wheel above the dead.

On! on, my brave Canelo! we've dashed the sand and snow
From peaks upholding heaven, from deserts far below,—
We've thundered through the forest, while the crackling
branches rang,

And trooping elks, affrighted, from lair and covert sprang.

We've swum the swollen torrent—we've distanced in the
race

The baying wolves of Pinos, that panted with the chase;
And still thy mane streams backward, at every thrilling
bound,

And still thy measured hoof-stroke beats with its morning
sound!

The seaward winds are wailing through Santa Barbara's
pines,

And like a sheathless sabre, the far Pacific shines;
Hold to thy speed my arrow! at nightfall thou shalt lave
Thy hot and smoking haunches beneath his silver wave!

My head upon thy shoulder, along the sloping sand
We'll sleep as trusty brothers, from out the mountain land;
The pines will sound in answer to the surges on the shore,
And in our dreams, Canelo, we'll make the journey o'er.



Photo by Matzene

Princess Lazarovich

OUT WEST

JUNE

1912

A California Princess

Princess Lazarovich (Eleanor Calhoun)

CALIFORNIA is proud of its native products when they measure up to its normal standard of excellence, and naturally when they exceed the standard the gratification is correspondingly increased. California has reason to be proud of its Big Trees, its native palms, its nectar-laden oranges, its nutty olives, its meaty walnuts, its luscious persimmons, its delicious strawberries, its delectable peaches, and all its other productions that give joy and comfort, delight and dollars to its citizens. But far more does it feel exuberant and happy over its chief products—the boys and girls, men and women, it has raised. When these achieve fame, power, position, glory, honor, and especially when they uphold the nobler and grander traditions of the state, then, indeed, is California proud to own them hers and to sing their praises.

Of this last category is the Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, princess by virtue of her marriage in 1903 with Prince Stephan Lazar Eugene, the present head of the old and Imperial Servian dynastic family.

The princess was born at Visalia, Tulare County and brought up in Calhoun's Valley, so named from her father, Judge E. E. Calhoun, one of the pioneers of the Golden State in the "days of '49." She is the great-grand-niece of the famous Southern statesman, John C. Calhoun, and for that reason, perhaps, as well as because of her own achievements she was made an honorary officer of the noted volunteer regiment "Gate City Guard" of Atlanta, Ga.

Christened Eleanor Hulda, she was known through childhood and even to her married days as Nellie Calhoun, and by many of the older settlers of the state will thus be recalled. Her education was largely a home matter, her mother, Laura A. Davis, being a great scholar and well-known biological writer. She, however, spent some time at the State Normal School, at San Jose, and afterwards attended special schools in Paris and London.

As children, the Calhoun girls all showed especial aptitude for dramatic expression and stories are still told at Visalia, San Jose and elsewhere of their remarkable natural ability in reading and delineating character. Eleanor, however, was early destined for a larger field than her own home state, and being connected with the proudest aristocracy of England her social position in both that country and France enabled her, at once, to command the most exclusive audiences for judgment upon her histrionic abilities.

The result has been that, with but one exception—her appearance in the Mission Play recently presented at the old Mission town of San Gabriel, California—her stage experience has been limited, practically, to London and Paris. In the English metropolis she played with Forbes Robertson, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Sir John Hare, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and other players of like distinction, while in Paris, as a salaried player of the National Theatre de l'Odeon, of the same rank as

Coquelin, she played with him and all the other leading figures of the French stage.

This fact explains another remarkable fact. When recently I asked the princess for a glimpse at her scrap-book, I found that nowhere was a single card or formal announcement in the way of a personal advertisement. In common with the great players of the European world, she never was advertised, except in the formal publications of the official programs. Such a record as this is possible only where the actor and her position are so well known as to need nothing more.

During her active dramatic life Eleanor Calhoun wrote and played an adaption of "Millament" from Congreve's comedy of "The Way of the World." She collabor-



Reproduction of Illustration from "Illustrated London News" on the occasion of the First Forest presentation of "As You Like It." Originated by Eleanor Calhoun, as Rosalind, in Coombe Woods, Surrey, England.

ated and produced Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" with great success at the Royalty Theatre, London, on which occasion Forbes Robertson made the success of his life as Dimmesdale. She also wrote the historic drama "Charlotte Corday" so well known in Europe and this country, and is the translator of the accepted English versions of "Adrienne Lecoureur," Sardou's "La Haine," etc.

In the field of literature, too, she has not been unknown, her articles on dramatic art, politics and literature, attracting considerable attention in the Westminster Review and other leading London and Continental magazines. Recently she collaborated with her noble husband in the writing of an important historical work in two volumes, entitled "The Servian People," published in London by Werner Laurie, and in New York by the Chas. Scribner's Sons.



Reproduction of Cast of Players issued by the National Theatre of France, when Miss Calhoun played in Racine's "Andromaque."

But it is in the drama that Princess Lazarovich (as Eleanor Calhoun) gained her highest honors and fame. Chaperoned by Mrs. James Russell Lowell, at the time the distinguished poet was the U. S. ambassador to England, she was invited to play leading roles with the most noted players. She conceived the idea, that must have been in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote the play—perhaps only as an unattainable ideal—viz, of presenting "As You Like It" in the very woods where its original might have been lived. Visiting with Lady Archibald Campbell, at Coombe, one of the charming country houses of Surrey, she used to take daily walks through the glorious woods of the estate. One day, passing through an open glade, surrounded by trees, and with all the adequate environment for a dramatic presentation she exclaimed to her companion, "Oh, how I would like to play 'As you like it' out here!" To think of a thing is often the first step in its actual realization before the eyes. It was so in this case. With the active co-operation of Lady Archibald, who took the part of *Orlando*, the play was staged in this wonderful setting under Miss Calhoun's direction. She herself took the part of *Rosalind*.

The *Illustrated London News* and other leading English weeklies and newspapers gave great attention to this noteworthy performance, and from a full page wood cut in the *Illustrated* I reproduce the accompanying sketch which gives the three principal characters, Miss Calhoun (Nellie) as *Rosalind*, Lady Archibald Campbell as *Orlando*, and Miss Schletter as *Celia*.

This was the undoubted beginning of the latter-day presentations of out-of-door plays, such as those directed by Ben Greet. But the imagination can see at once the vast difference there is between staging a play on an out-of-door platform in the ordinary city environment and giving it in the wooded glades where all the events actually and naturally might have occurred.



Photo by Matzene

Prince and Princess Lazarovich

In France, she is the only foreigner who has succeeded in playing at the National Theatre.

How could this young California girl presume to occupy so honored a place? how qualify for a performance in the French language, of a French character, with the finest French actors, in the French National Theatre, before the most critical audience that France could gather together?

Here is where California pluck, determination and energy made the impossible possible. "Nellie" Calhoun was not afraid of work. She had already mastered French, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. She spoke and read fluently as a native, but now, for three years, she devoted herself to a thorough study of the character she was to impersonate, and the genius of the French language. She soon learned that for public address there is a certain intonation—a melody it might be called—which few foreigners ever attain to, and she worked and trained, disciplined and practiced her voice until this became as second nature to her.

Her first appearance was in Orléans in a French translation of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," when she played *Katherine* to Coquelin's *Petrucio*, and supported by the actors of the *Comedie Francaise*.

Then came the great call to undertake a tragic role in the plays made memorable by the tremendous genius of that rarest of all French *tragediennes*, Rachel.

Hence, when she appeared in Racine's great tragedy "Andromaque" in the tremendous role of *Hermione*, it was first as a surprise to the French people at her daring, her American audacity, and then, as a triumphant conqueror. Racial prejudices, fears, prophecies of failure all fled before the actual achievement of this California girl, who out-Frenched the French in the perfection of her use of their own language, and in her keen, subtle, graphic and powerful presentation of the character they had deemed unattainable since the presentations of the divine Rachel. This performance of hers was considered so remarkable that it was made the subject of official congratulation from the French government, not only to herself but to the American government through its ambassador.

On this occasion the officials of the theatre issued to each performer only, a souvenir "Caste of Players." Miss Calhoun sent hers to her sister, now Mrs. W. H. Anderson of Ocean Park, by whose courtesy I am allowed to reproduce it here (in miniature).

Both at the *Comedie Francaise* and *L'Odeon* she repeated her triumphs, and the French are as proud of "Our Nellie" as we are ourselves.

The Princess Lazarovich has had no connection with the stage since her marriage, except the slight work she has done to help launch the Mission Play, a work largely historical and which nothing but her patriotic attachment to California would have led her to undertake. What she conceived would be her last appearance on the stage took place appropriately and according to destiny at Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford on Avon. Here, during the great Memorial Festival, she was invited to repeat, in several performances of *Macbeth*, her triumphant embodiment of what has long been characterized as the most difficult role of all tragedy, *Lady Macbeth*. For twenty years the press of England has lamented that since Helen Faucit (*Lady Martin*) no one had successfully embodied this tragic character. Yet when Miss Calhoun first presented it in London it was immediately recognized that here was as great, if not a greater, realization of *Lady Macbeth* than that realized by Helen Faucit. Hence none other could be asked to play the character at the Master's Festival. The audience that gathered was stupendous in size, and the most keenly critical that the earth could foregather, being composed of Shakespeare scholars, lovers and players, who had journeyed from all civilized lands to do reverence at the tomb of the Master Dramatist of the ages. Words fail to tell of the tremendous emotion and enthusiasm Miss Calhoun's representation created. Marie Corelli and other noted literati and critics wrote glowing notices of the three performances, and the following week, when Clement Scott, the famous and uncompromising dramatic critic of the London *Times*

appeared he wrote in one of his letters to his paper that he was astonished to find— notwithstanding the interest in the remaining parts of the festival programme that Miss Calhoun's great portrayal of *Lady Macbeth* was even then still the all-engrossing subject of conversation on all sides.

Of Princess Lazarovich's work in the Mission Play now being performed at San Gabriel, newspapers such as the *Los Angeles Times*, *Examiner*, *Herald*, *Express*, *Record*, etc., have given her the highest eulogiums. She came expressly from London at the earnest request of President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, to give Mr. McGroarty, the author of the play, the benefit of her large experience in presenting it. When she arrived she found conditions such that she herself took the leading role in the third act and played it through the earlier days of the Mission Play's history.

And now, prior to leaving her native state again for her husband's adopted home in England she has yielded to the persuasion of *Out West* to give a few lectures upon the condition of women and children in Serbia, a subject upon which her heart is centered.

This brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of one whom Californians are proud to honor cannot better be closed than by quoting what Genevieve Farnell-Bond says in an extended article upon Princess Lazarovich in the June 1, 1912 issue of the *Los Angeles Times*:

"The social life of the Princess, even before her marriage, was exceptional. A favorite with the Dowager Queen, Alexandria, she was received into the most exclusive court circles in England. Although a Shakespearean tragedienne, she seldom formed associations with those of her profession, and was the very first woman on the stage to enter the very best society of the flower of France; and she was given social prestige in every country on the continent which she visited. And yet, unspoiled by these honors, Princess Lazarovich is above everything else a woman, sincere, superb, gracious and possessed of a real heart and fine-fibered intellect, therewith fulfilling the exquisite culture which should belong to the society woman, according to her ideal. For the Princess belongs also to the great world of intellectual labor and achievement with high purpose as her guide, and the comradeship of a Prince who is a real prince in manly fiber, public spirit, fine mental quality and productiveness, and devotion to his beautiful Princess."



The California George Junior Republic

By Maynard Force Thayer

HERE you guys, beat it!" was the order delivered by the Judge in stentorian tones to a group of boys frolicking about his desk, for the Tuesday evening court session of the George Jr. Republic at Chino, California, was due to convene. All except the Judge, Clerk, and District Attorney retired beyond the rail and cases set for that night were rapidly called. The first were misdemeanors and quickly disposed of, for each accused

teacher) two days in succession. Three weeks in jail was his sentence and the same was given to the next prisoner, who plead guilty to petty larceny.

The only contested case hinged upon the last one, as the prisoner was also under indictment for attempting to "falsify evidence." It was charged that after his arrest for petty larceny, he had asked two boys to say on the witness stand that they thought a certain other citizen had committed the theft.



The Home of the original George Junior Republic, Freeville, N. Y.

citizen pleaded guilty and the Judge immediately pronounced sentence "six bits for battery," two weeks in jail for being out of bounds, and one month's probation for "endangering the public health." Then came one of the more youthful citizens who had been arrested for hindering the work of the school, or, as the Judge more tersely expressed it, had been "canned" (sent out by the

To this charge he pleaded "Not guilty" and demanded a jury trial. After the jury was selected and sworn in, the case was conducted by the District Attorney "for the people" and by the defendant for himself. He had endeavored to secure a lawyer from the group of citizen spectators in the room, but each declined to act. A friendly citizen explained that this was because there was no case to



The Pioneer Cottage, at the California George Junior Republic, near Chino.

make out on the defendant's side. Witnesses were summoned by both sides, but so strongly against the prisoner was the evidence, that the Judge instructed the Jury to bring in a verdict of guilty. This they did, and after consulting the legal code for such an offense which ranked as a felony, the Judge sentenced the prisoner to four months in jail. He was immediately locked in

jail to begin his sentence, and Court was dismissed.

Probably right here you want to know what a sentence of four months really means. In the first place, it does *not* mean living in idleness while supported by some one else, for during the day the prisoners are put at the hardest kind of manual labor. Of course other boys are doing all forms of manual labor



The first load, as it arrived at "Pioneer Cottage," California George Junior Republic, near Chino.



Plowing on the Ranch of the California George Junior Republic, near Chino.

also, but they have chosen their own work and are earning money for themselves, while the prisoners are working for the government and receive no compensation. They have three nourishing but simple meals a day and at night each is

locked into a separate iron cage in a wing of the government building. In another part of the government building is the court room, which by day is the school room. This also serves as the general assembly room where lectures



The Duck and Geese Pond at the California George Junior Republic, near Chino.



The Old Adobe, in which the printing office is located, California George Junior Republic, near Chino.

are given and once a week a moving picture show. For this a small fee is charged which covers the expense of renting films and the machine itself was the gift of two friends.

"Nothing without labor" is the motto of the Republic, so each boy on arrival must find a job for himself, where he

will be paid from eight to twelve cents per hour. Board in the three different cottages is four dollars per week. To earn this the citizen spends half a day, either morning or afternoon, at his chosen work and goes to school the other half, where he is paid for good work on the same scale as for manual labor.



Water Tank, Poultry Department, Hospital, Gardener's Cottage, (La Paloma and John Brewer Cottages and Court House in distance) California George Junior Republic, near Chino.



Pioneer Cottage, Plant Forcing House, and Adobe,,California George Junior Republic, near Chino.

Thus the citizen gains an added respect for the school, when he learns that application and concentration there count toward his material success as much as ability in the manual line. This is no small item when you realize that these

boys have been gathered in from the streets, from Juvenile Courts, from homes, some rich and some poor, but always where the boy has been a misfit. Probably few up to this time have had any regular schooling.



Interior of Plant and Flower Forcing House, California George Junior Republic, near Chino.



In one of the Chicken Yards, California George Junior Republic, near Chino.

If when you go out to visit the Republic you look for a high fence with closed gate to mark its boundaries, or for a large building of regular institution type to house its citizens, you will drive right by without knowing it. Four miles from Pomona you must go, out among the billowing, green clad Chino hills where a magnificent panorama of snow capped mountains and enticing valley spreads before you, and there on the sides of Mt. Daddy nestle three of the Republic buildings, La Poloma and John Brewer cottages and the Government building. A half mile down the road is Pioneer Cottage, which, as its name indicates, was the first building at the Republic and the only cottage until a few months ago. Pioneer was an old adobe ranch house, but is so thoroughly modernized with new floors and wainscotings, shower baths and electric lights, that it is a favored place of residence.

The work of the Republic is organized under different departments, house, shop, garden, farm, print shop and poultry. Each cottage is in charge of a house mother, who conducts it exactly like any other private boarding house. All the work of the house except the cooking is carried on by a group of citizens, en-

gaged as house boys. The citizens engage board and room where they like and free to change from one "hotel" to another, though really they develop a strong home feeling for some particular cottage and are anxious to proclaim its merits over the other two. The life in each is entirely distinct, with varying meals and household pleasures. Each has a piano, a victrola, and a growing library. As a package of books was being unpacked recently, the citizen who was assisting suddenly tucked a very fat one under his arm exclaiming "I'm for the Civil War Book."

Of the other departments, each is in charge of a capable man who hires the citizens to work for him, just as any other employer might, and can dismiss them if their work is not satisfactory. The employees are paid in the aluminum money of the Republic, which is exchangeable dollar for dollar with the coin of the larger Republic. The poultry department is one of the most flourishing. The yard is thoroughly modern and is already stocked with nearly a thousand White Leghorn chickens, while the animated scenes in the brooders and the six incubators in constant use, give promise of an enormously increased stock. About six hundred eggs are



"Daddy" George, the beloved founder of the George Junior Republic, near Chino.

shipped daily to market in Los Angeles and other nearby towns.

The print shop on a recent afternoon was turning out most attractively finished copies of an article by Theodore Roosevelt, published in the Outlook, January, 1912, after a visit to the parent Republic at Freeville, New York, in which he called the the Junior Republic "a laboratory experiment in democracy." The shop department has recently completed a new barn to take the place of an old one destroyed by fire last year when the entire crop of hay was lost. The present

structure is covered with galvanized iron and has a concrete floor, so that a recurrence of such a disaster is impossible. The farm and garden departments are each rendering valuable service along their own lines.

The two hundred and thirty fertile acres of the Republic have been laid out by an architectural and landscape expert on a plan which affords scope for the future growth of the village. Mt. Daddy is to be covered with orange orchards and on its summit a large reservoir will be constructed. A park

down at "The Willows," a gymnasium, athletic field and swimming pool are projects dear to the heart of the average citizen. Probably the most important event in the history of the Republic is the announcement that the development of a large industrial school is soon to be begun. Suitable buildings will be erected for industrial shops of the most modern type, for a bakery, laundry and central cooking plant. In these latter the needs of the cottages can be supplied most expeditiously and economically, and at the same time the citizens will receive practical training along these various lines of work, which will raise them at once to the ranks of skilled industrial workers.

And now—what is it all for? Perhaps the shortest answer is "to turn bad boys into good citizens."

And how is it done? By giving these boys genuine responsibility which steadies and educates them, by giving them the experience of citizenship even to the point of making a mistake. Mistakes are not vital in the Junior Republic and the young citizen is not going to make the same mistake when he graduates into the large Republic. This is a village in which the boys live, with the machinery of government in their own hands, and officers duly elected every three months to carry it on. "A boy can regulate a boy better than a man can" is one of the pet sayings of Mr. William R. George, founder of the original Republic at Freeville, New York, lovingly known to all Republic citizens and workers as "Daddy". A boy in the city is a hero to many of his fellows if he has been arrested numerous times and has perhaps served a term at a reform school. The glamour is gone when he is arrested at a Republic by a boy, is brought before a Judge and Jury of his own age, and on conviction is locked into jail each night by a citizen jailer, who has back of him all the power of the Republic Government. The tough member of a street gang looks upon a successful pickpocket as a great hero, but how think you he feels, when at the Republic he has earned by hard work in the field enough to provide a comfortable room and board for the coming week and some fellow steals it

from him? Do you imagine he looks upon that particular thief as a hero to be worshipped and protected from the punishments of law? In point of fact he turns amateur detective at once to ferret out the thief and by that one bit of actual experience has become a firm upholder of the rights of property.

Another favorite theory of Daddy George is that many of the discords of our modern life would disappear if we could only get "the other fellow's point of view." This is just what the citizens of the Republic do, for everyone is up against exactly the same conditions, whether he was sent from the slums by a Juvenile Court Judge or was brought by his father in a seven passenger machine because said father could no longer control the boy at home. Each will be actually dependent upon his own labors for his living and clothes, each will have the same responsibilities of citizenship and opportunities of advancement. Perhaps we should qualify that and say the same opportunities of advancement in so far as the material conditions are exactly the same. Mr. George has discovered that the poor boys are likely to forge to the front first, as they are more accustomed to using their brains and hands, while the rich boy who has never been forced to take the initiative, is often arrested for vagrancy, and put upon a bread and water diet, before he can adjust himself to the changed conditions.

In the parent Republic at Freeville, the son of a labor agitator who shared all his father's opinions on the cruel oppression of labor by capital, prospered in his business affairs until he felt competent to figure upon the contract for a large job of excavating, agreeing to have it completed by a certain day or pay a heavy forfeit. His bid was accepted, he hired a considerable number of citizens to do the actual work, every thing progressed well and he was figuring on a good profit, when without warning a strike broke out among his men. The strike leader was the son of a wealthy manufacturer who was an employer of hundreds of men. Absolute ruin stared the young contractor in the face and forgetting all his tirades against capital and its use of the machinery of government to serve its ends, he rushed off to

get an injunction to prevent his men from striking. Unable to do this, he could not complete the work in the specified time and the capital he had invested was swept away. Is it not a safe conclusion that all through life those two boys will have a keener and more sympathetic understanding of the mutual problems and duties of capital and labor?

Citizenship in the Junior Republic at Chino begins at fourteen and ends at twenty one, when citizenship in the larger Republic begins. It is not an ideal environment which surrounds the youthful citizen, for he is not being prepared to enter an ideal Republic later, but to meet conditions as they actually are. There is a jail and if he breaks the laws he is put into it, indeed it is an unusual citizen who has not been there for some offense during his earliest days. But—and here is the point outsiders must realize—a jail sentence there leaves no sting or stigma. When it is over, he is on the same footing as before and, if he proves himself worthy, is quite as likely to be elected to the highest office in the Republic.

There are now seven Republics belonging to the Junior Republic Association, in each of which the laws are those of the State in which the Republic lies, plus the laws made by the citizens themselves. Probably no other self-governing community in the country is under such strict laws as the Republic, where obscenity and vulgarity, the use of liquor and tobacco are as strongly forbidden as any form of larceny. The education is of the most practical kind, so that when a citizen leaves, he is well grounded in the same kind of an education he would have acquired at the public schools, and is at the same time fitted to begin a wage-earning career at once. At the same time he has become familiar with the actual workings of government, has helped make the laws which governed the Republic and been responsible for their enforcement. After such an experience he is little likely to become the tool of a ward politician in the large Republic. For ten years equal suffrage has been in use with marked success at Freeville, and such is the law in the Junior Republic at Chino, though at present because

of lack of cottages for their accommodation, no girls are admitted at Chino.

After an hour's acquaintance, a citizen at the Chino Republic was recently asked by a visitor, who had been much attracted by his keen, alert bearing and winning smile, why he was there and where his parents lived. "Well," answered the fourteen year old boy. "I only talk about it to my friends, but I'd just as soon tell *you* all about it." He rapidly sketched his life, both parents dead; a home "with an old woman who was supposed to be my grandmother," a first bit of mischief which landed him in the Detention Home; and then a kaleidoscope existence in one Detention Home after another, up and down the Coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles. No one who saw the frank open face and clear eyes could believe he had gone very far wrong, but there he was with a store of pent up energy which so far had never been properly directed. After a two weeks residence at the Republic he had thoroughly identified himself with the life of the little village and had joyfully assumed the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. At last he was being given his chance, for he had entered the Junior Republic which prides itself on being a manufactory of good citizens.

As Mr. Roosevelt said: "In addition to being an educational institution in the ordinary sense of a school of applied industry, it is also a school which gives the most valuable training in the fundamental duties of citizenship." Astonishingly well does it impart this training or, as Mr. George puts it, do the citizens by actual experience teach themselves that "good citizenship is the only kind of citizenship worth having, even from the individuals own standpoint." Of course not every graduate of the Junior Republic has made a mark for himself, but when Mr. George and his coworkers can say, that of all the boys who have passed through Freeville during the seventeen years since its establishment, "*Not one who has ever left with their consent has gone wrong,*" it carries conviction that the Junior Republic deserves the utmost interest and support from all the citizens of that larger Republic which is the American Nation.

The Spirit of California Literature

By the Editor

FO literature is worthy of the name unless it enshrines a worthy spirit. Beauty of form alone may be all right in flowers, in clouds, in sculpture, but in literature more is required to make it worthy of life. Not that I would deny the charm of beauty of form in literature, for I love the swing and the lilt of perfect form in words, the grace and elegance of polished expression. I can close my eyes and swing into paradise on its sweet sounding rhythm; yet it is, after all, an incomplete paradise. Something in me is unsatisfied. I feel disappointed, defrauded. In and through such words spirit should have come. I should have been stirred to higher action, aroused to more exalted aspiration, soothed to serenest spirit, lulled to a more peaceful life, quieted to deeper enjoyment, broadened to vaster comprehension, lured to wider and more helpful human sympathies. Words are more than pretty spectra of color and shape to be juggled and arranged into kaleidoscopic beauty; words are symbols of thought,—not as Tallyrand or Machiavelli put it, instruments for the hiding of thought, but instruments for the expression of thought,—and their purpose should be to quicken human minds, to stir human souls, to the higher and better things of which they are capable.

Therefore it is the spirit of words that is the *real* thing of words. Without the spirit they may be pretty, beautiful, and, therefore, useful with the smaller utility of mere beauty, but they do not mean what they might mean. Beauty of form is not only not incompatible with the highest spirit, but it is unquestionable that the highest spirit is best expressed in the most beautiful form. Then, by all means, let writers wed form and spirit and thus see the

higher perfection to which words can attain. But if they cannot, and do not have the power to, demand both, of themselves, let them first of all require the spirit, the real essential, even though the form they use be as wild as the chaparral covered slopes of the Sierras, as rugged and unpolished as El Capitan, or as uncivilized and unrefined as the Colorado desert.

At the outset I wish positively to disavow any idea that I am influenced by that narrow provincialism, that petty sectionalism, which often passes current as patriotism. The patriotism (so-called) that sees no further than the narrow confines of its own city, state or nation, is unworthy the name. It is a false and injurious patriotism. That patriotism that fosters pride, prejudice and supercilious contempt for other states or nations is a hindrance to the progress of the world. I believe with Goldwin Smith that humanity is above nationality; that the general progress of the human race is far more to be desired than that my section of it should become the greatest nation on earth, and dominate all the rest. The doctrine of the brotherhood of man is a real living principle and it applies to mankind in all of his life's activities.

Then, why specialize and write on California Literature and its authors? Why not write about *all* literature and all authors?

The answer is clear. The highest development of the whole can come only through the highest development of the individual. I, personally, cannot elevate the race, as a race, but if I can elevate myself, I do elevate the race to the extent that I have thus improved my own physical, mental and moral standing. So also a state's development

belongs not to it alone, but to its nation, and not to the nation alone, but to the world. I seek the development of myself, my city, my state, not that *that* is the chief end to be attained, but that mankind as a whole may be benefited thereby. Then, too, man is a limited animal. While one's spirit may roam where it will, his residence must be a settled and fixed abode. He must choose where his limits shall be. I have already chosen as my home this great west. No one person can thoroughly know the whole world, but each one can know reasonably well the limited region of his choice. Each one thus is able to give to each other specific, detailed and reasonably accurate knowledge of the country in which he dwells. Hence for knowledge of New England we go to the New Englander; for knowledge of the South to the Southerner, and so with Alaska, the Middle West, the North and all the specific regions of our great commonalty. Just as I am in love with, and enthused over, the land of my choice, so I expect to find the resident of other sections, and I listen to his exuberant and glowing accounts with the same respect and pleasure I expect him to listen to mine. For only thus, by massing together our stores of personal knowledge of specific localities can we have a comprehensive knowledge of the whole. Hence, the true cosmopolitan resident of New England is just as ready and anxious to learn all he can about California and the great West from "one who knows," as the Californian is to sit at his feet and learn of him.

It is in this spirit that I have written and shall write. Not with the desire to glorify my section over any and all others, but to set forth its grandeurs, glories and possibilities as I see them; its literature as I read it, and its spirit as it appeals to me.

California now is in the productive period of her intellectual life. She is essentially a creator. As Kentucky was the mother of Presidents, so California is the nurturing mother of scientists who are controlling the thought of the world, and so will she be ere long, I think, the nurturing mother of the greatest poets the world has ever seen,

Here the astronomers are gazing through the telescopes of the Lick Observatory and gaining new knowledge of the heavens; on Mount Wilson the Carnegie Institute is erecting its more powerful instruments, because astronomers unite in saying that California is "the promised land" of the astronomer. In California Burbank has been working out, is practically demonstrating, the problem of the control of vegetable life. He has created new species of flowers, fruits and trees to the enriching of the life of all future generations. Jacques Loeb spent months in his laboratory by the sea, probing deeply into the question of life and demonstrated that the fertilization of the eggs of the sea urchin could be accomplished artificially as certainly and as surely as by the old method of male spermatization.

In literature this same creative power is at work. The "Victorian Era" of California has not yet arrived, but it is arriving. I predict that it will come, and that when it does, California and the world will hail the advent of a poet as democratic and wide in his sympathy with humanity as Whitman; as elevated and uplifting in his spiritual lessons as Browning, and as lyrical a singer as Poe and Joaquin Miller. The spirit of California will have full possession of him. Nothing that he says or does will be academic in the sense of hampering him with restrictions that are purely scholastic. He will be *alive* to the end of his toes. His finger tips will tingle with the pulsations of his healthy and vigorous heart. No pale, anaemic writer, this, shut up in a city garret, or seated in an elegantly appointed library, waited on hand and foot, and with automobile outside to carry him whither he wills. He will be a giant in body—strong enough physically to walk his thirty miles a day, up hill and down dale, if he so desires,—to climb mountains or descend canyons with ease; to work like a hired man and eat like one, sleeping like a baby the dreamless sleep of the healthy bodied. For he will be an athlete—not the trained, artificial athlete of the gymnasium, but the rugged athlete of life, with muscles ready for any reasonable call,

nerves, like sensitive steel, that know no weariness, and that are able to respond to every demand with enthusiasm, exuberance and joy. The kind of a body, in fact, that Browning describes in *Saul*, possessed to the full of the joy of mere living and able to yield to every spirit of laudable desire, knowing no weariness, no exhaustion, that there will be no waste of power in so doing. This possession of bodily prowess is an essential condition of the great California poet who is to come.

Then, his mind will be as perfect as his body. Receptive to every impression, absorptive in instinct, he will take in everything that comes within his ken, and by a healthy assimilation make it his own, so that when he gives it forth, it goes out with all the power of his concentrated life behind it. A large receiver, a large giver will he be; prodigal in outflow as illimitable in receptiveness.

And his soul—that will be a fit guide for such a body and mind. Every emotion, every affection will be unselfish, large and capable. Full of sympathy, intuition, strength, courage, self-sacrifice, he will be a living embodiment of soul force ever exercised without trammels, for the benefit of the world.

Such an one will ultimately come to the world. He will come in California. Let us prepare for his advent; let us be ready to hail him when he comes.

The questions are often asked in all seriousness: Is there a California Literature? What is California literature?

Leaving out of the question any specific definition of the word "literature," what is it that justifies the qualification? Is it that the author was born in California? He may have been born here, and lived here all his life and yet write exactly the same common-place stuff that one born in the sleepiest old town in England might write. Then, too, many people born in California remove elsewhere before the state has made any particular impression upon them that could be reflected in any way in what they might write.

On the other hand there are those who have come into the state, as, for instance, Joaquin Miller, Charles F.

Lummis, Charles Keeler, Charles Frederick Holder, and a score or a hundred of others that might be mentioned, who, though born elsewhere, have made California their home and the theme of much of what they have written. Hence they are truly entitled to be called Californian, as residents, and because their literature reflects the home of their adoption.

Then, too, the temporary resident, at times, became so imbued with the California spirit, so saturated with it, that he wrote in its swing and rhythm, its largeness and human sympathy, when he returned to his native home. Of such as these was Helen Hunt Jackson whose *Ramona* is a pure California classic; Kate Sanborn, whose Truthful woman in Southern California, is nothing if not Californian; Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Patsy*, which is as full of San Francisco as nature and art can make it; Marah Ellis Ryan's *Soul of Rafael*, which is pure Franciscan Mission and California Spanish, and Constance Goddard Du Bois's *A Soul in Bronze*, which is as pure Indian as *Ramona*. Necessarily, therefore, all these authors are regarded as Californian, and if their earlier and later life disjoins them from this privileged and honored title and association, that must be accounted their misfortune and not their fault.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote many things in California that were not about California, and yet, when he went from the State, he wrote things that referred to Californians only a true Californian could have done. Some of Charles Warren Stoddard's finest things were not written in California, yet as they are about California they have a right to be called Californian. Some of E. R. Sill's poems are not about California, yet they are written in California and they are introduced. Some of Richard Realf's poems were neither written in California nor about California yet some of them will be used.

Hence it will be seen that I have laid down no hard and fast rule as to what constitutes California Literature, and if I have admitted anything that my reader would have kept out, he is at perfect liberty to eliminate it and form a set of rules of his own.

There are many native born Californians who have never written a distinctively California line, hence, unless their work is of decided merit, I see no reason why it should be accounted. But Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, Mark Twain, Noah Brooks, and hosts of others have written distinctively as Californians and their work could not be ignored in any comprehensive survey of California Literature.

For, after all, the birthplace of the author amounts to but little. The question is: has he absorbed the spirit of the country of which he writes? Is he familiar with its history, its topography, its climate, its legendary lore, its traditions, its social, business, religious, political and literary life? Does he know the genius of its people and the conditions of their life?—If so, and the literature he produces reflects these things, then he “belongs” and no narrow provincialism can exclude him, no hard and fast rule can deny what the world freely accords to him.

There is and of necessity ought to be, a marked difference between the literature of California and that of the East and of England. Literature is the enshrinement of the life and thought of its people. The life of the people of California, is, or ought to be, different from that of the peoples of the East and England.

Unless we fail to grasp what opportunity has placed in our hand; unless we barter our Western birthright of largeness, freedom, virility, strength, originality, individuality, and creative power for the Eastern formalism, academicism, exterior culture, *super-refinement* and *super civilization*, we have here the Promised Land of literature, as well as of all art, social and physical, mental and spiritual development. There are scores of Pisgah Heights from which the land may be viewed, and the entrances are open for all sturdy men and women. The mountains may be climbed, the canyons threaded, the forests pathed, the deserts crossed, the rivers forded by the stout-hearted and brave, the daring and the free who value achievement more than academic degrees, ideas more than verbal fluency, life-passionate, tingling, fervent, exuberant life—more than cold-

blooded, critical phrase-making about life. To me California is an embodied protest against these things of the exterior, of the appearance, of the conventional, of the academic, of the fashionable. As a true son of California I avow her open contempt for them. We refuse to bow before many of the so-called and recognized standards of the East. We repudiate their authority and laugh at their despotic claims. We set up new standards of our own. We value religion above theology; justice above law; accomplishment above knowledge of technical precedent; rugged progress above correct deportment.

We demand that our literature tingle with the passionate life of body, mind and soul; life that is full of red corpuscles, that reaches out, strives, does,—and does of the best, not the worst,—the best, that is, for all men. We demand, and Time will bring us a larger Wordsworth to present our larger themes of Nature in larger terms to enlarge our minds, souls, emotions, and sympathies. As the immortal English poet wrote of the pretty and picturesque objects of his Lake Country, so shall our new poet write of our Sierras, our Mounts Shasta and Whitney, San Bernardino, San Geronio and San Jacinto, our Colorado and Mojave Deserts, our San Joaquin, Sacramento, Napa, Sonoma and San Gabriel Valleys, our vast harvest fields, our Lake Tahoes and our Yosemite and Kern and Kings River Canyons. And one cannot write of, and read of, these enlarged and expanded natural objects without feeling a corresponding enlargement, expansion and elation of mind and soul. I take it that this is the chief object of the existence of these things. As I wrote in “The Wonders of the Colorado Desert”: “Is it not to widen *man* that wide stretch these apparently illimitable plains? Is it not to expand him that everything on the desert is expansive? Is it not to heighten him that the mountain peaks tower to the sky? Is it not to deepen him that precipices yawn, that canyon depths call upon the awe of the human soul?”

I fully accept Browning's idea that Nature is merely the stage and the background for the representation of man'

play of life, but that man, according to his impressionability, responds to and reflects the objects by which he is surrounded.

So I look for a larger Wordsworth to be born here in California to give a true reflex of the larger Nature found here; I look for a larger Shakespeare, Tennyson, Goethe and Browning to picture for us a larger humanity than did these poets, great though the world has recognized them to be.

I look for a larger Whitman and a larger Emerson, to give us a larger democracy than even the good gray poet conceived.

As yet the Californian spirit has not had a fair and full opportunity. The railway opened up the entrance too soon and let in too much of the Eastern conventionalism, complexity, super-refinement and super-civilization. It is out of place here. The real Californian does not want to accept the academic, and live by the rigid rule standards of the East. He does not intend to shape his life to the "prane, prism, propriety" form. He does not want to be compelled to wear clothes of a certain cut at the dictates of some formal convention. He does not intend that all the naturalness, spontaneity, enthusiasm, exuberance and reality of life shall be smoothed, polished and refined out of life by warnings that "this is not the proper thing to do," that is not according to standard, and the other is contrary to the way *we* do things. He openly avows himself an iconoclast against many of the idols before which the older portions of our country bow down and worship. He is willing to be deemed rough, rude and uncouth if needs be, that he may have life within—real life, not seeming life, but life that pulsates, vibrates, tingles, nourishes. He prefers the trail of the mountain, the rude camp, the sleeping on the ground and all that they mean, to the

mollycoddling, enervating, luxurious, pampered life of the great White Way. He may not know many of the requirements of "correct society," but he is determined to know the beauty and glory of our sunrises and sunsets, the majesty of our forests, mountains and canyons, the sublimity of our deserts, and to read therefrom the lessons they have to give of manhood, brotherliness, helpfulness, unity and power.

Naturally such a Californian expects to be criticised for holding such ideas. He will be accused of egotism and ignorance, as all people who have dared to break away from erstwhile standards have been ever since the history of man began. But conscious of the enlarged scope of his vision, he feels he can afford to listen to all criticism of whatever nature unmoved and unstung.

Lest it should be imagined by the unthinking that the Californian denies all literary standards let me here affirm the contrary. It is because he has so high a standard that he refuses to accept the lower standards as his ideals. As I have tried to show the Californian demands reality rather than appearance, thought than form, strength than polish, vigor than prettiness, red-blooded life rather than correctness. And it is because there is such a growing tendency in all older communities and civilizations to reverse this order that his emphatic protest is rendered. Yet he believes in appearance, form, polish, prettiness and correctness. He wants them, but not at the expense of reality, thought, strength, vigor and red-blooded life. When he must choose between the two he takes the latter category always and inevitably. On the other hand when he can have them both he takes them gladly, thankfully, for when thought and power, emotion and life are wedded to beauty of form and perfection of expression the perfect is attained, there is "no more near nor far."



Pay Day at the Mine

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin



LADY'S trunk seemed so out of place, in this wagon; as much so as the owner of the trunk herself.

The scraggy Mexican mules had an American driver; and he had taken this female passenger on at Girandara, together with several kegs and sacks which had come under escort from a flourishing town on the American side. The Guajaca Mine employed all the Americans that found their way out here; deserters from camp and fort, for a hundred miles around; horsethieves, broken-down gamblers—anything that did not like to hear the screech of the American Eagle, but loved its image on American coin.

The manager of the mine, the Superintendente, the Mexicans called him, was an American himself, who had brought with him a young wife, timid, shrinking, homesick, but idolized by all the good-natured, black-eyed Mexican women of the mining community.

A number of them were with her now, in the low adobe house with rough board finishing, with glass panes in the windows of this one room only; with bare walls, and a floor on which were spread strips of the home woven hurga for carpet. A few rawhide chairs; a rough table, and a rudely constructed bedstead, on which rested, or rather tossed, the young wife, soon to be a mother. She could speak but few words of Spanish, and she understood still less of the language; if she could have felt hatred in her gentle heart at all, it would have been for everything that surrounded her in this dry, sun-baked, inhospitable country, with the exception of these women, whose love she felt, but whose ways and language she could not always understand.

Though a piece of blanket had been hung over one of the windows, to keep out the glaring light from the sufferer on her bed of pain, she could read ill-repressed excitement in the face of the woman entering the room on tip-toe; and she looked up with eager inquiry, hoping, she hardly knew for what. There were whisperings and subdued exclamations.

"A woman?" she asked.

"Yes; a woman; she had come on the wagon that had brought the money to pay the long due wages of the miners."

Who was she, asked the sick woman. But the Mexican raised her shoulders in disdain. "Quien Sabe?" she said; and then she added a word that the little wife did not understand.

As that patient did not require immediate attention, the last-comer remained, while the others, with ill-concealed curiosity, slipped out of the room one by one. And one by one they came back. The woman they said, was gaily dressed; wore jewels and fine clothes.

"Who was she?" still asked the sick woman. And in reply came the same shrug of the shoulder; the same word added, which the little American did not understand. But the little episode helped to distract her, in this God-forgotten country, where nothing ever happened save a knifing among the Mexicans, or a shooting-scraps among the American miners.

And directly it struck on her ear that this stranger had light-colored hair. Her dull eyes brightened.

"Yellow hair?" she asked, "and blue eyes?"

"No, black eyes; yet she was undoubtedly Americana, but —" and again the word she did not understand, spoken lightly and contemptuously.

"An American?" She started up, wild with expectation. "Bring her to me—oh! bring her to me—now; I must see her, quick;—oh, do bring her to me—" she pleaded.

A Mexican woman is above all things a woman; warm-hearted, full of pity for her sisters, even for those who have swerved from the straight and narrow path. The heart-broken appeal of this poor child, who would soon be mother to another child, moved them to tears; they felt no resentment at the yearning expressed for the sight of one of her own nation; even though they had been so devoted and loving to this tender little exile.

Silence fell on those remaining in the room, when one of the women had been sent out to bring the stranger in; and then Donna Felipe, the oldest among them, suggested that possibly the Superintendente might be averse to his wife receiving this strange woman in their house. A pitiful look of apprehension came into the childish face.

"Only this once," she pleaded, "only this once;" and in a sudden spasm of pain, she wrung her hands entreatingly.

Then Donna Felipe thoughtfully hung a heavy cloth over the lights of the other casement—Mexicans in that country consider windows an unnecessary luxury, anyhow—and just then a tall, well-rounded figure stepped into the low doorway, an air of defiance somehow showing in the looks and bearing of the woman.

Perhaps it was well that the eyes of the child-wife were blinded with tears. But the strange woman who had entered, saw only the white face and the hungrily outstretched arms of the woman in travail; and hastily casting aside flaring hat and gaudy veil, she snatched up the reclining figure and rested the drooping head against her breast.

"Oh sister, sister!" cried the helpless mite in broken tones; "Sister whom God has sent me in my hour of need—you must never, never leave me; will you promise to stay with me, always?"

"Always, poor child, as long as you need me." The low voice was in singular contrast with the hard black eyes—now melting in hesitant feeling—and the lines which passion and world-anger, perhaps sorrow, had graven on the bold, proud face.

The name which the Mexican women had spoken, and which the little innocent had not understood, was branded on the woman's forehead. But when the Mexicans watched the furtive passes she made over cheeks and lips and eye-brows with her handkerchief,

they softened toward her, and a low-breathed "misericordia" came from their lips. How could they judge what misfortune had driven this woman to her fall? A handsome woman she must have been; a better and softer look in her face already since some of the paint had been wiped away;—perhaps she wished in this solemn moment that her shame might all be wiped away as well.

Her hair, heavy and fine as silk, would have made her a noticeable personage in any assemblage; but it was evident that her eye-brows had been pencilled to a deeper black, to make the contrast to her golden hair more striking.

The little wife had quickly sobbed herself to sleep, and when she awoke, in sudden agony, the woman, who supported her, asked in broken Spanish, that the husband should be sent for. She knew full well that a physician was out of the question, and would hardly be needed where the elderly Donna Felipe was present.

Comforting the patient, as she would a child, she still threw impatient glances toward the door, and soon a stir among the women announced the coming of the superintendente. A man past his first youth, whose mien, naturally haughty, had grown stern with increasing years, appeared upon the threshold, and—had the yellow hair of the strange woman suddenly turned into the fabled serpent's she could not have looked more like a Medusa at this moment.

Her fingers must have clinched the little hand she held, with painful grip; there was a moan from the sufferer; but the man who stood, petrified, just inside the door, paid no heed. Like a magnet the strange woman seemed to draw him, though she had raised a warning, repellant hand at his approach.

Womanlike, she had regained self-possession first; and while his blanched lips formed one word—"Constancia"—she pointed with commanding gesture to the form that had glided from her arms to the pillow.

The man bent over his wife, but she shrank from him, calling faintly for "Sister—Sister!" When she was quieted again, Donna Felipe stood beside the bed while the strange woman turned aside a moment to the superintendente. None heard her, or understood when she asked abruptly, with a backward motion of her hand—

"That is not the woman—?"

"No!" replied the man; then, with a savage oath, "She robbed me—"

"As you robbed me;" put in the woman coolly. "But she robbed you of your money only; while you took all from me—honor, and fortune and wife-hood."

"Have you no home?" asked the man.

"None, since you drove me, a disgraced woman, from yours."

"Your father—"

"In spite of your plausible story he offered me a home, which I would not accept;" she replied with curling lip. "Rather be spurned by strangers than live under the pity and contempt of my father's second wife. And now let *me* ask. How came you to lay your iron hand on this girl, of whom you have made a plaything to beguile the tedious hours of your enforced solitude? Bought her of some

poor man, who had smaller children to support, I'll be bound! Ah! that strikes home; you have the grace to blush!"

"You! What are you that you should dare—"

"I am only what you made me; you have my soul on your conscience as you will have that child's life on your soul should she die this night. Now leave the room; she dreads you as I loathe you."

She turned away, and he walked with unsteady steps to the door, a man suddenly aged as with years.—

The grey dawn came slowly struggling in; the dry, sharp chill of the night battling with the first messengers of the dry, sharp heat of the day.

The hangings had been removed from the casements, and Donna Felipe was tenderly spreading a coverlet over the motionless form lying stretched on the rude couch,

"Madre Doloroso!" she prayed, as she looked on the still, white face; "May she straightly enter Paradise, as do those who lose their life while giving life to a child."

The Mexican women were on their knees; the strange woman—no longer a stranger to them now—stood among them, with bowed head, with tear-dimmed eyes; no trace of paint or color on her saddened face; yet with a look, somehow, almost as defiant as the air with which she had entered here the day before. She turned when she saw the man enter the room hesitatingly, though looking with longing eyes toward the bundle Donna Felipe held in her arms. He had given but one shuddering look at the still form covered from sight on the bed.

"She gave the child to me!" the woman spoke fiercely; a lioness defending her whelp might have shown set white teeth like that.

"You have no home to give him," said the man with a faint attempt at defiance.

"Is that a taunt?" Then quickly smothering her anger, she said quietly, "My father will gladly give a home to his daughter, repentant, and bringing with her *your* child."

The stress of hatred she laid on the pronoun, shook him out of his lethargy.

"My child shall stay with me," he said angrily. "Donna Felipe will tend him and take care of him."

"Your child shall go with me," she replied determinedly. "Donna Felipe, see that all is ready for our journey in this hour."

He stretched out his hand to touch the child. "Stop!" she commanded; "Do not touch the child; she gave him to me!"

"Shall I never see my own child?" The spirit of the once proud reckless man was broken. "How shall I know him, where shall I find him?"

"He will bear your name," she said, "and you will find him always at my father's home." She took the little bundle from the Mexican's arms.

"Pray attend me to the carrete, Donna Felipe," she said as she swept from the room.

He laid a detaining hand on her arm, which she shook off as if it were some loathsome reptile. "Will you forgive me—"

But the eyes she turned on him so flashed and burned with passion that involuntarily he stretched a protecting hand toward the child. In a moment her flaming anger was under control.

"Yes," she said with cold disdain, "I forgive you—for the sake of *her* child," she added softly, as she drew close her veil, and passed out amid the murmured benedictions of the Mexican women.

July "OUT WEST"

"THE WASHWOMAN'S VENGEANCE"

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin



The Ghosts of the Days that Will Be

By Ethel Bostick Ritchey

*You speak of the ghosts of vanished days,
Of the ghosts of joys flown by,
That hover near as you sit alone,
When years like moments fly;
But what of the others that come as oft
And are brighter far to see—
The merry ghosts,
The cheery ghosts,
The ghosts of days that will be?
They flutter around and gayly tell
Of a wonderful future near;
Hopes unfulfilled have no place with them,
Nor thoughts of doubt and fear.
Yourself as you wish they show to you,
And fill your heart with glee.
The dutiful ghosts,
The beautiful ghosts,
The ghosts of days that will be.
Honor and wealth and desire achieved
Is writ on their faces bright;
They relate no stories of blunders made,
No tale when wrong ruled right;
They are holiday ghosts and gladsome things
With manner wild and free;
The rollicking ghosts,
The frolicking ghosts,
The ghosts of days that will be.*

The Pointing Pencil

SELF AND SELFISHNESS—ETHICS OF DAILY LIVING.

By Martha Martin Newkirk

SELF IS THAT conscious thinking thing which is sensible or conscious of pleasure or pain, capable of happiness or misery."—(Locke's Human Understanding.)

Self is the "I" or "me," the part that thinks and wills, that hopes and fears. Self is the real part of us. It is the imperishable, the indestructible ever living substance of man.

It is the tenant of the body. It is the owner who speaks of "my" hands "my" feet, etc. It is the "image and superscription" of God.

Therefore, "self" is a noble word. It is not to be confounded with "ego," or self-conceit. And it is to be considered alone—apart from the many words commonly annexed to it by a hyphen, as self-assertion, self-conceit, self-conscious. Self is sometimes referred to as if the word stood for selfishness. For example, Tennyson in Locksley Hall, says:

*"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote
on all the cords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling
passed in music out of sight."*

Which means, I take it, that self dropped (self) gratification, (self) indulgence, (self) seeking, (self) will. And added control, denial, devotion, immolation, renunciation, and (self) sacrifice. For these words, hyphenated with "self" certainly bring sweet music into human life.

Perhaps it is worth while to consider what these words hold of deeper meaning. For truth is like a flower, that folds itself in a close bud, and unfolds gradually to the minds who seek.

Self-control holds oneself, self-denial gives up, self-renunciation consciously surrenders, self-abnegation (angel that

she is!) forgets that there is anything to surrender. Self-devotion is heart-consecration, ready for sacrifice to the limit. And "self-sacrifice is the strongest and completest term of all. We speak of the self-sacrifice of Christ, where any of the above mentioned terms would be feeble or inappropriate."

Self is also the unit of measurement in the moral law. We are to love God WITH self—that is all thy heart, soul, mind and strength, but we are told to "love thy neighbor as thy SELF." There can be no higher precept.

Selfishness

Selfishness is the word that has made us forget that "self" is a noble word.

"There are two kinds of selfishness," said the college man, "the kind that comes from ignorance, or lack of observation, and the ugly vexing real thing. But I think most selfishness is merely lack of thoughtfulness."

"I do not agree with you," said the smiling teacher. I have seen selfishness in too many homes. But I will say that I do not think the majority know how selfish they are, and are not aware of the many ways they manifest their selfishness. For example: I once boarded in a family where the man of the house could not eat eggs in any form. His wife and all the many children were fond of eggs. As they kept a lot of hens they could have all the eggs they wanted. But the man wanted them too. It aggravated him so much to see the rest of us enjoying our fried or poached or omelet, that he forbade his wife putting them on the table. What kind of selfishness do you call that?"

"I fear my vocabulary is too limited to express my opinion of that," the young man answered. The girl continued, "I

have seen a whole family rustle around to help a woman off on a journey. One ran for her rubbers, another got her umbrella. Her husband packed her suit case, everyone rushed to do something. Why? Why, that woman had been chatting in the parlor, and enjoying herself, until the last minute."

"That wasn't so bad. It was thoughtlessness, rather than real selfishness."

"Do you think so? Here's another. A family that I know well,—and am very fond of—gather about the library table almost every evening and read. An old uncle who lives with them has a way of suddenly reading aloud whatever he is interested in. Once I was reading the most exciting part of a new novel when he interrupted to read of a funeral. And again I was reading of the death and sorrow of my heroine, and my eyes were full, when he burst out with a humorous selection. His sister urges him to clip his interesting items and bring them to the dinner table, where all would enjoy them. But he says, "Oh, it would be cold, then," The whole family resent these interruptions, but are self-sacrificing and endure it."

"A lot of college boys would yell, 'Cut it out.' "

The pretty teacher smiled and continued, "Not an uncommon form of selfishness is asking another person—the house-mother oftenest, 'Where is my umbrella?' 'Where are my rubbers?' or gloves, or wraps, or shoes, or other personal belongings that each person should care for and keep for him or herself."

"That reminds me," said the college man, "of a recent broken engagement. Jim's mother invited his fiance to spend a week at their home. In telling me of the result, Effie, Jim's sister, said, 'We never said a word against Jim's

girl. But we turned the search light of our best manners upon her, and Jim saw for himself that she was utterly selfish."

These are commonplace, every day sort of illustrations, that might be multiplied endlessly. But they may help you and me somewhat to at least avoid the selfishness of ignorance.

WORD

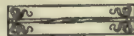
Words are the great torches that light the world. "As one lamp lights another, nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness." And love "enkindleth" love; and faith lights faith, and hope sets hope on fire in another breast. And the torches that go from one to the other lighting, "enkindling," are words.

But words may be ciphers strung in a row—000 000 000. What good are they? Place a digit, 1 or 9, before the ciphers, and you are rich. Put truth in words. Do not fear to speak the deep thoughts of your heart. Others are as hungry for truth as you are.

In the jealous, watchful silence with which men often walk the relations of the world and hide their hearts to listen, past a thousand beautiful doors are they doomed to go that would be opened if they opened theirs.

When I write for *Out West* to the audience I cannot see, these are the words my heart cries: A book (or essay) is the shouting of a heart from the housetops.

Out into the listening darkness, where the shadowy audience waits, these words go forth. By far-off lamps they seek you, by windows never seen. So, in this column of words, I send my greeting, a message of *cheer* and *hope* and *faith*, hoping it may be "as one lamp lights another."



Where God has done so much for man,
Shall not man place his standard high?

—Joaquin Miller

Ixtaccihuatl

(A Legend)

By Fannie Harley



LOOMING UP to the view of almost the entire valley of Mexico are the majestic and stately mountains of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. From time immemorial they have served as guides and landmarks to the inhabitants of Mexico, and many interesting legends, both among the Toltecs and Aztecs, have been centered around these awe-inspiring creations of the master hand. The following legend regarding Ixtaccihuatl, handed down from generation to generation by the Aztecs, is one of the most popular.

The first of the Aztecs who placed himself among the noted names of history was Quetzalcoatl, chief of the seven tribes of the Nahuatlacas, who lived in the lake district near Mexico City. He is recognized as the founder of the Aztec nation and regarded as a wise and powerful inventor. According to tradition the father of Quetzalcoatl, whose name was Yopiltzin, disappeared mysteriously from among the Nahuatlacas. When the gods were consulted as to the whereabouts of the lost Yopiltzin the only message that was given was that he had gone to a far-off and beautiful country to learn new inventions and sciences and would some day return to teach his people. As time went on and the old man did not return Quetzalcoatl conferred with his seven tribes and decided to go in search of the old man and the promised country spoken of by the gods.

Days were spent in preparation and at last, with Quetzalcoatl acknowledged as the chief and leader of the expedition, the seven tribes of the Nahuatlacas started out to find the unknown land. Not with gay heart and light foot did Quetzalcoatl leave the shores of the beloved lakes, but with sadness he abandoned the haunts of his boyhood where he had hunted in the wild forests

or fished in shaded crystal streams.

Many moons they travelled through the country. Sometimes their journey led them through sections of the country dense with trees. Here they would stretch themselves beneath the generous shade of the towering tropical trees or gather luscious fruits which hung in abundance overhead. Spotted deer dashed out and in among the trees while troops of monkeys chattered to each other or brilliant-colored birds drew near to watch the inquisitors. Then they crossed barren deserts of shining white sand where the sun held sway in his terrible domain without a cloud or the flight of an aura to lessen his fury. Here and there a scrubby cactus shielded a rattlesnake and helped to break the monotony of the death-thirsty desert. With famished bodies and parched lips the Indians would dash forward to a pool or fruit-laden tree only to find it a treacherous mirage. Forward again up a craggy mountain from whose summit they could see immeasurable miles of barren country they would throw themselves, heartsick, bleeding, and exhausted, upon the ground and plead with the gods to show them the way to "the land beloved by the sun."

After many moons of deprivation and hardships they came at last to a land which they believed to be the one to which Yopiltzin had gone. Gay birds flitted hither and thither among tropical fruit trees, iridescent brooks babbled over crystal pebbles, and azure lakes reflected the alabaster clouds by day and the silver stars by night. Hither and thither they wandered in search of men—but, alas! in vain. Much perplexed by this Quetzalcoatl called his men together to decide on further plans. Suddenly they were startled by the mournful song of the beautiful guanaba, which was believed by the Indians to be an infallible harbinger of misfortune.

Terror-stricken the Nahuatlacas threw themselves on the ground and besought help from the gods.

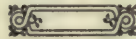
Bitter disappointment filled the heart and soul of Quetzalcoatl and it was transmitted to his men who refused to follow further. So Quetzalcoatl resolved to proceed upon his journey alone. "Sometime," he said, "my descendants will return to teach my people a new language, sciences, and laws that Yopiltzin promised." With this he departed and the Nahuatlacas returned to the lakes.

Several years after this an Ixtacihuatl or "white woman," dressed in a white tunic covered with stars and symbols, appeared on the summit of a great mountain. She prophesied to the people of the lakes and vicinity that before many years more the descendants of Quetzalcoatl would return to punish the disloyal and cruel princes who deserted him in the search for the "un-

known land" and destroy the empire.

Since that time the mountain has borne the name of Ixtacihuatl or the "white woman."

When Cortez and his army first entered Tenoxtitlan (the name of Mexico City before it was placed under the protection of the god Mexitli) many of the inhabitants believed them to be the descendants of Quetzalcoatl. To add to their superstitious fears and suspicions, during the conquest Popocateptl burst out in furious and destructive eruption. The propitious light which crowned Popocatepetl was reflected upon Ixtacihuatl covered with snow. The Tenoxtitlans were panic stricken, since in their excitement they imagined they could see the "white woman" gazing with sinister smile upon the city which she, so many years before, had prophesied would succumb to the fatal destiny of destruction.



*The eyes of man alone can utter truth;
His lips long habited to shameless lies
Are pow'rless to bespeak his hidden soul. —
In city streets what secret eyes reveal,
Lips ne'er would whisper in confessional!
What hungers, hopes and heartaches there betrayed!
What yearnings for responsive sympathy!
But still the lips would sneer in mock protest,
If such a word as "sympathy" were named.
A friendship proffered to the soul's deep need
Would meet but cold disdain and ridicule.
And man, like peevish, fretful babe declares
He wants not that for which he longs the most.
But be your eyes a beacon light, clear shining,
Calm and compassionate, passionless and pure,
You then may look through heart of man and give him
A wordless love, a silent sympathy
Which will unseal his lips to truth once more.*

*E*fficient Democracy in American Cities

By John J. Hamilton



MOVING rapidly forward on six distinct lines, American cities are being made over. The political, moral and economic chaos which prevailed in them during the last two decades of the Nineteenth Century has been followed, since the new Century began, by new and wholesome development. The prophets who cried aloud and spared not in those dark days are living to see their fears dispelled and many of their long deferred hopes realized. Addressing themselves resolutely to the task of solving their most serious problem and removing the most threatening obstacle in their pathway, the American people are, with characteristic energy, measuring up to the highest standards of municipal conduct heretofore prevailing in the old world; and, not content with that degree of success, are already reaching out toward ideals which, when realized—as they surely will be—will make the cities of the United States models for those now recognized as their teachers.

The six movements mentioned in the foregoing paragraph have for their objects the concentration of power and responsibility through the commission plan of government; the adoption of methods of accounting and preparing municipal reports which shall insure efficiency of administration; the shortening of the ballot in City primaries and elections; the elimination of both ward and party lines as divisive agencies in city constituencies; direction and control of future urban growth according to well digested city plans; and, through the recall, direct legislation, publicity, the merit system and the prohibition of corrupt practices, a larger, more effective and more continuous participation of the people in municipal affairs.

First of these in importance, because

its adoption renders success on the other lines easier of attainment, is the commission plan of government, whereby all municipal authority is vested in a single governing body, elected by the people of the city voting at large; its members acting as heads of the city's administrative departments; appointing all other officials and employees, and standing clearly responsible for whatever is done. This new type of municipal organization—really a revival and extension of the old New England town meeting—has been adopted in two hundred cities, in thirty-four states, including thirteen state capitals; and is under serious consideration in three hundred other cities. The results are most encouraging, so far as recorded. The people quickly learn to operate this simple machinery; and, there being little further need for the boss and the ward politician, these adjuncts of the old regime find their occupation gone.

The efficiency movement is even more far-reaching than that for the commission plan; for it has been taken up in many cities which still cling to the mayor-and-council system of government. This intelligent effort to better municipal business methods was originated by the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, and is revolutionizing conditions in that metropolis and several others. The proponents of this method of attack upon graft, waste and inefficiency maintain that correct accounting and reports based thereon are the surest means of enforcing businesslike administration. They insist that proper efficiency records and accurate cost-keeping, utilized by competent heads of departments, lead inevitably to improved administrative results, no matter what the form of government may be. They aim, by standardizing municipal book-keeping, to have

every municipal worker and every city striving to excel past performance and emulate the best work of others.

The wiping out of ward and party lines in city elections was at first an accompaniment of the commission government reform, but is likewise invading wider fields than that of the new municipal system. It unifies the electorate and deprives the political machines of one of their most potent agencies of division of the constituents they seek to conquer.

Like these other progressive movements, the short ballot propaganda has gained a strong impetus through the rapid advance of the commission plan; and again we find the incident separating itself from the parent reform and reaching out for a wider sphere of action. The short ballot principle—that only those offices should be elective which are important enough to attract and deserve public examination, and that very few offices should be filled by election at one time, so as to permit adequate and unconfused examination of the candidates—is invading the domains of county and state as beneficially as that of municipal government; but cities are reap-

ing the first fruits in good measure.

Less progress as yet has been made in conscious city planning than on the other lines mentioned; but the advance recorded plainly indicates that the future American City will be developed on plans to which the citizens have previously given their assent. That we are to have the real City Beautiful, and that it will be the home of a population having time, room and opportunity to play as well as work, no student of present day tendencies can fail to foresee.

Of the democratic trend of current events, evidence abounds in every city in the country. It pervades all classes and conditions of men and is fixing the direction and setting the pace of every civic activity. He would be rash who would prescribe limits to the changes this mighty wave of popular thought and feeling will effectuate.

Pressing forward along these lines, the American City will become the abiding place of the healthiest, happiest, kindest, truest and most patriotic race on earth; and from American cities will flow help and guidance and fellowship for those that crave them, everywhere under the sun.



A Cycle of Smile

By Lannie Haynes Martin

*I look at dawn in the face of a child
And smile in his eyes as I look;
The child cooes love to the bird in its nest
From his own little nest-built nook;
The bird sings a song of love to the flower;
The flower bares its heart to the sun;
The sun makes salute to the Lords of Light;
And the Lords of Light bow to One
Ineffable, joyous, smiling God
Who sees all—sun, flower, child, me.
And if we reflect His smile round and round,
We are arcs in a circle of smile, don't you see?—
Part of a smiling Eternity.*

The Southwest Wind Brothers *and the* Northeast Wind Brothers

Told by the Warm Spring Indians of Oregon

As recorded by Mrs. Jeremiah Curtin

IN the old time there were five Southwest Wind brothers and four Northeast Wind brothers. The Northeast Wind brothers had a sister, Teskstye. She was colder and more disagreeable than her brothers were. The Southwest Wind brothers had an old grandfather whose name was Quiquiyei.

The country was divided between the Southwest Wind brothers and the Northeast Wind brothers. The Northern country was always cold and frozen; the Southern country was dry and warm.

The Northeast Wind brothers bathed every day, but the Southwest Wind brothers bathed only once in a long time.

Once the Northern brothers said to the Southern brothers, "Let us have a wrestling match, those of us who are beaten will have our heads cut off." The eldest brother on the Southern side said, "I am willing." They were to wrestle the following day.

The eldest Southwest brother said to his grandfather, "The sister of the Northeast Wind brothers is making oil out of ice. I will catch a sturgeon and get its oil. When I am wrestling you must throw our oil, but don't throw it till Tekstye has thrown hers."

In the morning the Southwest Wind brothers went to the country of the Northeast Wind brothers. The eldest brother on each side wrestled first. When Southwest wind felt that he was growing weak he was so frightened that he called to his grandfather to throw his oil. That minute Northeast Wind's sister threw her oil made of ice, it froze the sturgeon oil, Southwest wind fell and Northeast wind cut his head off. The other Southwest Wind brothers wrestled, were thrown and their heads were cut off.

Now there was no Southwest Wind in the world, there were only the North-

east Winds and they blew all the time.

When the wrestling match was over the old grandfather of Southwest winds went home. His eldest grandson was the only one who had a wife. When Quiquiyei told the woman that all of his grandsons were dead she said, "I am going to my father, who lives in the West, but I'll leave you a sign. I'll put two feathers over the door, one is a red outside feather, the other is a brown, downy, inside feather. If I have a son the brown feather will fall, if a daughter the red feather will fall. You mustn't touch the feathers or go near them, just watch them."

Southwest Wind's grandfather and grandmother watched the feathers. When the brown, downy feather fell, they said, "We have a grandson." The old man thought a while then said to the old woman, "Maybe you touched the feathers?" "I did not," answered the old woman.

The boy grew very fast and was soon large enough to play around outside. His mother made him arrows with feathers on them and told him not to play near the house. He thought, "Why doesn't my mother want me to play near the house? I'll go back and peep in." He heard his mother crying. When she saw the boy looking at her she stopped crying, and said, "I sent you away, for I didn't want you to hear me mourn for your father, and for your uncles who were killed by the Northeast Wind brothers, but you are getting to be a young man, you must try your strength. Go far off, bathe and come back, each day go farther and bathe longer."

The boy went far, found cold springs and bathed in them. When he had bathed in many springs he said to his mother, "I am going to the place where my father and uncles were killed." He started

and traveled a long way, stubbed his toe and fell, then he turned back to get greater strength. Each day for ten days he traveled far and bathed in the coldest springs he could find, then he started to go to the place where his father was killed; again he stubbed his toe and turned back. When he stubbed his toe he knew that he hadn't strength enough yet. Four times he turned back and traveled and bathed in cold springs to gain strength. The fifth time he started with such speed that he raised a terrible dust, pulled up trees by their roots, and coming to a mountain he raised it up and threw it off to one side, and where the mountain had been there was level land. As he went along the Columbia River he tore up pine and fir trees and threw them into the water.

On the right side of the Columbia River there is a canyon. From there the young man could see the country where his father was killed. When he saw the place he felt so lonesome that he lay down on his stomach and cried; his tears are the loose stones on the ridge of the canyon.

Old Quiquiyei and his wife were freezing. Each morning the sister of Northeast Wind came and stood on their house top and made sport of them; she put out their fire, and screamed at them.

One day the old man saw that the ice in their house was melting, he cried, and said, "Oh my grandson take pity on us."

When Southwest Wind came everything began to thaw. The grandparents said: "At daybreak each morning Tekstye, Northeast Wind's sister, comes and abuses us. She looks in at the smokehole and puts out our fire." The young man said, "Gather some strong old greasewood." They brought a greasewood bush covered with thorns. He tied it in a bunch, and said: "When Tekstye comes tell her to stoop a little lower, that you are getting old and can't see her."

Tekstye came at daybreak. The old man said, "Stoop lower, we are old, we can't see you." When she reached far in the young man struck her with the bunch of greasewood and tore her body. She screamed, "You have hurt

me, you old wretches, I'll kill you!" and off she went.

The young man took his grandparents to a spring, washed and cleaned them then said, "You must catch a sturgeon for me, I have come to kill the Northeast Wind brothers and their sister."

The old man and his wife went in a canoe to spear a sturgeon. When the sturgeon floundered and made a great noise Coyote and Bluejay called from the other side of the river, "Let go of that sturgeon. What are you stealing our food for?" They got into their canoe and started to cross to where the old man was pulling in the sturgeon. That minute Southwest Wind's son came near and shook himself; waves carried their canoe away from the bank. Coyote said: "What has happened? That old man never did like this before!"

Coyote saw the old people land and saw a third person with them. The young man put the end of his little finger under the gills of the great fish, the fish was so long that its tail touched the ground, but he carried it as if it had no weight.

"That's a stranger," said Bluejay, "he is a strong man."

The old man's house had been covered with snow and ice; Coyote saw that the snow and ice had disappeared, that there was green grass around the house, and everything was bright and nice to look at.

When the Northeast Wind brothers heard that there was a stranger in old Quiquiyei's house they sent a man to say, "No man ever comes here without wrestling with the Northeast Wind brothers." The young man said, "I came to travel around, not to wrestle."

The brothers sent the same message five times. The Fifth time the young man said to Old Quiquiyei, "Take the dish of sturgeon oil and come with me, I'm going to wrestle with the Northeast Wind brothers. Even if you see me almost thrown don't throw the oil till Tekstye throws hers."

When the young man began to wrestle he made the brothers think that he was weak. Tekstye poured out her oil made of ice, so that the ground would be slippery and he would fall. Old Quiquiyei threw the sturgeon oil; the eldest

Northeast Wind brother slipped and fell, then the second fell, and the third. The fourth brother said, "I don't want to wrestle with you, I want to live."

"You didn't spare my father or my uncles, come and finish," said the young man.

He squeezed Northeast Wind thin, then pounded the life out of him.

All the people whom the Northeast Wind brothers had held as prisoners were freed and went back to their homes.

When Coyote saw how strong Southwest Wind's son was he came over to his side of the river and asked, "Why don't you kill Tekstye? She is stronger

and meaner than her brothers were."

Tekstye heard what Coyote said and she ran away. Southwest Wind followed; he overtook her, just as she reached the river; he struck her on the back and she fell into the water. Then he said, "You'll no longer be a great person and freeze every one. You can blow a little once in a while, then I'll come and overpower you. Rain will be your enemy too. After you blow a while and freeze up everything he and I will come and thaw out the country, warm it up, and make it beautiful and green. And so it has been.



Lonesome



By M. S. Lemmon

WHEN John Bradley's case was called he rose unsteadily and glanced about him. Strange faces—nothing but strange faces. He wondered vaguely as he stood swaying, holding to the back of the chair, how there could be so many faces and never a familiar one.

"What's the charge, officer?" demanded the white haired man on the bench.

"Intoxication, yer honor," was the reply, "or anyhow he was aslape on a binch in the park and we had a time of it getting him up, sorr."

The white haired man now turned his eyes upon John Bradley and that gentleman spoke up, the faint drawl of the West trailing quaintly through his speech, "I reckon," he said, smiling a little, "my friend over there has made one mistake. I *was* asleep,—I'd have gone to sleep sittin' on a barb wire fence, last night. But intoxicated,—Well, I haven't had the price of a drink for two days and nights."

"Give an account of yourself," said the judge, "If you were not drunk, what ailed you, and why were you asleep in a public place?"

"I wasn't drunk for the prime and excellent reason I told you just now," returned the prisoner, "and I was

hungry for the same reason. I was that kind of hungry that loosens your knees and jangles the works in your head. Where I come from a man might be hungry if he's lost and clear away from human bein's, but never when there's anybody around that has a bite to offer." He paused and glanced about again with his droll smile, then added in his gentle drawl, "It's different, here, everything's different,—it's a damned lonesome place, Chicago is!"

After the ripple of laughter among the spectators had been quieted and the prisoner admonished as to his choice of words, the judge proceeded with the case, "Give an account of yourself," he repeated, "Where did you come from?"

"O, I come from out west,—Montana," answered Bradley, "It's a long ways. I wisht I was back there, or rather hadn't left at all. I'd better have risked having Big Dan Grayson blow me full of holes."

"Who is he?" asked the judge. He knew he ought to be getting on with the lengthy docket ahead of him, but the man was interesting,—different—"Who is Dan Grayson?" he repeated, "is he the sheriff?"

"Who, Dan?" said Bradley, "No

sir, not none. He's the owner of the X L ranch, and I'm foreman of the Lazy J, adjoining.

We had some words about the fence and about a girl, and some yearlin's and one thing and another till, after a while, we had a feud of our own just a-growin' and a-thrivin' fine. Big Dan, strange enough, is dead agin shootin' unless he's forced to it, and though he's agreed to crosslift me into the Promised Land if he sees me first (for I'm mighty quick at the trigger) he rounds me up sudden, one day and lays out his game like this: 'you know I don't like shootin' none,' he says, 'My mother she was loco on the subject and I ain't out to go bustin' up all the promises I made her, now she's dead and gone. This country ain't big enough for both of us, one of us must clear out and leave room for the other.' "

" 'All right, I says, 'How'll we decide? You're bigger than me so a wrestlin' match wouldn't be fair.'

" 'And you've got more book sense than me, so I won't try it with no spellin' match,' says Dan, considerin'."

" 'Well,' I says, finally, 'I reckon we're about equal at poker, ain't we?'

" 'Let 'er go with poker then,' says Dan. And so we did."

John Bradley paused and glanced about with his quaint half serious smile. The court room was perfectly quiet, saving the rustle of the cub reporter's note book,—he had found a character sketch. The judge passed his hand over his chin:

"Well?" said he.

"Well, sir," said the Westerner, "I'm here—that shows the way the cyards fell, don't it? I think a pair of sevens was the biggest thing I picked up that night,—and I reckon most anybody knows you can't paw up the earth much in a poker game with a pair of sevens. So it was me that had to hit the trail. I didn't mind that so much, seein's I've always been a rollin' stone, but it had been put down in the rules of the game that the loser was to clear out without any fuss and mighty few 'fare-you-wells,' *none at all* to the girl that had gone to make up part of this feud business, along with the yearlin's and things.

Well, I *did* mind that. Shucks! It's all too far away now, and I might as well come right out with it, I cared a whole lot. She's a wonder, that girl—her dad's old Dave Walsh that owns the Double Star—and she's got a mane of rusty brown hair nearly down to her knees, and black eyes that's always shinin' so you can't tell whether she's laughing at you or not. She's not much bigger around than my two fists, but she juggles Big Dan and me like we was two little glass balls and keeps us so puzzled and stirred up that we get so we just nacherly hate—each other. Well I'm to clear out and leave this girl and—and all the rest to Dan, the cyards says so. I kep' movin' till I struck this place, but as I said before, I don't seem to be able to get onto eastern people's ways. Whenever I asked for a job they asked for references, I never had that word used on me before, and I didn't like it, none. I used up every cuss word in my system on the last feller that said it to me, and then I went out and laid down on that bench in the park. It was a kinder public place to retire in, but I didn't have no private one. And I'm so hungry I feel like prairie dogs was buildin' inside. So, I'm ready to go to jail, it's too lonesome on the streets for me."

He lifted his head and looked straight at the judge with his whimsical smile, and that gentleman gazed back at him with an odd expression on his well bred old face.

Just at this moment something happened.

Another prisoner was brought in and John Bradley, hearing the slight stir, turned his head toward the door. Instinctively his hand went to his belt, but there was nothing there, his gun had been pawned a week ago. The new prisoner made the same gesture—and let his empty hand fall at his side—the officers had taken his. But even during these maneuvers a sort of light had dawned upon the faces of both men as they stood regarding each other, and after a few moments of breathless silence, Big Dan's voice boomed out:

"John!" he shouted, and pushing the officers aside he strode toward Bradley

with his great hand outstretched, "John Bradley! Lord A'mighty, but it's good to see a familiar face again! Put 'er there, pard!"

The laughter and cheering was finally checked, but Big Dan's voice went rolling on, it reverberated through the building with all the resonance of a fire bell, and the flood of his eloquence was no more to be checked than the torrent of Niagara. "Kate Walsh sent me, John," he roared, "and she told me to get a hustle on me and round you up and send you home. Said she'd never marry a great lumbering maverick like me if I was the last chance on earth,—and then she cried, and—O, well! I started out, not knowin' what direction to look for you,—Lord, ain't it blamed funny we'd find each other in this God forsaken place? I just got in, yesterday, and last night they corralled me and brought me here because I cussed out a eatin' house feller that wanted to charge me a dollar and six bits for a cup of coffee and some ham and eggs. I tried to be reasonable at first,—I says, 'you mistake me pard, I warn't pricin' your whole outfit, buzz fans and all, I just want to pay for my supper.' But he kep' insistin' and—well, I insisted some, myself, after a while—so here I am!"

When order was at last restored the two men were told that they might go if they would go quietly, and leave town at once.

"Leave town?" repeated Big Dan with his hand on John Bradley's shoul-

der, "Well, I should smile! And John don't get no fine for sleepin' out doors?"

"No, no—just go, quietly," said the judge.

"And I don't get none for cussin' out that eatin' house feller?"

"No, no—you may both go, now—at once."

"All right, old hoos," chortled Dan, "Here's somethin' to treat yourself with," and he fished out a ten dollar bill, "There you are,—have somethin' on me! And, say—just deputize somebody here to show us the way out,—take us to some place where we can hit the trail for Montana. There's so many street cars and people, and the buildin's up on each side remind you of the Grand Canyon, and it's lonesomer than Death Valley. Lord! It's a Hell of a lonesome place, now, ain't it, John?"

"It shore is, Dan," agreed the other, as an officer led them through the crowd. At the door both men, as if moved by a common impulse, paused and turned their faces once more toward the judge. He was still watching them, gravely.

John Bradley lifted his hat, silently, but Dan spoke once more,—the words of farewell always used in cattle land. They have a careless sound, but they are spoken when starting on a thousand mile journey, or crossing the street, or—setting out to be hanged.

"So long, pard," he called back, and the windows seemed to rattle in sympathy with his mighty voice, "Well, so long!"



The Rose

AN ALLEGORY

*A gardener sought to grow a rose, toiling with utmost care
To bring it to perfection's height. No pruning did he spare.
He gave it the garden's richest soil. He watered it day by day.
He watched, with fearful eyes, each leaf lest there be a spot of decay.
He sheltered it from the heat by day, the chilling frost by night.
But the rose had a wormy heart and died, rewarding his hopes
with blight.
For the gardener forgot that a flow'r to enfold needs most of all
just the light.*

In the Editor's Den.

By inadvertence we forgot to state that the "Ode on the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning" by George Sterling, published in the May number of *Out West* was from the *Boston Transcript* and used by the kind permission of its editor, Mr. Burton Kline. We appreciated the privilege of publishing Mr. Sterling's poem so highly that we regret anything that seemed like a discourtesy either to the author or to *The Transcript*, hence we tender Mr. Sterling and the editor our sincere apologies for the unintentional oversight. The poem was copyrighted by *The Boston Transcript*, and it should have been so stated when we republished it.

The editor of *Out West* makes no pretense to being a politician, but he is naturally interested in everything pertaining to the welfare of his country and he has felt an unusual number of thrills up and down his spine during the present campaign for the nomination of president. He has listened with considerable interest to the diverse opinions of his friends as to Roosevelt's candidacy. One moment he has seen the country being "rapidly swept to destruction by the selfish ambition of this hideous, unscrupulous, political trickster." Fifteen minutes after he has seen visions of "a redeemed country saved from dire destruction by the self-sacrificing heroism of the most exalted patriot of all time." At one moment he has felt the scorching sarcasm, fierce bitterness, vindictive vituperation poured upon the head of the devoted Colonel, and the next, he has been thrilled with the eloquent eulogies, pet names and fervid admiration poured forth by his worshipful followers. He has about come to the conclusion that Colonel Roosevelt is the most damnable, lovable, despicable, noble, hypocritical, frank, selfish, self-sacrificing, political trickster and genuine patriot the world has ever known. But through it all he cannot help admiring the pluck of the man who dares to jump into the arena when he hears the call of duty and who laughingly and fearlessly shakes his fist at the bogey of "No Third Term." He also sees in the Colonel's actions a tremendous recognition of the trend of modern political opinion in America. For good or for evil the masses of the people are demanding a curtailment of the powers of their representatives and are determined to exercise their powers in their own way. We may fight the growth of the idea that judges are responsible to the common people and we may deplore to the utmost the present day tendency to recall the decisions of judges, but all the same these sentiments exist in the minds of a large number of the people and have to be recognized and accounted for.

The editor firmly believes that no man in public life today appreciates this fact better than Colonel Roosevelt and he has faith enough in his past—though he differs from him on several important points—to believe that he has entered into the conflict at this time, without any regard to personal ambition, for the express purpose of helping shape the destinies of the country he loves in the wisest and justest manner possible.

The editor believes that Colonel Roosevelt is actuated by the highest impulses and noblest patriotism. He has already received all the honors the United States can confer upon him, yet he has bravely and fearlessly courted the loss of the esteem and high favor he has already won by entering the fight at this time and resolutely standing for the advanced principles in which he believes. All hail to the Colonel! May more strength and power come to his capacious intellect and strong right arm!

Last month there passed away one of the remarkable women of this generation. The mother of ten children who grew up to manhood and womanhood, and all of whom, save one, are now alive; she yet found time to study geology and mineralogy so as to become an expert, to whom world-famed men turned in cases of doubt. During the Civil War, while her husband was away serving his country with unique devotion and genius she took her little family into the country—to George Washington's old farm—and there developed a business sagacity and ability as remarkable as it was rare.

She took hold of the affairs of the farm with a comprehensive grasp and was soon breeding fine stock which brought in liberal financial returns. To the world at large this was merely an evidence of business capacity, but had the world possessed a clearer vision it would have seen that this stock-breeding meant far more than money to the woman who was engaged in it. In fact here was a profound philosopher working out a biological theory of life as the result of her own personal experiments in animal eugenics. Her mind was essentially that of the philosopher. Early in life her faith in the creeds of the ordinary churches, orthodox and liberal, was shaken, and she eagerly roamed through the whole realm of religious systems—from those of the ancient East to the most modern of the Occident to find spiritual rest. She mastered German in order to read the philosophies of Kant, Schliermacher, Schopenhauer and others, and French being the language of her nativity, she was as familiar with Comte as many American women are with the "best sellers." None of these systems of philosophy, however, satisfied her, and so, simply for her own satisfaction, she formulated and wrote a complete system of philosophy which met the demands of her own intellectuality. Thereafter her mind was at peace.

This noble woman was Mrs. Leontine Lowe, the wife of Professor T. S. C. Lowe, the patriot who created the U. S. Aeronautic Corps during the Civil War, the inventor of the ice-machine, the discoverer of water-gas, the inventor of the systems of aerial cable transmission now in use throughout the world, and the builder of the Mount Lowe railway. When Professor Lowe moved with his family to California it was not long before Mrs. Lowe's attention was particularly attracted to the archaeology and ethnology of the Southwest. With characteristic energy she began to make a collection of objects dealing with these departments, and for many years her collections of ancient aboriginal pottery, Indian basketry, etc., have been world-famed.

With all her mental accomplishments, however, Mrs. Lowe had not only no desire for local fame or notoriety but was so opposed to it, and so domestic in her habits and self-centered in her own mentality, that only a few who met her upon her own intellectual plane ever dreamed that she was a woman of such remarkable attainments. The writer was one of those who were thus honored, and the friendship bestowed upon him by this noble woman extended through many years. Hence this laurel wreath which with tearful eyes he gratefully weaves to her memory.

In assuming editorial control of *Out West*, I do so with mingled feelings. When it was originally started by Mr. Pattie as *The Land of Sunshine*, I was interested in it because I felt that Southern California needed such a magazine. When Mr. Charles F. Lummis was invited to become its editor I was assured that it would soon become a magazine of national renown, for already I had gained a profound respect for his intellectual acumen, forceful literary style and wide scholarship. I was also aware that his knowledge of the Southwest was broader, wider, deeper and more scholarly than that of any man I knew and that by personal travel and observation, as well as deep probing into the literature of the past, he was the best informed man in the United States on the fascinating region we call the Southwest. It was not long before all my expectations as to Mr. Lummis's editorship were justified.

When the title was changed to *Out West* and its size somewhat enlarged that merely offered larger scope for Mr. Lummis's editorial and literary talents. He made *Out West* known throughout not only the length and breadth of the United States,

but everywhere among English-speaking peoples where real knowledge of California and the West were desired.

Then came evil days for the magazine. Mr. Lummis's time and attention were claimed elsewhere and *Out West* fell into hands neither as loving or competent as were those that had built it up to its high and honored position. For many months it has been languishing almost a direlict on the magazine sea. Mastless, sailless, rudderless it has come into my hands, and the onerous responsibility of again making a sailworthy craft of it has fallen to my lot. Cheerfully and hopefully I assume the task, even though I may be a less competent skipper than its earlier and more famous captain. The following clearly expresses my present attitude of minds.

There are certain things I know I cannot do. I cannot make *Out West* the same kind of a magazine that it was under the expert leadership of Chas. F. Lummis. I cannot begin to compete with the great Eastern magazines in illustrated articles written by "expensive" authors. I cannot compete with the story magazines whose editors have a thousand dollars at their command where I do not have ten cents. I have no "muckraking" ability, and I am not skilled in the political arena. Hence in none of these lines will *Out West* bid for public favor.

But I have assurance that I know and love California and the South West by years of patient, devoted, careful observation and exploration. I know somewhat of the country's history, its legendary lore, its aboriginal people, its marvelous cosmos of climate, topography, scenery, ethnology and archaeology. I know its literature and literature makers, both of the past and the present. I know its health-giving power and value to the weary of mind and body and the sick, aged and infirm. I know its merchant princes, its "boosters," and the reasons for its wonderfully-growing development. I know its philanthropies, its unique institutions, its ambitions, aspirations and outlooks. I am a student of everyday affairs and men and can find out what are the plans and hopes for the upbuilding of the country for the future. And I know that in California, the South West and the North West, men and women alike, and even the growing children, are glad to have a magazine which they can call their own, assured that it will fully, clearly, truthfully, even though enthusiastically, present these things. And all throughout this great United States of ours there is an increasing proportion of the population that also wants to know these things. Hence the field of *Out West* is clearly defined and outlined, and in that field I shall endeavor to do my work. To that end it is my purpose to present—each month one or more—of the following features, to wit:

1. An illustrated article on some Western subject.
2. An article dealing with God's Great-Out-of-Doors in the West from a personal ethical standpoint.
3. A beautifully illustrated article on some Western poet, painter, sculptor, architect, engineer or other "Captain of the Larger Things."
4. A few brief editorials giving my opinions on current events.
5. A careful review section in which books that are worth while, especially books on California and the great West, will be analysed and presented.

With these aims in view the present editor takes up his work. By his success or failure in achieving these aims he is willing to be judged.

For countless centuries China has been living the life of inclusion and self-containment. She built the Great Wall to keep out foreign ideas as well as peoples. Now, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, she has wedded herself to the New Ideas, to Occidental Civilization, to Modern Progress. She has cast off the fetters of the Manchu dynasty and patterning after our own history and example has declared herself a republic. The men at the head of affairs are competent men, many of them having been educated in our own institutions. It is reasonable to assume that such men may be trusted to steer the new Ship of State so that all the people of the new

republic may ride more easily, safely and happily upon the Sea of Life. Yet, strange to say, so far, the great powers, the United States among the rest, have denied to the Republic of China the recognition it seeks. With a bona-fide government already established upon principles which are fundamentally just, humane and basic, it seems to us there should be little delay in according her full recognition. We know what the recognition of France meant in our own early history. Why then should we withhold the perfect expression of our sympathy and confidence? Such a withholding means also the holding back of China's progress; the stopping of her forward march; the prolongation of her struggle. Loans cannot be negotiated, railways built, steamship lines started, and a thousand and one beneficial enterprises engaged in until this needful step be taken. Why then delay? We urge upon our government that the interests of the teeming millions of China are to be considered far more than the reactionary powers and peoples who are behind the influences that are provoking further delay. In our next issue we expect to present a fully illustrated article giving a prominent Chinaman's reason "Why China Should be Recognized as a Republic by the Powers."

There are associations in the United States for almost everything under the heavens. Doubtless all of them have some good object—some more important than others. One that appeals to me tremendously, not only because of the direct effect of its work, but because of its humanizing influence upon all who participate in its activities, is the National Association of Audubon Societies. Audubon was one of the greatest naturalists America, or the world, has ever produced, and his love for birds amounted to a passionate devotion. This Association seeks to encourage and propagate his spirit throughout the country by the organization of State, County and Local Societies, by the education of children and adults, and by the circulation of such literature as will foster a love for and intelligent appreciation of the birds. The Association has prepared quite a number of leaflets that are full of perfectly fascinating reading about the different kinds of birds from the Bush-tit and Bobolink to the Blue Jay and Red-Headed Woodpecker. If you want to know about the Winter Feeding of Wild Birds, How to Attract the Winter Birds to Your Home, How to Make and Where to Place Bird Boxes, or a thousand and one other interesting things about the birds, write at once to President William Dutcher, National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York, and send 25 cents, 50 cents, or \$1.00 for a batch of their interesting literature.

I wonder whether the women of California,—those keen observers of the decorations of other women's hats—have ever noticed that never yet have they seen good, or anything like real representations in artificial creations of California's most distinctive flower, the golden poppy, or as the poetic Spaniards called it, *copa de oro*, the cup of gold. The reason for this is that most of our artificial flowers are made in Europe or in the East, where this gorgeous, sun-kissed, golden-skinned native of California is unknown. The result is they can only guess at its appearance, and the guesses are monstrous in their ridiculous inadequacy. Will not some California artificial flower maker, some native daughter, or even a native son, take pity on the *Cup of Gold* and make an adequate and worthy imitation of this flower of our affection? We say this in all sincerity, for, while we, personally, "have no use" for artificial flowers, we feel that if our women—God bless 'em—will have them, we at least want the counterfeit representations to be as near like the original as loving and appreciative workmanship can make them.



Under the Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* will be written by the Editor.

Slowly California is coming into its own in the care that thoughtful and conscientious historians are giving to the most important phases of its early life. Father Zephyrin's *Missionaries and Missionaries* (reviewed last month) is one proof of this statement, and now we have others in two volumes recently issued. These are *California Under Spain and Mexico, 1535-1847* by Irving Berdine Richman, and the other is *The Contest for California in 1861* by Elijah R. Kennedy. Both are noteworthy books, the former because of the scholarly, painstaking research it reveals, the latter because it was written by a participant in, an eye witness to the events he records. Mr. Richman's brain and pen are skilled in historic work. They have done it before and learned the art. Original sources (mainly manuscript) have been called upon, in the Spanish and Mexican archives, and the result is new and important information upon several interesting phases of California's history. In the earlier chapters he treats of the discovery and occupation, and then the slow recognition of the fact that California was not an Island. Then came the Reoccupation of Monterey and Discovery of the Bay of San Francisco under the "Sacred Expedition" of Galvez, the Founding of San Francisco, and the Organization of Alta California. A carefully digested chapter is State Secular vs State Sacerdotal, in which, however, the author advocates ideas that may be displeasing to the Franciscans and their defenders. For instance, he says: "It has been said in chapter V that Junipero Serra was seraphic in spirit, simple in faith, and pure in heart. That he was not unpossessed of shrewdness has there also been intimated. In 1781, in view of his course on the confirmation question, Neve, writing to Croix, charged upon him unspeakable artifice,—a pretended obedience to an authority (the government) which he in fact elides. And in 1782, Fages found him despotic, and opposed to every government undertaking. In the larger sense, which also is the truer, Serra is not so much to be regarded as a person as a force,—a representative, less astute than Salvatierra, less even than Palou, of the idea of the Mission: in personal concerns, tractable to the point of humility; in concerns of faith, steadfast to the point of aggression."

Personally, I believe the evidence justifies Mr. Richman's last stated conception of Serra. I know many such in the priesthood and of the Catholic Church of today. In their personal relationships tender, sweet, gentle and humble; in matters pertaining to the church inflexible and determined as the granite mountains. Mr. Irving's defence and *apologi* for Pedro Fages brings new light upon the actions of this much-abused governor, and makes most interesting reading, though it will "tread on some toes."

After dealing with "Internal Problems of the State," and the "Problems of Subsistence" he comes to the much vexed question of Secularization, to which he devotes three chapters, showing it Planned, Begun and Accomplished. Then follows "War with the United States," in which the author gives a clear resume of the much-discussed attitude of the English towards California, and the final seizure of the country by Sloat, Fremont and Stockton, and the main body of the book concludes with a survey of "Mission, Presidio, Pueblo and Rancho," which effectively places each before the reader in its own importance and relation.

A most valuable 150 pages is devoted to "Notes," consisting of illuminating quotations from, and lists of, original sources of information and the book closes with a carefully digested index. Added interest is found in the two pocket charts, one giving a complete history of the acts of secularization and the other showing twenty-two Spanish and American trails and routes affecting California. Mr. Richman's book is one of the most valuable and scholarly pieces of historic literature yet published on California. It is altogether a most useful, valuable and readable book,—not one that in all things will suit partisans of the Church, nor partisans of any kind, but frank, honest, independent and fearless, and therefore highly to be respected even by those who differ from its conclusions.

California Under Spain and Mexico 1535-1847, by Irving Berdine Richman, large 8vo, 541 pages, with many maps, charts and plans, \$4.00 net, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Mr. Kennedy's *Contest for California in 1861* is an entirely different type of book, yet one that is equally valuable in its more restricted scope. Its author thus states his own purpose: "I propose to describe the secession movement on the Pacific Slope, and to show how, mainly through the efforts

and influencing of Edward D. Baker, the plot to involve California, Oregon, and contiguous territories with the South, in 1861, was frustrated and the Pacific Coast was saved to the Union." Chapters 1 and 2 deal with the social and political conditions prior to 1860, and the state is shown to have been under the control of W. M. Gwin, elected U. S. Senator at the same time as Fremont. Kennedy calls him an "astute, indefatigable, and unprincipled adventurer, who yet had power for ten years, and who controlled every federal office holder, over whom he maintained a keen system of espionage. Then comes D. C. Broderick, whilom saloonkeeper, leader of firemen, ward politician in New York, self-educated, intensely in earnest and fired with laudable ambitions. That he was brave and fearless, even to recklessness, a number of quoted incidents prove. He was just the man to make his mark in California politics in those early and strenuous days. Elected State Senator, Lieut.-Governor, it was not long before he was Gwin's associate for the long term in the U. S. Senate. Here he speedily distinguished himself, and made himself hated by the Southern "chivalry" by his opposition to the forcing of the infamous Lecompton Constitution upon the unwilling people of Kansas. His fatal duel with Terry is also accounted for. As the orator at his funeral, Edward D. Baker is then brought upon the scene. The next chapter deals with "Inklings of Secession," and states facts not generally known as to the acts of disloyalty of certain Californians. Then came Gwin's astute move in having the loyal officers in charge of the Federal forces in the Pacific removed, and Col. Albert Sidney Johnson put in command. Had California now gone for the South what would have been the result? Possibly a vast change in the political affairs of the nation. But Baker is in the arena. He had been elected U. S. Senator from Oregon, then a hot-bed of secession. He was on his way East, but had stopped to give an address in San Francisco. Kennedy (our author) had ridden twenty-four hours from Marysville to hear him. He gives a vivid account of that speech and delights us by assuring us that its eloquence is preserved in spite of John Hay's assertion that the speech was never reported. As one result Lincoln at the election immediately following had a plurality of 614 votes in California. Two other errors Mr. Kennedy exposes, viz.: that California sent no soldiers to the federal armies, and that she was exempt from the direct burdens of the war. The adjutant General of the U. S. states that California furnished 15,725 men who enlisted, of whom he estimates that 12,528 actually served. In 1861 alone California paid \$254,538 as Federal War Tax and also \$200,000 for military encampments.

Arrived in Washington Senator Baker urged with insistence that General Johnson be removed and a known loyal man put in his place. This was done by the appointment of General Sumner who arrived in San Francisco April 24, 1861. Two days later the news that fired the world arrived, viz: that Fort Sumpter had fallen, and had California been in wrong hands there is no knowing what might have resulted. Mr. Kennedy fortifies his assertions by quotations from the Rebellion Records, and thus for the first time gives an authentic history based upon ascertained facts. Starr King's work in the revival of loyalty in California is well presented, as is the Battle of Ball's Bluff at which Baker fell.

The book is one to arouse keenest patriotism. It is a timely book and one that every high school class and every lover of his State should read. It reveals clearly what our priceless heritage has cost us and it enshrines in our hearts memories of the heroes we should never allow to die. In its appendix it forever absolves Baker from the responsibility for the loss of the battle at Ball's Bluff and thus we have a completed picture of orator, statesman, soldier, patriot that worthily represents its object. *The Contest for California in 1861*, by Elijah R. Kennedy, large 8vo, 360 pages and six portraits. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

In my opinion the best, because the most sensible, handbook for the use of botanists that has ever been issued has just come from Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. It deals with the flora of the Yosemite National Park which, as its author, Harvey Monroe Hall, says, "is perhaps the most delightful region in all the world for the study of plant life. The wide variety of conditions here found, ranging from the hot and disiccated slopes of the brush-clad foothills to the cold, bleak summits above timber-line, the abode of glaciers and perpetual snow, gives to the flora an exceedingly diverse and interesting character. Innumerable springs, creeks, rivers, ponds, and lakes provide suitable habitats for moisture-loving plants. Rocky outcroppings, enormous cliffs, and gravelly ridges accommodate species adapted to such situations. The irregular topography yields southward facing slopes which receive the full effect of the sun's rays, as well as northward-slopes where the sun's rays are little felt, where it is therefore cool, moist, and shady. The altitude ranges from two thousand five hundred feet in the foothill belt to thirteen thousand and ninety feet along the crest of the Sierra Nevada. All of these factors conspire to produce a remarkably varied and interesting vegetation."

In this book 955 species and varieties of plants are described. In addition, there are a few pages of botanical instructions giving explanations of terms, etc., so that an ordinarily intelligent person who knows absolutely nothing of botany, can take this handbook into the Yosemite region and, if he be a diligent student, can possess, in a few months, without any other book or instructor, a pretty thorough and complete knowledge of the botany of the region and can tell his knowledge to others in accurate and scientific phraseology.

Mr. Hall is the Assistant Professor of Botany in the University of California, and I assume that Mrs. Hall was his assistant in the preparation of the book.

In order to test its completeness I have hunted up nearly every species of plant that I can recall familiarity with in my several trips to the Yosemite Valley and they are presented fully and accurately, without exception. Presuming, therefore, that the book is all that could be desired as far as its

contents are concerned, the critic is able to give full expression to his delight at the general makeup of the volume. It is printed in clear type on light but strong paper and contains 170 illustrations that help one accurately to determine the species. There is not an ounce of waste paper in the book. It is strongly bound in flexible leather and of a convenient size, 4 3-4 by 7 1-2 inches, so that a man can slip it in his hip or inside pocket or a woman slip it into her handbag, and thus it can be a companion upon the longest and most arduous jaunt.

Such a book is a joy and a delight, and both author and publisher are to be congratulated upon its appearance.

A Yosemite Flora By Harvey Monroe Hall and Carlotta Case Hall. Illustrated with 11 plates and 170 figures in the text. Bound in flexible leather. \$2.00 net; by mail, \$2.07. Paul Elder & Co., 239 Grant Ave., San Francisco.

John S. McGroarty is both poet and historian and in both qualifications he is splendidly endowed with a rare grace and felicity of expression. With a passionate devotion to the land of his adoption he has just completed the writing of his *California, Its History and Romance*, a book that charms with its ease of style combined with the dignity demanded by the nobleness and grandeur of his theme.

There are ten chapters in the book as follows: "The Land of Heart's Desire," in which the poet's outflow of soul is unhindered. He portrays the longing of men of all ages for a land of ease, of rest, of comfort, of "heart's desire," the real "lotus land," where men and women may live and attain the highest development of their triune natures. In Chapter II he tells "When California Began," and gives legends, traditions etc., and the advent of Cabrillo, the discoverer, in San Diego Bay. In Chapter III he gives in graphic and poetic form "The Story of the Missions," and as a devoted admirer of Serra, Palou, Crespi and the others of the Apostolic Band of Franciscans sets forth their noble work in glowing and thrilling periods. Chapter IV describes "Monterey, the First Capital," and Chapters V and VI "the Spanish and Mexican Eras." Then comes in Chapter VII "The Bear Flag Republic" episode and the final raising of the Stars and Stripes, followed in Chapter VIII with the story of "The Argonauts." There is scope in 'The Thrill of the Days of '49' for some of McGroarty's best literary effort, and this chapter is peculiarly effective and captivating. He is equally eloquent in Chapters IX and X which deal with "The American Conquest" and "The Five Miracles" of the Missions, the building of the Central Pacific Railway, the reclamation the deserts by irrigation, the rebuilding of San Francisco after the earthquake and fire of 1906, and the construction of the Owen's River aqueduct by the City of Los Angeles.

In an appendix of sixty pages he gives useful information about the Counties of California, the Pious Fund, Fremont's Famous Ride, Junipero Serra's most Famous Walk, The Great Seal of the State, El Camino Real, The Grave of Junipero Serra, and the Muster Roll of "The Vigilant."

It would be easy to quote many pages from this charming work but the limits of space forbids. Here is one of Mr. McGroarty's delicate literary touches:

"Since that far-away day when Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo sailed with his galleons from Navidad to lie down with death on a sunny isle of Santa Barbara, California has called with luring lips the wandering sails and caravans of all the world

*Of old she called with her lips of song,
She called with her breath of musk,
From peaks where the sunlight lingers long,
From the vales in the purpled dusk;
She called to the sea with their tides of tang,
To the ships of the far-off fleet,
And they came in the lure of the song she sang,
With their white sails, to her feet.*

*So, like a mother with bursting breast,
She claimed the brood of the seas,
And the flaming lips of her wild love pressed
Upon them, about her knees;
She crooned them to sleep on her bosom fair,
Where their happy hearts were lain,
And they laughed in her eyes that wrapped them there,
Like their old, warm skies of Spain.*

Historically the book follows the generally accepted standards and there is no pretence of any new material. It is the most readable book on California now in the field and will lure many people to learn accurately of the Golden State's history, who before were ignorant. The type is large and readable, the press work is excellent and the whole make-up of the book admirable and reflects great credit upon the publishers. *California, Its History and Romance*, by John S. McGroarty, large 8vo, 392 pages, with 11 illustrations, \$3.50 net. Grafton Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

There are few, even among the students of western literature, who are familiar with the marvelous wealth of fascinating lore which has been handed down through the ages by the aboriginal people, so many thousands of whom used to roam over the valleys and foothills of California. It is hard to believe what Stephen Powers assures us is the fact, that a little over a century ago there were nearly 700,000 Indians in California alone. Among these people were a few who had the inventive and creative genius, and it is to them we owe the wealth of legendary lore that has come down to us. We read Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle" and "Just So" Stories with interest and ardor and are amazed

at the imaginative power that they display. Yet, if one could spend a week with any tribe of Indians away back on the mountain heights and could be privileged to listen, as I have done many times, when sitting around the camp fire, to the legends and folk-tales told by the medicine-men or "troubadours" of the tribe, he would feel that with all his imaginative power, Rudyard Kipling was outdistanced by the primitive aborigine. Many of the legends and folk stories of the Indians have undoubtedly been lost. But fortunately some have been gathered and treasured. Many of these are hidden in volumes published by the Government where the ordinary reader would have no idea how to find them, hence it is that Miss Katharine B. Judson has done excellent service in gathering these legends together in a well illustrated book, making them accessible to every class of reader.

There are stories of the beginning of the earth, with a score of stories of the origin of mankind; stories of floods; of the origin of fire; the hardening of the earth; the origin of mountains; the Yosemite Valley and its striking features; of the Big Trees, the clouds and the rain; stories of hunters and coyotes, blue birds and quails, fawns and rattlesnakes. with a story of the Spirit and Song of the Ghost Dance. They are interesting alike to old and young. *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, by Katharine B. Judson. \$1.50. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Whatever Nancy K. Foster writes is worth reading, for her plots hold the attention and her descriptions are poetically true. *Not of Her Race* is a love story out of the ordinary in that it tells of a wealthy and vigorous young Boston girl giving up her university-trained lover for one "not of her race" because she found that his manhood was of a superior type. As one reads he becomes more and more attached to Ruth and when she finally decides to give her love for the Mexican full sway, her action has our heartiest and most sympathetic approval. This is just the book to take down to the seaside, the resort hotel or mountain camp. *Not of Her Race*, by Nancy K. Foster. \$1.50. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

Unusual, striking, very interesting is Lucien Chamberlain's *Son of the Wind*. A well-known horse-tamer of California has heard of a wild stallion, of great size, unexampled beauty and remarkable speed roaming over certain portions of the Sierra Nevada. He goes in search of it and finds it, but finds also a mountain maiden more charming to him than any of the heroines Bret Harte ever drew. This free-spirited girl so loves her own glorious freedom that she cannot bear to think of the horse which she also knows and loves, being caught and tamed, and the conflict between her will and that of the horse-tamer, who becomes her lover, gives a rich and piquant interest to the story. It is a love story, but different. It is a nature story but again it is different. The character drawing of the maiden, the hero, and all the actors is excellent, but superior to all, and giving a good example of Miss Chamberlain's style is the following fine description of the wild stallion. It will long stand as one of the noted descriptions of a horse in the English language.

"A rapid trot sounded just within the last fringe of pines, and a shadow ran out from the trees and rested, quivering, on the bright ground. There was a rustle among the pine branches, and the moon shone on a black forelock and pricked ears. The branches waved softly to and fro as the horse came pushing through. He paused at the upper edge of the clearing and lifted his head high. He looked large, and doubly large being alone. The state by which kings add to their stature increased his. He gave a slow intrepid glance around the clearing, while his wide nostrils drank the wind. Over water and through moss and earth it came purely. There was no scent to startle delicate stretched nerves. He began to advance down the rocky floor at a gait a little faster than a walk. An undulating motion went through the whole body as if the hoofs trod air. The mane waved with it, the tail drifted like a plume. Carron could see the quick ripple of muscles under the satin skin. That was the back that had never felt weight, the neck like a bow that had never bent except at its own will. The white left foot which Carron had seen speeding in terror trod delicately as a girl's on the rocky slope. A star on the breast that had shone at the head of herds now shone solitary. The eyes that had been scarlet with fury were dark and bright and bent on the silver ripple of water as toward the face of a friend. He seemed to condescend to earth with those haughty graces with his own shadow, twisting his head sidewise, trifling with its liberty. Miles around him nothing moved that would not run from him, nothing but eagles, and these floated free, and kept an equal state.

"At the lip of the water he paused once more, one more haughty earnest stare now up, now down the stream and his nostrils fluttered like black butterflies. Then, as meekly as if all the world were his friend, he stooped his head, stretched out his neck, shining while the mane blew in a veil against it, put muzzle in the current and drank."

Son of the Wind, by Lucia Chamberlain, 8vo, 412 p., and illustrations. \$1.50. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

The title conveys little or no conception of what "The Dawn Meadow" by C. A. Dennen holds in store for its readers. With so much fidelity to life is the story told that one sees, hears and feels, as if personally present.

This is where the incidents transpired. "In one of the most inaccessible corners of the Sierras, approached only by the narrowest of horse-back trails, which ran perilously along the edge of a great cliff, lay one hundred and twenty acres of lovely mountain meadow. Cliffs surrounded it for a thousand feet or more on all sides." The only inlet was underneath a gigantic, overhanging rock. A wealthy couple of San Francisco became enamored of the spot, bought it, and put up a bungalow. Thither, with such friends as they deemed would enjoy the outing, they came whenever fancy dictated.

The San Francisco earthquake dislodged the great boulder, completely closing the narrow entrance,

and thus imprisoned the five persons who formed a house-party at the bungalow at the time. Four weeks rolled around before they were finally rescued, and as all buildings had been demolished by the shock, they were forced to live the simple life out in the open. Responsibility gravitates to those who are able to shoulder it and Charley Strong became the leader to whom all turned for guidance under these primitive conditions. A tragedy had darkened his early manhood and cut him off from his fellows, and his valiant struggle to regain his lost estate is sympathetically depicted by the author. Out of it all he emerges a man possessed with patience, initiative, self-control, and somewhat of the Indian's knowledge of and love for the great out-of-doors. Hence, under his directions the little party managed not only to exist, but to attain a degree of health never before experienced by most of them.

These days marked the dawn of a new life for Ethel, the heroine of the story. For this and other reasons she designated the place, "The Dawn Meadow." Swept away from the old moorings of "lady like indolence," her soul was stirred with the desire to do and to be. In trying to explain to her old lover her new viewpoint, she said: "Don't you see, Bob, that a real woman isn't always going to be satisfied with trifles? The need of service is the deepest need of every created being, though sometimes it requires an earthquake to show us the truth."

For the denouement of this very interesting little story, see: *The Dawn Meadow* by G. A. Dennen. \$1.00, net. Richard G. Badger, Boston, Mass. L. M. W.

In *Don Sagasto's Daughter* Paul H. Blades has written an interesting romance. It relates to the period in Southern California when the old, easy-going days of the Spanish don were changing into the bustling, feverish, money-loving days of the business American. The book has large aspirations, which, in a measure, it fulfils, for after one gets over the first few tedious chapters, he is carried along swiftly by the dramatic action of the characters. There is the usual typical Spanish don whose hospitality never fails and whose business wits are too dull to realize that he is being hoodwinked by the American with whom he has dealings, and who, unfortunately, has married his beautiful daughter. The don loses his property; the American becomes jealous of his wife and the priest who confesses her and in a fit of rage murders her after accusing her of illicit relations with the priest. The murderer confidently hopes for acquittal, for his devoted wife, loving to the last, seeks to shield him by declaring her death to have been by accident. But an old Indian woman comes into court and testifies that she actually saw the crime committed. Then, to add to the melodramatic situation in the court room, a juror arises and denounces the prisoner, whom he had just recognized, as a bigamist and wife deserter, and declares that the prosecuting attorney is the defendant's deserted child. Then the old don, crazed with suffering and horror, adds to the sensation by attempting to shoot the author of all his sorrow. He is circumvented, however, and is taken, brain-stricken, from the room, as is also the district attorney. By the latter's intervention the prisoner is allowed to escape, only to be followed, however, by his nemesis in the shape of the priest whose honor he has so cruelly impeached. But even here fate interposes and the deadly shot that ends the life of the villain of the story is fired by some mysterious hand whose personality is not revealed.

To those who desire to get a fairly accurate picture of the epoch described in this book Mr. Blades's story is well worth while if they do not mind the melodrama that accompanies it. Mr. Blades undoubtedly has power, but he is too wordy, too diffuse and too much given to the use of uncommon words. For instance he speaks of the "obsecrating sign of the cross," and says elsewhere: "The defendant himself was struggling to preserve the self-composure which the unexpected nemesis ascription was threatening to embreach." *Don Sagasto's Daughter*, by Paul H. Blades, 433 pages, Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$1.25 net.

Are you interested in the way your state laws are made? in the records of the men who make them? in the way the people are defrauded, and bunkoed, and swindled, and played with by the political bosses? Do you want to know how every Assemblyman and Senator in the State voted on every question brought before them? Do you want to know how the "machine" works to defeat the will of the people? You have read a great deal of railway influences in politics. Do you really want to know the facts? And how the lobbyists work? If so get a copy of Franklin Hiehorn's *Story of the California Legislature of 1909*. And then if you want to read the story of how the railway machine was broken, how the new order of things came into being, such as the Direct Primary Law, the Australian Ballot in its purity, the establishment of the Initiative and Referendum, the Recall of the Judiciary, the adoption of the Recall Amendment, and the way measures were passed, and exactly what they are, dealing with Direct Legislation, Railroads, Conservation, Race Track Gambling, Local Option, Labor and Employer's Liability, Woman's Eight-hour Day, Compulsory Arbitration, Free Text Books, Tide Lands, Reapportionment, etc., etc., get Mr. Hiehorn's story of the 1911 Legislature.

These "stories" are both written in a rarely interesting manner, which takes away from them everything that savors of a dry text book. They are palpitating, living, human documents, dealing with matters of surpassing and vital importance in a simple, and direct, yet pleasing and almost fascinating manner. These "stories," better than anything ever done, enable a voter to know exactly how his state representatives "stood" when it came to voting on every question submitted to them, hence they should be in the hands of every really intelligent and patriotic citizen of California. With such books as this multiplied and in the hands of studious men chicanery in politics would soon be driven out of the field. Both books are published by James H. Barry Co., San Francisco and are \$1.25 a volume. They each contain about 400 pages.

From Prominent Clubs of the West

SCRIBBLERS' CLUB

ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON, President; JOSEPHINE MEYERS, Secretary.

"Love" a topic chosen by the Scribblers was considered both humorously and seriously as the subject merited, by those who responded. One member (a physician) gave an analytical poem on the subject and its symptoms, while another in prose offered a remedy for the fever that causes so many heart affections!

The poem "Ece Homo" was a masterly interpretation of "Divine Love." A short humorous play was read and the author received much commendation and also some suggestive criticism of the work. The Jewish evening while not so mirthful as the previous Irish evening was thoroughly enjoyed. A talk on Jewish Statesmen by Judge Hammack was inspiring with its roster of great Jewish names from Daniel of the Biblical era down to Disraeli and Judah Benjamin who was said to have been the brains of the Confederacy. A story "The Awakening of Solomon" by a member held the interest closely. The ending while artistic was pathetic and evoked protests which were complimentary to the author, showing the attraction of the characters so well delineated. We shall look forward to seeing the story printed. It was pleasant to hear so many good articles on Jewish characters all agreeing that the practice of holding the Jew up for laughter or scorn was beneath liberal minded people. A short poem "The Wandering Jew" was enjoyed, as was a talk on some present day figures of note in the Ghetto, especially the work of the strange genius Levine

Rosenfield who improvises Wedding Songs for a remuneration, on hearing the history of the parties interested; some of these song histories are beautiful, but are seldom written and thus many gems are lost. Several other interesting characters were touched upon, and a concise and clear definition of the Talmud was also given, closing the program for the evening.
Secretary.

A JUNE TRYST

(By Edwin Kingsley Hurlbut)
"Scribbler"

*One peaceful, perfect day in June,
Lured by the Sylvan Summer's spell—
With all the wide Westworld in tune—
I wandered where the Muses dwell;
On grassy couch at footbills' crest
I tarried long to dream and rest.*

*The air was full of languorous balm
From fragrant fields of fresh-mown bay,
And every throbbing pulse grew calm;
A heavenly peace fell where I lay
In sweet repose on Nature's breast
And felt my soul by her caressed.*

*Low-bending o'er my bill-top bed
Close pressed the Tender Turquoise Sky
With dream-wrought pillows for my head
From snow-white cloud-banks drifting by;—
And all the glad Westworld, in tune
Kept tryst with me that day in June.*

Daybreak on Mount Wilson

By Addison Howard Gibson

*Fawn-like, Witch Night soft steals away
With all her train of shadows gay;
A mocking-bird breaks into praise—
Thrills drowsy pines and mountain ways.
Fair flowers awake from vestal sleep
And from their slumbers fern beds peep.
Intense the silence; clouds float low
To be the first to catch the glow
Of dawn, ere hills and wooded crest
In cloth of gold are newly dressed.
Dim cliffs their wonted forms assume,
As through weird wraith-like mists they loom,
And tower above a shadowy land
Where sleeping towns and orchards stand.
A breath of incense—cool delight—
Comes with the first faint streaks of light;
A flash on distant summits tall
Dyes crimson deep the mountain wall,
Quick kindling night's vast funeral pyre,
Baptising all with radiant fire.*

An Out-of-Door Preachment

By the Editor

ARE YOU tired, nervous, squeamish in appetite, worried by little things? Get out into the open, into God's great out of doors, into the fresh air and sunshine, under the trees, on the grass, on the mountain slope, on the sea beach, into the salty ocean or the fresh water—anywhere—everywhere—so long as it is away from man-made houses, streets, towns and cities, to God's own out of doors.

Are you pale, dispirited, discouraged, downhearted? Get out into the open and let the air and sunshine, the rain and the trees, the mocking birds and the animals put new life into you.

Are you irritable, "cross as a bear," touchy, fretful, peevish? Get out into the open and let the soothing hand of Mother Nature rest upon your fevered brow.

Are you so disturbed that you cannot

sleep nights, have bad dreams, wake up unrefreshed? Quit eating on the rush at lunch-counters, cafeterias, restaurants and grill rooms; break your habit of gobbling down sinkers and coffee, rolls and hot cakes, and the usual fare that seems especially designed to drive man either to the "bar," or the drug store, and *get out into the open*, where you can catch your own fish and cook it, sleep on the ground, eat camping-out fare and come home with digestion restored, eye blue as the sky, brain clear and active, yet under perfect control, body feeling "fine as a fiddle," and everything and everybody "lovely and of good report."

Wake up, sleeper! wake up, dreamer! wake up you that are hypnotized, catalytic, mesmerized by "big business" or any other business. Why kill yourself before you have begun to live? Why shorten your days and lose the fun



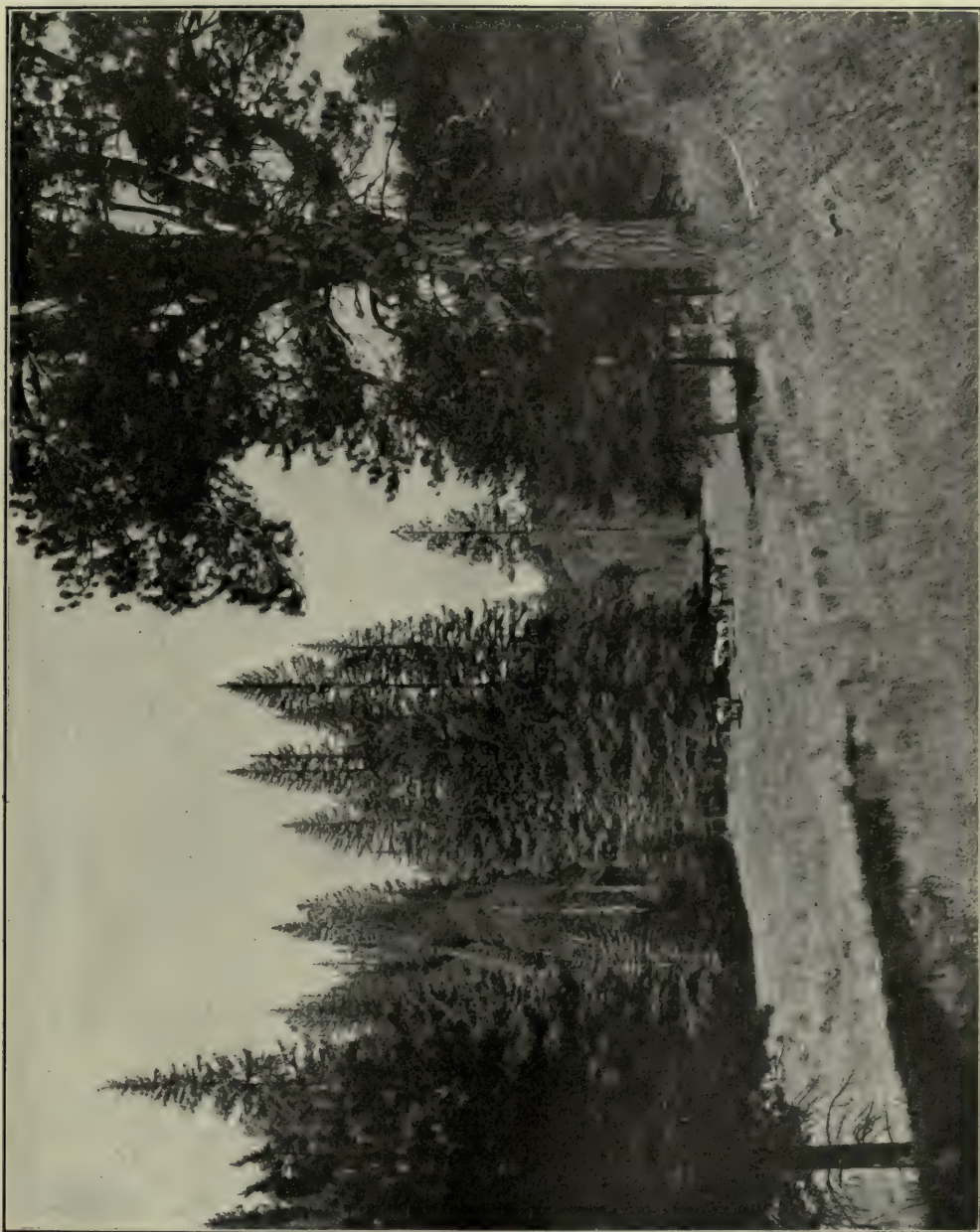
A Stage Coach party driving from the Yosemite Valley to one of the fallen Big Trees.



One of the grandest places to enjoy God's great-out-of-doors is the Yosemite Valley within sight and sound of the mighty and glorious water-falls.

and joy of living? Why merely exist, when you can be full of the vim, snap, energy and bounding consciousness of real life, which is the natural birthright of every human soul? No man ever saw a mocking bird "tired out," "knocked out", or "petered out." No one ever saw a trout that found it hard to swim

against the stream, or jump "up" the falls. No gopher was ever "too tuckered out" to be an everlasting bore. No ant was ever "exhausted" by his daily toil. Why? Because they live the simple life, in the open—God's great-out-of-doors. They don't stuff and gorge, smoke and drink, drug and dose, and



Go off to the Grand Canyon, get a pack outfit at El Tovar, and in the majestic mazes of the Coconino Forest, camp out, and travel daily until you can "eat like a hired man, and sleep like a baby."



If you love the snow, strike out for the High Sierras, and slide, (even in the summer months) on mountain slopes clothed with virgin snow.

then shut themselves up in close, stuffy, ily-ventilated theaters, churches, houses, or stores, as wise! intelligent!! educated!! cultured!!! humans do. No! the poor simple creatures are content with fresh air, pure water, God's sunlight, God's fruits, grains, roots and nuts, and they live out their lives in joyous heathfulness, radiant exuberance, and energetic laboriousness. I'd rather be a jolly gray squirrel, able to run up and down tree trunks, jump twenty feet from tree to tree, and eat with a digestion that never fails, than be a wealthy bank president with dyspepsia, a grouch, and the feeling that he can't do this, nor that, nor the other, because of the "dignity which naturally belongs to wealth."

Poor man, Come off your miserable perch! Get on the body of a horse, a bronco, an army mule or even a burro and climb up Wt. Milson, Mt. Lowe, Mt. San Antonio, down into the Grand Canyon, or up or down any of the mountain or canyon trails that no other country affords so richly as this. Quit *thinking* you live and begin the *real business of living*. Forget your money-grubbing, your bond-coupon-clipping,

your dividend seeking and become a mere man for a time, and you will soon wonder why you ever could have been content to be nothing but a money-getting machine.

And so I say to all business and professional men. Let up for a time! quit work for a while! Get out into the open. The further away from all cares, all responsibilities, all business, the better. Give positive orders that you are not to be reached by telephone or wire, except in case of fire, death, or the elopement of your butler.

Thus out in the open, in God's own care, lulled to sleep by His own waves, or winds, or trees, or sweet singing birds, you will lose your headaches, "megrums", nervousness, fears, heartaches, and pessimism, and in their place find peace and rest, and regain your equipoise. Calm, sane, serene and strong, life will be a new thing, work an opportunity and a joy, and your wife and family dearer and sweeter than you ever knew them before.

Get into the open. Quit taking Beecham's or Duffy's, Lydia Pinkham's or Peruna, and *Try God's Great-Out-of-Doors*.

Long Beach

HERE'S SHOWING HOW THE FASTEST
GROWING TOWN THAT'S GOING
GROWS

By R. L. Bisby

PLANTS, PLACES and people all grow in various ways and require a varied assortment of conditions for their growing, but there are some essentials to growth which can not be dispensed with, and by their presence or absence we determine the strength and strudiness of the maturity.

To grow, a plant must have soil, water, sun and air; a man, food, air, education and exercise; and a community to develop along permanent and substantial lines must have climate, commercial advantages and a population whose energy is as boundless as the possibilities of the section.

That Long Beach has the climate is demon-

Beach Library



Scene on the Pike



Showing how they build ships at Long Beach

strated by the fact that it is sought out by many easterners as a residence town and that it is an all-the-year-round resort—as distinctively a summer resort as it is a winter tourist-Mecca; there being but about ten degrees difference in the summer and winter temperatures; the winter temperature averaging about 55° and the summer average being something near 65°. This favorable condition is partly due to the sheltered location of the city. Santa Catalina Island forming a natural wind-break to the south. This great mountain of earth standing out like a wall between the smoother stretches of shore water and the vast billows that sweep the main ocean, also gives to Long Beach one of the finest harbors in the world, and it is harbor facilities more than any other one thing that makes for commercial advantages. Long Beach stands at the converging point of two transcontinental railways and with these combined land and sea transportation accommodations commercial success arrived. But that third essential, energy, has been on the

ground all the time, in fact it “got in on the ground floor” and “dug in and hustled” and that is how Long Beach grew from a village of 2000 to a city of 20,000 in a little more than a decade.

Any one going through the streets of the city and viewing its varied activities would realize that it took energy to start and carry those six splendid banks with their resources of \$7,000,000.00; energy to found the nine magnificent schools whose standard of efficiency is a model for other cities, and that only an energetic people could have built the thirty miles of beautiful, paved streets along which stand dozens of handsome churches and thousands of attractive homes, whose combined property valuation is assessed at \$23,000,000.00. But not until a more careful survey of the city's diversions and pursuits is made can it be understood what far reaching foresight was coupled with the energy that built for progress, strength, health and pleasure. While building its commerce-promoting municipal harbor with its



Long Beach Polytechnic High School



Yachting at Long Beach

commodious municipal docks, and operating its own municipal water system, with an economic success realized by but few cities; while acquiring its acres of water bearing land and looking after a sanitary city dump ground, the city did not forget the beautiful, the aesthetic, the artistic, nor has it overlooked any possibility that might contribute to life's finer side.

Long Beach has another great advantage. It is but twenty miles from Los Angeles, the

metropolis of Southern California, with a twenty minute electric service that is a surprise to all eastern and mid-western visitors. This practically places all the civic advantages of Los Angeles at the command of Long Beach.

Three beautiful parks whose greenery and artistic arrangement delight the eye are owned by the city—they belong to the people contributing to their enjoyment, stimulating their civic pride. The city library with its 25,000 volumes, its courteous and efficient library staff, its hand-



Pier at Long Beach



Night Yachting at Long Beach

some building and beautiful grounds surrounding, might well be the envy of any community; and for such an amusement pier, auditorium and sun parlor many cities have ardently sighed. But there is one other municipal feature still more unique, still more to be envied—it is the all-the-year-round Municipal Band whose high class musical reputation has traveled far and wide. It is under the leadership of that master musician and skilled director, E. H. Willey. Many a casual visitor for the day is beguiled into staying far into the night just to hear one more and one more piece played by the band. And because of its seductiveness the restaurants reap a rich harvest. Many a tourist intending but a brief sojourn, lingers day by day held by the combined charm of the music and the comforts of luxurious hotel or apartment house; for nowhere in the entire

country can such lodging luxuries be found at so reasonable a cost. And then there is the magnetic spell of the beach itself—seven miles of perfect shore stretching out as a recreation ground for the pleasure seeker or the health hunter.

Most people seeking a vacation are merely nervous. There is nothing better for tired nerves than sea-level rest. Many who want vacation's change really want re-juvenation, re-inspiration, some quickening of the inner energies. There is nothing better for brain fag than the salt tang of the sea breeze. No better tonic for lagging forces than the ceaseless energy of the waves. Yachting and motor-boating are two of the leading diversions of the well-to-do resident and visitor to this highly favored spot. One great advantage of Long Beach is the diversity of attractions that



Virginia Hotel

it offers and the prodigality of choice which it allows. If you want solitude and the simple life, a modest cottage or a tent house and the long stretches of isolated shore, will give ideal conditions. If you want a giddy social time with tennis, dancing and a whirl of gayeties, there are the magnificent hotels. If you are somewhat blasé and desire unique diversion there is the Pike with its varied amusements, the walk with the ten-thousand lights and the many moving picture shows and theaters. There too is the magnificent bath house with its exhilarating plunge and its delightful swimming pool. Then if you still lack inspiration go drink in the civic atmosphere of Long Beach, get in touch with its progressiveness, contact the spirit of growth in the air, a spirit that has put Long Beach at the head of the column of achievement—the fastest growing city in the United States.

That this growth is substantial and permanent is shown by the fact that the population is steadily increasing, that the suburbs are extending, that new business blocks are going



Long Beach High School



Interior of National Bank of Long Beach



Typical Long Beach Residence

up and that factories and industries are multiplying. Already Long Beach has large salt works, flour mills, brick yards, wagon factories, shipbuilding plants, glass factories, rug and carpet mills, cement works, harness shops and many other manufactories.

And who is doing all this? The people. But not all the people actually engage in building and boosting all the time, they delegate and elect a certain number to act for them and out of this number, the concentrated extract of energy, comes that benevolent brotherhood of boosters, the Chamber of Commerce. When a real civic scientist seeks for the ultimate atom of urban prosperity he wastes no time in general research but immediately explores the Chamber of Commerce molecular structure and if he finds that body cohesive he knows that the sought for germ is at hand. It has been this unity of purpose in itself and the fact that it works in concerted harmony of action with the City Council that has brought about so much of



Long Beach Municipal Band, E. H. Willey, Director

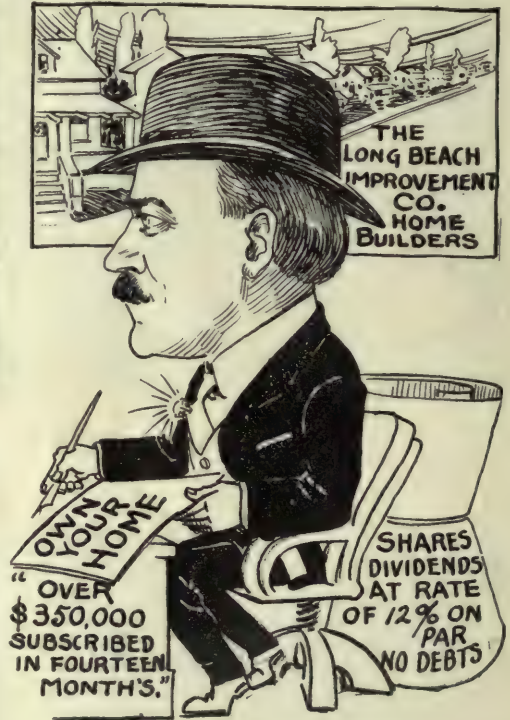


Interior of The National Bank of Long Beach

the vigorous growth of the city and it has been their tireless efforts that have promoted so many of the city's interests and industries.



Bascule Bridge—Edison Plant in the distance

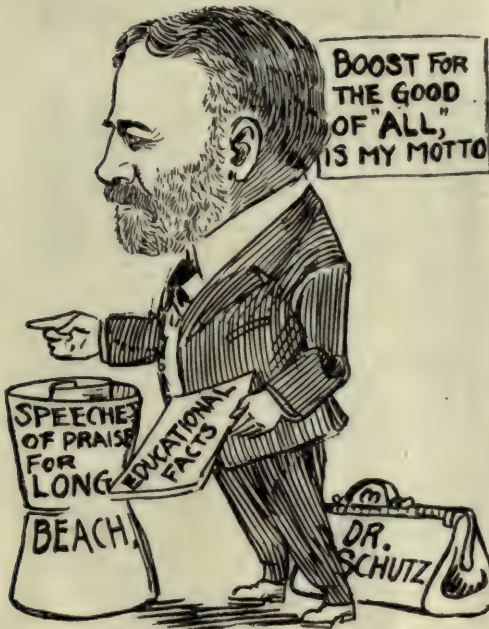


LOUIS PURCELL, Secretary

Am I an advocate of publicity? Yes. In either public or private enterprise. The assembling of a number of sincere and able men in a meritorious enterprise enabled the Long Beach Improvement Co. by legitimate publicity to raise in about fourteen months, nearly a half million dollars for home investments.

Another big boost factor of the town is its splendid newspapers. The bed-rock principle of the Long Beach Press and its proprietors is boosting and bettering. A little more than a year ago its present management took charge of "The Press" with the Hon. W. F. Prisk as editor and manager. Being an able and experienced journalist he has built up the "Press" until it ranks among the cleanest and most enterprising of California newspapers. It has stood and is standing for the maintenance of the high ideals of Long Beach and the promotion of its moral and material interests.

The Long Beach "Telegram" as an earnest proof of its faith in Long Beach recently published a large and creditable boost edition in which it gave much interesting and valuable information showing its identity with the spirit of the town and its efforts toward further progress.



Dr. M. A. Schutz has been a resident of Long Beach for more than 20 years. His achievements during that period are manifold and include the establishment of the first scientific sanitarium in Southern California for the treatment of chronic disease. He erected the Riviera Hotel, the first large hostelry in Long Beach. He is the founder of the International Home for children, is president and founder of the World Spiritual Congress which convenes every summer at Long Beach. Dr. Schutz is building an addition to his hotel, a large apartment house, the lower floor to be occupied as an investment company, cafe and printing establishment. Just now he is devoting much energy to teaching and demonstrating the principles of Universal Brotherhood and Fellowship, but above all Dr. Schutz is interested in all progressive movements tending toward the advance and upbuilding of the Beach City.





Municipal Dock Long Beach



LIVE WIRES OF LONG BEACH



SOME OF LONG BEACH'S BOOSTERS



LONG BEACH BOOSTERS



The Chuckawalla and Palo Verde Valley

This is a region comprising some 250,000 to 300,000 acres, 220,000 of which has been declared irrigable by that eminent international authority and expert, James Dix Schuyler, who, in company with A. H. Koebig—also an international irrigation authority—and George Wharton James made a careful and thorough examination of the project *in the field*. His expert findings are that there are three levels upon the Palo Verde Mesa, and three in the Chuckawalla Valley, all of which are well within the reach of a feasible and practical system of irrigation. His report was heard read with great satisfaction by upwards of a hundred of the entrymen of Los Angeles and vicinity on Monday, May 26. The initial cost of the complete system varies from about \$30 to \$65 per acre.

The directors of the Chuckawalla and Palo Verde Irrigation Association acting on this report are now calling upon all the entrymen to join with them. They ask for a voluntary assessment of 5 cents per acre, the amount thus raised to be used in furthering the interests of the entrymen. The Engineer's reports have settled the question of the practical nature of our project and thus removed the first stumbling-block from our path. We now need the advice and guidance of the most expert irrigation lawyers of the State, so that when we are ready to go ahead we shall make no mistakes.

This will be our next step—to secure such expert advice. When it is received we shall know what to do. The State provides several methods by which we can get water on our land. We shall have to be guided as to the best methods by our lawyers for we all know that on a gigantic project like ours legal snags are often encountered. We want to avoid all we can.

In the meantime we earnestly ask for the advice, experience and wisdom of *every entryman of the whole region*. We need the combined wisdom of every entryman there is. Don't get it into your heads that we have a set of plans which we are going to force upon you? *We ourselves are only entrymen*, and the interest of every other entryman is our interest and we want to do the very best for all.

We urge you to come in with us and then go ahead and do all the missionary work you can to get others in. Time is money. Delays are dangerous and the General Land Office requires us to complete our work in accordance with the law.

HAVE YOU YET SIGNED UP?

There is nothing now to delay the progress of our great undertaking except the indifference and dilatoriness of our own entrymen.

LET US GET TOGETHER AND GO AHEAD!

You—unless you have joined the Association—are helping delay what we all want to have done speedily. Come in! and help forward this beneficent project which will mean so much to each of us.

Write at once to

George Wharton James, Secy.-Treas.

CHUCKAWALLA AND PALO VERDE IRRIGATION ASSOCIATION

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N. B.—Owing to delay in securing the necessary cuts for illustrating the article on "Date Palm Growing in the Colorado Desert" it is held over until next month.

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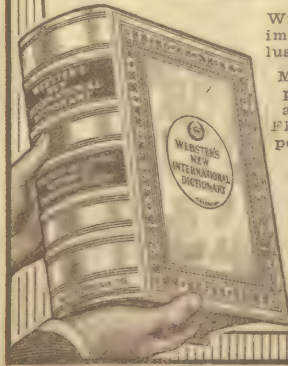
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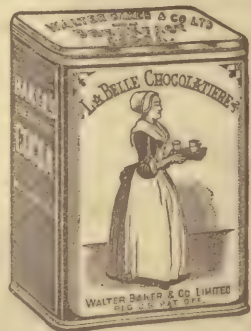
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